THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by B. Franklin

APRIL 6, 1912

5c. the Copy

Easter

Copyright 1912, The House of Kuppenheimer

They call Easter, "Spring's Awakening;"—a good time to revive interest in your clothes. Our clothes help to make good acquaintances; they're good clothes to get acquainted with.

Send for book, Styles for Men.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Chalmers

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Ten Reasons Why You Should Buy a Chalmers Car

This advertisement is worth the thoughtful consideration of anyone who is thinking of buying a motor car

1 Chalmers cars are made in our own shops

We build our own motors, our own transmissions, our own steering gears, control levers, axles, fenders, running boards and practically all other parts. We make all our own patterns. We even have our own foundry for making brass, aluminum and gray iron castings.

Our factory is completely equipped with the most modern machinery. Within the last eighteen months we have invested more than half a million dollars in new specially designed automobile machinery and tools. Because of all this Chalmers cars are built with an accuracy and care second to none.

2 Chalmers engineering is right

Chalmers design assures you always a car with the most up-to-date features, but free from fads. Our cars are designed under the direction of our Consulting Engineer, George W. Dunham, a recognized authority among automobile engineers. His policy is to be progressive, but not radical; to be always in the lead, but never to use on Chalmers cars any device or construction that has not proved itself under the severest tests.

Chalmers design has always meant simplicity, efficiency, convenience. We were among the first in America to adopt the en bloc motor. Our double drop frame and three-quarter elliptic springs early set the fashion and made Chalmers the standard for properly hung, low, racy and comfortable automobile bodies. Many features first introduced on Chalmers cars are now the generally accepted engineering practice. Chalmers cars have made 1912 a self-starter year.

3 Chalmers compressed air Self-starter is the simplest, safest, most reliable

This great convenience — first introduced by us on a moderate priced car—does away with the annoyance and danger of cranking. It is dependable. You can count on it in an emergency, as when you stall your motor in a tight place. There is nothing complicated about it—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor. We are confident that the Chalmers self-starter, built in our own shops, as part of our motors, is the best yet designed.

4 Chalmers four-forward-speed transmission gives utmost ease of control

With this great improvement you can always select the speed that will carry you along — through any kind of going— in the fastest time and with the least strain on your motor. Besides the usual high gear there is a high third speed (for slow running in traffic or for steep hills) that gives lots of pulling power without "racing" your motor. For the heaviest possible going there is a second speed—and for starting, the usual first speed. The four-forward-speed transmission is now featured on all the best foreign and most of the high priced American makes. In our "Thirty-six" it is used for the first time on a medium priced car.

5 Chalmers long stroke motor gives you all the power you will ever need

The up-to-date long stroke motor has the same advantage over the ordinary short stroke type that an oarsman with outriggers on his boat has over a man with ordinary oarlocks. It has greater power because it has greater leverage—larger throw on the crank shaft.

The Chalmers "Thirty-six" motor—of this type—has great pulling power at low speeds. It "hangs on." It throttles down well and there is little danger of "stalling" it. This motor has many other points of superiority — ball bearing crank shaft, cylinders en bloc, improved water jackets, dual ignition, improved oiling system. It has also patented Chalmers piston rings to prevent smoking and loss of compression.

6 Chalmers cars are easy to handle

No car could be more fascinating to drive; for everything has been made so easy for the driver. Self-starter takes away the last inconvenience of motoring. Four-forward-speed transmission makes gear-shifting easy— because the difference in the speed of the various gears is so slight. Multiple disc clutch is easy to operate. Pushing out a quarter of an inch on the pedal is enough to release the clutch.

Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors. In case of tire trouble you unscrew a few bolts, put on a new rim with tire already inflated — and are on your way in less than five minutes. To inflate a tire you need only attach a hose and blow up the tire with compressed air from the self-starter storage tank. No back-breaking pumping by the roadside.

Carburetor dash adjustment enables you to regulate the motor's supply of gas and air without getting out of car and lifting the hood. All these and other conveniences make the "Thirty-six" an ideal car for the man who drives himself.

7 Chalmers cars are safe cars

Note the four main factors of safety on a Chalmers: the heavy pressed-steel frame; the sturdy second-growth hickory wheels; the quick-acting, powerful brakes; the forged steel steering connections of a weight and strength not found on other medium priced cars. These are things you can examine with your own eyes. Compare the Chalmers with other cars from the standpoint of safety.

8 Chalmers service department is constantly at your call

When you buy a Chalmers it is our aim not merely to sell you a motor car, but to help you get satisfactory use and enjoyment of that car. For the benefit of Chalmers owners, we maintain a well organized Service Department. We have $750,000 invested in parts in this one department at our plant and among our dealers. We also maintain stocks of parts in leading cities so that you need not be unnecessarily delayed getting repair parts in case of accident. Chalmers dealers make it their policy to help owners to get full satisfaction from their cars.

9 Chalmers cars are sold at a fair price—one price to all

Chalmers cars are not high priced. Yet they have always sold primarily on their quality rather than on their price. And we believe no other cars offer quite so much value for the same prices or lower. You will find it hard to buy ***more*** quality at any price — impossible, we believe, to buy ***equal*** quality at the same prices.

10 The Chalmers guarantee is backed by a strong, sound company

We have over $5,000,000 invested in this business. We have ample financial resources. We buy material and equipment at cash prices. We have built up a strong organization in all departments. We have the capital, the equipment, the organization to do business on a large scale—and do it right. More important still, we have the determination to see that our resources mean efficient service to the owners of Chalmers cars.

If you are going to buy a car this spring, we feel that these Ten Reasons should convince you that it ought to be a Chalmers. Below a certain price it is impossible to get the quality you demand in a car; above a certain price it is difficult to get enough additional quality to justify the higher price. But in a Chalmers you get all you can ask in a motor car—at a medium price. We urge you to see the Chalmers cars at our dealers' and place your order at once.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" — Five passenger touring car, four passenger pony tonneau, $1800; two passenger torpedo roadster, $1900. ***Chalmers "30"*** — Five passenger touring car, four passenger pony tonneau, $1500; coupé, $2000. ***Chalmers "Six"*** — Seven passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, $3250.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Cadillacqua, the world's greatest water fête and carnival, commemorating the founding of Detroit, will be held during the week of July 22d to 27th. Detroit invites you to come.

THE PACKARD IS THE BEST CASH ASSET

PACKARD car bought this spring will have a higher relative cash value next fall, next year or five years hence than any other car purchased at the same time

EVERY PACKARD CAR, NEW OR USED, IS NEGOTIABLE AT A FIXED PRICE

Ask the man who owns one

Packard "SIX"

FASTEST GETAWAY

Sixty miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start

EASIEST TO DRIVE

The Packard "Six" Touring Car, with a wheel base of 133 inches, will turn around in a street 44 feet wide

THE SMOOTHEST RUNNING MOTOR AND THE EASIEST RIDING CAR, EVEN AT SPEEDS FROM 60 TO 70 MILES AN HOUR

Any kind of a demonstration on any kind of a road by any Packard dealer

32-PAGE CATALOG UPON REQUEST

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THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I Sat Down and Waited

THERE was to be a murder trial at the little county-seat where I was born and where I lived as a boy. I was just eighteen at the time. Murder trials were infrequent in that county and this one attracted wide local attention. The city papers were preparing to give some space to it and the county papers had printed columns about it.

It was the first murder trial I remember much about, though when I was a small boy they hanged a man in the jailyard, which enlivening and novel occurrence had set all the small boys in the village to making gallows and hanging cats and dogs, and even fieldmice and rabbits. Once we built a big gallows and tried to hang a calf, but that didn't work very well—and the man who owned the calf caused some acute discomfort to the amateur executioners. Until he caught me, I never realized how much power there is concealed in the human leg and foot when the foot is shod with a cowhide boot. Still, murder trials and murders were always a fruitful topic of boyish conversation. Instead of using a trap for the condemned man to fall through to eternity, the local plan was to jerk him into the hereafter by means of a big weight fastened to a rope running over the top of the gallows and released by a spring. The weight was an iron affair and the tradition was that it weighed three hundred and sixty-five pounds. At any rate, it was kept in the cellar of the courthouse; and as the frequent sheriffs always had boys in their families the cellar of the court-house was a favorite place of resort. Consequently, when conversation languished, the weight was always there to furnish inspiration for speculation as to whom it would be used on next and the coördinated and congenial theme of murders and murderers.

Of course, having arrived at the mature age of eighteen, I had long since ceased foregathering in the courthouse cellar and trying to lift the weight and discussing murders and the last hanging; but when this case was moved for trial, and the farmers began to come in, I was as much interested as I had been in the hanging of the unfortunate years before, and so were all my companions and friends. Our nearest city was thirty miles away and the daily papers came in on the morning and evening trains. They devoted one page to the news of the country through which they circulated and had correspondents in each village of importance. The correspondent for the biggest of the morning papers from our town was a young lawyer, a warm friend of mine. It so happened he had other business to attend to at the time of the trial and he asked me to report it for the city paper.

I Get Into the Business and Put a Story on the Wire

MY FATHER was editor of one of the two weekly papers in our town, and naturally I had fussed about the printing office a good bit. Moreover, I always received better marks for compositions than the other boys and my rhetoric teacher had prophesied a great future for me. Also, I had secretly determined to be a newspaper man, although my father objected strenuously, saying the business was no good. So, when the regular correspondent asked me to do his work, I jumped eagerly at the chance. The arrangement was that I was to have the pay for the work that he would have received had he done it. The emolument for the literature of country correspondence in that particular city newspaper office was four dollars a column, which seemed a princely compensation, for I was to have a front seat at the reporters' table, was to hear the whole trial; and likely as not there would be some city reporters there with whom I might get acquainted and thus find an opportunity to discuss my ambition to be a regular reporter myself. I would have worked for nothing.

The trial began on Monday and I made a longhand running report of the proceedings, got it in the afternoon mail and telegraphed a short, skeletonized summary of what happened after the mail closed. I have filed several million words of telegraphic dispatches to newspapers since that day, twenty-five years ago, from all parts of the world and on all sorts of big stories; but I have never filed a dispatch that seemed quite as important and sensational as that. I was all puffed up when I handed it to the telegraph operator, who had known me since I was a baby, and she was greatly interested and promised to send it right away. Likewise, I have dealt with and known hundreds and hundreds of telegraph and cable operators in my time, have fought with them coaxed them, cursed them, bought them, cultivated them, loafed with them; but that dear lady who sent my first newspaper dispatch, while I hung around nervously waiting to see her finish it, remains in my mind as the highest type of the exponents of the business with which I was to have so much to do in later life.

Telegraph operators have befriended me, have balked me, have put my stuff ahead and given me highly useful information to my great credit in the home office, and have held back my dispatches to my great discredit in the same important place; they have endangered their jobs to pull me through and have cost me a job or two by utter cussedness. Some of the best fellows I ever knew were in the telegraph business, and are yet; but never a one of them did so much for me, I still think, as the lady who sent my first two hundred words and told me it was quite intelligent.

I was at the post-office next morning an hour before the papers came, and when they finally did arrive I grabbed the first one I could get. I was much chagrined to find that news of Congress and the legislature and a prizefight were prominently displayed on that first page. There wasn't a line about the murder trial. I hurried in to consult the postmaster and asked him if he was sure my letter got away. He was sure and suggested it was possible the murder-trial story might be on some other page of the paper than the first. I hadn't thought of that. It had never occurred to me that my dispatch could possibly be any other place than on the first column of the first page. I have had that feeling a good many times since, too.

I Decide That Fate Intended Me to be a Journalist

I FOUND the dispatch on page three, two columns, with a four-line head. I read it eagerly, lamenting a few typographical errors and feeling much discouraged because the editors had cut out half a column or so of the very best part—as I thought. The papers came in at nine o'clock in the morning and court began at ten. I spent that hour swelling around on Main Street, feeling quite sure everybody had read my story, and thinking perhaps the judge and the lawyers would say something about it. Besides, it meant almost eight dollars in money for me—a sum I had never thought any person could make for a day's work. Also, it clinched me for the newspaper business. I was a born journalist. There was no doubt of that. And it was a cinch. Eight dollars for a few hours' work that was really play! Nobody in the village made so much working for wages.

I worked my head off that week and sent in columns that were printed and columns that were not. In the evenings I went to the hotel and talked to the city reporters who were on the story. Much to my surprise, they didn't think newspaper work was a noble profession, highly paid, dignified and supremely important. They said reporting was "darned hard work," that the pay was small and the hours long. Also, they said—all of them—their city editors were individually and collectively the meanest men on earth, and it was a poor game all round. Later, I entertained the same ideas, especially about the city editors, and had the same ideas entertained, quite extensively, about me when I became a city editor myself. I made almost sixty dollars that week—more than I was to make in many a weary week afterward—and had my story on the first page the day the man on trial went on the stand.

On Saturday a man who was employed on a Sunday paper in the city where my paper was published—I had begun to talk of it as "my" paper—came to get a story for Sunday morning. I didn't know it then, but that man was to cross and crisscross my life for several years—principally cross. He sat next to me at the table, and asked me if I was the "yap" who had been doing the trial for the Gazette. I said I was. "Pretty good for a rube!" he commented. I had asked the other city reporters about the chance for getting a job as a regular on the staff of some paper in the city. They told me jobs were scarce, that the penurious proprietors always filled up with a cheap jay from some college when a high-priced man was fired, and advised me, unanimously and profanely, to stick to the village or go on a farm. It was a rotten business, anyhow, they said—and nothing, positively nothing, in it.

Still, the man from the Sunday paper seemed to have different ideas. He was older. He told me he had been in the business for fifteen years and was writing a book about it—a guide for aspirants. Of the book, more later; but I asked him if there was any chance to get a job. He told me confidentially there was going to be a shakeup on the paper I was reporting the trial for; that he was going back over there as city editor, and that it wouldn't hurt any to go down and apply. He said he would put in a good word for me.

I Besiege an Empty Office

I COULD hardly wait for that trial to finish, although I was making six and eight dollars a day out of it. On the day after I sent in my last batch of copy I took the morning train to the city and hurried up to the newspaper office. I had often stood outside that office, which sheltered the biggest paper in the city and one of the biggest in the state, and wondered if ever I should get a chance to work on it and learn the business there. I asked a man in the counting room where the editor's office was. He looked at me curiously and told me it was up another flight. I climbed up, with my heart beating like a pneumatic riveter.

There was a door with frosted glass in it at the top of the dark stairs, and on the door the magic words "Editorial Rooms" were painted. This was about half past eight in the morning. I knocked on the door. Nobody came. Then I pushed it open and found myself in a long room with the floor littered with torn newspapers, proofsheets, copy paper and all the numerous evidences of work the night before. Nobody was there.

I noticed a little coop in one corner of the room that held a desk and chair, and at the far end three other rooms. The doors to these rooms were labeled: "Managing Editor," "Editor" and "Editorial Writers." The long room was crowded with old desks, and along one side there was a table built against the wall, on which there were heaps of the local papers. That table was where we used to sleep when we were stuck for the long watch. I thought it a particularly untidy and uninviting place then. Six months later it often seemed to me the softest bed in the city. The door of the little coop in the corner of the big room was labeled "City Editor." I knew dimly he was the man I wanted to see.

I sat down and waited. Presently a boy came in and made a pretense of sweeping up the floor. He was not an attractive boy and not much younger than myself. He looked at the littered room with supreme disgust.

"These dubs must 'a' bin brought up in a barn," he said, "the way they throw stuff around."

"What dubs?" I ventured.

"These reporters," he answered. "They gimme a pain! Whatchu want?"

"I want to see the editor," I answered with such dignity as I could command.

He stopped sweeping. "Somethin' wrong in d' pape?" he asked. "I suppose some of them dubs has bin gittin' the wrong dope."

"No," I replied. "I want to get a position."

"Nothin' doin'," he asserted. "They's firin' instid of hirin'."

Then he went on sweeping and paid no further attention to me. I sat there for nearly three hours and not a person came into that room except another boy with a big bunch of newspapers. He threw them on a desk and walked out. It hadn't occurred to me that the paper I wanted to work for was a morning paper and that the men worked at night and slept in the daytime. That occurred to me a good many times later, but it didn't dawn on me then. I fancied it must be a snap to work there. They didn't go on until afternoon apparently; and, as everybody quit at six o'clock where I came from, that would mean only a short day. If I could only get a job I knew I should have an easy time.

About noon the door was pushed violently open and a short man with a gray mustache came in. He was not much more than five feet tall, but he had a massive head and one of the most intelligent faces I have ever seen. He glanced at me and went into the room marked "Editor." I heard him moving about the room, and heard him also shout: "Oh, boy!" No boy came. He shouted again. Then he said, "Damn those boys! They are getting worse all the time!" and came out into the room where I was sitting. He looked round, took a copy of the morning paper from a desk and went back. If he noticed me at all I wasn't aware of it.

Nobody came in for another half hour. I could hear the man in the other room swinging back and forth in his chair, could hear newspapers rustling, hear him thump the desk a couple of times and knew from other sounds he was clipping things out of papers. Then I decided I might just as well talk to him as the city editor, who probably didn't get down for an hour or two; and I went timidly into his office. He was tilted away back in his chair, reading a paper and

"Hi, There, Kid! I Forgot. We Did Have a Small Progressive Euchre Party"

chewing vigorously on something I learned afterward was paper, for I saw him tear strips of it and put them into his mouth.

"Are you the editor?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, peering at me over the top of the paper. "What do you want?"

"I want a job," I blurted.

"What kind of a job?"

"I want to be a reporter."

He had dropped the paper and was looking at me not unkindly.

"Have you ever had any experience?"

"No, sir—that is, not much. I have written some for my father's paper and I reported that murder trial for you."

He was interested.

"Are you the man who reported that murder trial?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," half to himself, "that wasn't so bad—not so bad. What's your name?"

I told him and he scribbled it down. "All right," he said, picking up his paper and smiling at me pleasantly, "I'll speak to the city editor about it. You will hear from him. Good morning."

I suppose I walked out of that room, but I don't know. It seemed to me I floated out and down those dingy stairs. I was certain I should get a place—and I caromed round the city in a dream until it came traintime.

When I got home I told my father I thought I could get a place on the local staff of the Gazette. He shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said; "but it's a poor business." For the next two days I was the first person at the postoffice at mailtime and the last to leave. Then came a letter in the morning mail on the third day. It was from the city editor and said the editor had spoken to him of me; that there was a vacancy on the local staff I could have; that if I wanted it I was to report to him a week from the following Sunday. The salary, he added, would be ten dollars a week.

I dashed down the street to my father's office. "I've got it," I shouted to him as I burst into his office.

"Got what?" he asked.

"Got a job on the Gazette."

"God help you!" he said, and turned to his writing.

Money is never particularly plenty in the family of a country editor and our family was no exception. However, my friend, the young lawyer who had let me sub for him on the murder trial and who thus had really secured my job for me, advanced me some out of his scanty store on the check he would get for me at the end of the month; and at two o'clock on Sunday week—exactly on the minute—I walked again into that big room. I had been hanging round the foot of the stairs for an hour for fear I might be late.

There was a man in the little coop in the corner, writing in a black-covered book. Six or seven young men were sitting in the long room, smoking and talking about a scoop the opposition paper had that morning. They paid no attention to me. I stood for a minute and listened to them. From what I could gather it seemed certain there would be a hot time when the managing editor came in. Presently the man in the coop looked up and saw me.

"Do you want to see me?" he asked.

"I want to see the city editor."

"Go ahead," he said. "I am that unfortunate person." I guessed he was thinking about the scoop too.

I told him my name and showed him his letter to me.

"How do?" he said, sticking out his hand. "I'll have an assignment for you presently."

I am Introduced to the City Staff

THEN he took me out into the big room and introduced me to the men there. They all greeted me pleasantly—and one man, older than the rest, with much cordiality. I didn't know why then, but I soon learned. My advent relieved him of the necessity of writing the local notices—the most despised job on the paper.

"Here's the trouble!" sang out the city editor, and the men all flocked round and looked at the black-covered book in which he was writing when I first came in. That black-covered book was the assignment book, and opposite each man's name were his assignments for the day. I waited until the men had copied off their tasks and then looked for mine. I was to see the colonel of a local regiment that had returned from camp that morning and get a story, and I was to report a sermon at night. Also, opposite my name was "local notices."

I noticed that one man was assigned to do "police," another "railroads," another "hotels," and so on. I soon learned there were regular men on these assignments, as on "courts and city hall" on weekdays, and "politicians" and "theaters," and so on; and I wondered when I should get a chance at "theaters" or "police," feeling myself well qualified to cope with either or both right off the bat. However, it wasn't long until I found out it would be some time before I got theaters or police, or anything but the dub assignments. No matter what I thought of my own abilities, the city editor positively refused to consider me except as a dub, who must be taught—and I am quite sure he was right, looking back at it now.

The reporters interested me. Aside from the city reporters who were up in my village on the murder trial, they were the first real reporters I had ever seen. They were young, energetic, free-and-easy chaps, with a most amazing—to me—knowledge of all that was going on in the city, with the most contemptuous opinion of the bigwigs of the place of whom I had read for years and whom I imagined to be most remarkable citizens, free of opinion, full of youth and youthful cynicism, calling big politicians and city officials and merchants and others of the prominent by their first names, cocksure of every statement and bored by things that were new and marvelous to me. They all smoked and most of them drank a little. They knew the night life as well as the day life. They spoke familiarly with policemen and firemen. They knew the café-keepers and all the local characters of whom I had been reading—knew them intimately, it seemed—and disapproved of most of them. I wondered if I should ever get to the dizzy height of calling the chief of police "Jim" and referring to the mayor as "Cornie."

What an underpaid, happy-go-lucky, careless and, in the case of several, brilliant crowd it was! Not one of them had a cent, or expected to have one, except on payday. All lived from hand to mouth. All worked fourteen, sixteen, seventeen hours a day at the most grueling work, reporting on a paper in a small city where many yawning columns must be filled each day whether there is anything going on or not, and all loyal to the core to that paper, fighting its

We Determined to Buy a Daily Paper for Ourselves

battles, working endlessly to put a scoop over on the opposition morning paper, laboring until four o'clock in the morning for from ten to fifteen dollars a week, doing anything that came along from a state convention to a church wedding.

Everything was grist that came to that mill and those boys were the millers. They are scattered now to all parts of the earth. Some have stuck to the newspaper business and some have left it; but they were a brave crowd of youngsters then and they took me up and made me one of them, and taught me the rudiments of my business. I worked with and against the best reporters in this country and abroad for many years, but I never found a crowd like that—my first colleagues, with whom I lived and borrowed and played and worked when I was both a cub and a dub—good friends, good reporters, good fellows!

I went up to see the colonel of the returned regiment. Much to my surprise, he did not seem awed when I told him so distinguished a journalist as a reporter for the Gazette had vouchsafed to call on him, but asked rather shortly: "Well, what do you want?" I told him and he gave me a long story, detailing the splendid achievements of his command and not omitting his own great part in the success of the affair. I hurried back to the office and wrote until my arm ached. When I turned in my copy the city editor looked at the bale of it and said: "Gosh! What did he do? Kill somebody? I only wanted a couple of sticks."

What I Did for Ten a Week

"YOU wait," I thought, "until you see how important that article is and then you'll change your opinion." However, he didn't wait. With a sick heart, I saw him throw page after page of it on the floor. Next morning they printed about three inches of my article and not much of it resembled what I had written. That was a jolt, but I had a harder one. The sermon I was to report was by a returned missionary bishop. I argued that, inasmuch as they wanted a report at all, they must want a good one, and I labored hard making notes of the sermon and in transcribing them at the office. Then I got my second lesson. Sermons are covered only because nothing else much goes on in a small city on Sunday—or were in my cub days; and if any live news comes in the sermons are cut down. Some live news came in that night—a police case that involved somebody well known; and next morning my report of the sermon was reduced about ninety per cent when it appeared in type.

I didn't get to my room until four o'clock that morning, but I got up at seven and went out and bought a copy of the paper. I turned eagerly to the local pages and found my two little items. I was the proudest boy in the United States. To be sure they had not appreciated my articles at their full worth; but they printed some of them right in the paper, in the local sections, and I was a regular reporter on a regular paper! I wouldn't have traded jobs with Charles A. Dana! I thought everybody was pointing me out as the brilliant young journalist of the Gazette as I walked down to the office, where, by-the-way, I arrived three hours ahead of time and occupied my leisure in reading and rereading my contributions to the sum of the world's wisdom that morning. I have them yet, pasted in a scrapbook—two gems of English literature! Nothing I have ever read or written compares with those two items—the one about the regiment and the other about the missionary bishop.

I soon discovered that all the ideas I had about the ease and dignity of the work of a reporter on a daily paper in a small city were entirely erroneous. We reported at the office at one o'clock and took our afternoon assignments. These we were expected to have covered and the copy in before six. We reported again at seven-thirty and got our night assignments, and the copy for those was to be in by eleven or twelve. Then the proofs began coming and nobody could go until the last local proof was read and revised. This was generally about one or half past. Then the long-watch man stayed until four, catching that assignment two or three times a week and watching the police station and the fire alarm for any late crime or fire.

Expense bills were carefully scrutinized. No reporter was supposed to take a street car if his assignment was within a mile of the office unless there was a great rush, and all street cars stopped at midnight. Thus, if there was a late fire the reporter who had it was expected to run his mile and run back in time to catch the last form. If the fire was over a mile away, in a dangerous district, the city editor would allow a cab, but not too often, for the old man downstairs thought cabs and reporters not compatible with the economical conduct of his great organ of public opinion and instruction.

Naturally the new man on the staff was given the drudgery. He had to hold copy on proof and read the revises. He was stuck with the long watch oftener than anybody else. There were seven reporters and each man had a day off, thus leaving six to get all the news in a city of almost a hundred thousand people, and, as the paper was a big one, to write enough stuff to fill twenty-five or thirty columns—and sometimes more. I frequently had fourteen or fifteen assignments in a day—not big ones, but fourteen or fifteen places that had to be visited, whether they produced copy or not.

Then there were the "local notices." How we hated those! They were advertisements, in news-paragraph style, that ran from five to fifteen lines each and were inserted on the local pages. Each day had its quota and tabs telling what was to be written each day hung on hooks in the city editor's room. They were for shoe stores, drug stores, all kinds of stores; and the advertising man guaranteed they would be "bright and snappy." Think of working all the afternoon and writing two columns of stuff, and then being obliged to go to the hook, get the tabs and write "bright and snappy" items about Beegin's shoes and Boogin's bread, running from five to fifteen lines! Those "local notices" gave me my first pause about the desirability of the newspaper business as a career.

Ten dollars a week, with no other revenue, is not a princely income. Still, under the coaching of my brethren, who were living on it, I soon learned how to stretch that ten dollars to cover seven days. There was a good place where they sold you for three dollars a ticket which entitled you to twenty-one meals. Inasmuch as we all slept late, we had an arrangement whereby the landlady left a luncheon on the table at midnight in lieu of breakfast. That settled the eating problem. By bunking together, two men could get a pretty fair room in those days for four dollars, or two dollars each. That used up half of the ten, but it provided the sterner necessaries. There was a friendly tailor who would make you a suit of clothes for twenty-six dollars—a dollar down and a dollar a week. I never knew how he did it; but that tailor had things calculated to such a nicety that at the end of the twenty-six weeks it was absolutely necessary to buy a new suit or have the old one drop off you in tatters—and we were always in debt to him. Taking out the tailor's dollar—which we did not always do, by-the-way—we had four dollars left for riotous living, shoes, laundry, tobacco and everything else. Of course some of the boys got twelve dollars and one or two fifteen. The city editor was a plutocrat—he got twenty-five; and the assistant city editor, who was a reporter every day except the city editor's day off, got seventeen.

I remember the day I drew my first week's salary. The assistant city editor was at the cashier's window with me. The cashier, who was a good fellow and would advance a dollar or two in case of dire necessity, shoved our envelopes out face down. They were small manila envelopes, with the name of the recipient written across the middle and the sum within in figures on the upper left-hand corner. I took my ten with a fluttering heart. It was my first salary as a regular reporter. It meant, too, that I had made good enough to last a week, at any rate, and probably could worry through another week. The assistant city editor ostentatiously turned his envelope over and showed me that magnificent "$17.00" on the corner. It was wealth beyond compare. "My boy," he said patronizingly, "if you ever get so you can pull down that much you will be a real newspaper man." I thought so too.

How the City Editor Earned His Pay

THE city editor earned his twenty-five dollars. In addition to giving out the assignments and being responsible for the local, he was supervisor of the sporting pages and the theatrical news, read all the copy—there were no such persons as copy-readers then in the small cities—wrote the headlines, made up his pages and took the kicks from the managing editor when the opposition scooped us. He was a busy young person, with a sour view of life and an inordinate desire for something that was exclusive, by which he meant something the other morning paper did not have. Likewise, he was always embroiled in bitter warfare with the foreman of the composing room, who was constantly trying to leave out some of his local, and as constantly at odds with the reporters, each of whom fought always to get space for his particular story or stories and gloomed darkly and talked of the decadence of the game when the city editor told him to make a quarter of a column of the yarn he hoped to write a column about.

Everybody was eager and enthusiastic. All were bound up in their paper. They growled and talked privately of the penuriousness of the proprietor, and the cussedness of the city editor and the malignant managing editor, and the feeble-mindedness of the editor; but they were ready and willing to fight when anybody else intimated their paper was not the greatest in the state. They worked incredibly hard for pittances, walking miles and miles in snow and rain and heat, and toiling long hours through the night; but their complaints were all among themselves. To outsiders they were a gay and debonair bunch of young chaps, engaged in getting out the best paper of them all; and they took as much joy in "putting one over" on the opposition paper as they would in getting a thousand-dollar legacy. It was a good atmosphere to begin in. Likewise, it gave an experience of all sides of the business; for there wasn't a man in the lot who couldn't write heads, read proof, read and edit telegraph, make up, write advertising, write special articles and do any story passably well, no matter whether it was about a prizefight or a church convention.

The routine assignments were divided under broad general heads. There was a police man, a court man, a railroad man—and so on. My first regular assignment

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"I Want to be a Reporter"

THE BLISTERED THUMB

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALL was peace in the Café Piquard. The incomparable *crême de Pierre*, invented by the master, Pierre Piquard himself, was on the menu for this evening, and there should have been peace. The white-throated canary, hanging over the table of Monsieur and Madame Beaupetite, warbled its ravishing memories of the Forest of Fontainebleau; the geranium in the low window, at the table of General le Comte de Valeur, bloomed as sweetly as if its deep color was not significant of that valiant warrior's gory mental deeds; peace even shed its pink rays from the electric paper roses on that violent royalist organization, the Versailles Domino Circle.

Pierre himself, in whose heart there was also that sweet pain which is akin to peace, moved in the aisle of the little café with the lightness of foot possible only to an extremely fat chef, and occasionally stroked, with great complacency, the tiny goatee which so delicately ornamented the first and uppermost of his chins; for here, indeed, was a notable gathering. From the front table, occupied by Professor and Madame Lamode, of the Dancing Institute, to the little corner table in the rear, where the gallant young Anatole Exquis sat with the entrancing daughter of Professor Montparnasse, the eminent instructor of French in the Jones Academy of Culture, there was not one dinner party that was not a credit to the superb establishment built up by the artistry and genius of Pierre Piquard.

So passed the soup! With the entrée, a fillet prepared as only the tremendous, the breath-stopping ability of a born inventor could disguise it, Pierre sauntered smilingly from table to table to receive the adoring plaudits which were only his just due; for the sauce—pause a moment to contemplate—the sauce was the wonderful *sauce à la patrie*, the fame of which had even penetrated back to the boulevards of that generous Paris which had given Pierre Piquard to America.

Still there was peace—even more peace; for who, tasting but the tiniest drop of the soothing and comforting *sauce à la patrie*, could conceive rancor or displeasure or disapproval—or, in fact, anything but blissful content?

Behold how amiable were the diners in the Café Piquard!

"But is it so, little one?" mildly queried Madame Beaupetite, smoothing the wrinkles from her brow with the tip of a needle-roughened finger. "The ladies who come to the Maison Beaupetite do not ask for you, even when I tell them the hat was designed by my little Georges."

"They are too discreet, these American ladies," jauntily replied Georges, stroking his dainty mustache with a well-manicured white hand. "Nevertheless, I assure you that your adoring husband is pursued. I place a carnation in my buttonhole. I stroll, in the American style, on the Avenue. The ladies pass by in their carriages. They say: 'Behold! Who is the charming stranger?' I pretend indifference; but I wait for the answer. 'That? Oh, that is the distinguished husband of the fortunate modiste, Madame Beaupetite. Is he not adorable!' I say nothing. Perhaps I turn my eyes thus—ever so slightly—but I say nothing. I walk indifferently. I am graceful! I swing my slender cane! I carry my head with an air! I listen—'Ah! I must have my bonnets of the fortunate Madame Beaupetite.' See, my angel, how your adoring Georges serves you?"

Madame Beaupetite, who was large of waist and of bust and of neck and of cheek, and who used the electric-needle treatment freely on her upper lip, tapped her little Georges playfully with the needle-roughened finger.

"It is perhaps true," she sighed; and, devouring him with worshipful eyes, she rubbed a huge portion of the fillet vigorously about in the *sauce à la patrie*.

"Then, angel," he told her archly, "I must have a larger allowance. One cannot be the admired of the Avenue with so little money in one's pocket."

"My Georges!" she breathed; and Pierre Piquard, catching that tone of tenderness, rolled his sad eyes to the celluloid grapes on the ceiling, for his heart was exceedingly mellow. He had seen Fanchon today!

Fanchon! Not of course the real Fanchon of twenty years ago, when Pierre was slender and light, and could point his agile toes to the ceiling with the best of them; not that tantalizing sprite of the Quartier Latin, who had beguiled him and maddened him and loved him and flouted him, and led him a mad, fevered chase from *café chantant* to students' ball—not that Fanchon. Ah, no!

"Exquisite, *mon* Pierre!" hailed Monsieur Rossignol, the marvelous tenor of the Opéra Français, who was preparing for the ordeal of the opening night in this city by a course of most painful self-denial. "You should have the Cross for such a composition as this sauce."

"You give me much happiness, monsieur," returned Pierre graciously; and raising the claret glass of Mademoiselle Mouton he chivalrously brushed away an imaginary crumb. "It is a thousand pities that monsieur cannot eat."

"I die with appetite!" confessed Monsieur Rossignol, with a ravenous glance at his plate. "I taste one sip of your delicious *crême de Pierre* and I am happy—but starved! I allow myself one bite of your enravishing fillet and I am transported—but perishing of hunger! I endure in your café a bliss of torture, *mon* Pierre—but I must regard my voice!"

"Monsieur does right to cherish that astounding tenor," approved Pierre, with properly serious appreciation.

"It is not his voice," declared Mademoiselle Mouton, of the chorus; "it belongs to music! There is none like it in the world!"

"I am humble!" stated Monsieur Rossignol, with his hand on his heart. "I open my mouth. I sing. The world melts into tears! It is not I who do this! It is the voice! Listen: La, la, la, la! How sweet! How entrancing! It is because I am at peace. I have the memory of your beautiful *crême de Pierre* upon my tongue; the aroma of your harmonious *sauce à la patrie* arising from my palate. Listen: La, la, la, la!"

"Wait!" gasped Pierre, overcome with the emotion which this tribute from one artist to another had inspired in him. "Wait until you have tasted the *canard Fanchon!*"

Fanchon again! There was nothing else in his mind today; nor was it Madame Piquard, by any manner of means. Her name was Fanchon too. That was why he had married her; and he had hoped, with the boundless wealth of his imagination, to surround her, like a shell, with his idealistic dreams of that long-lost Fanchon of the boulevards; but Madame Piquard had persisted in becoming lean and acid and prosaic and slipshod, except in her handling of money. There she was now—in the pantry. He could see her occasionally through the swing-doors, checking up every article of food as it came through and calculating the profit to a sou. No; it was distinctly not this Fanchon whom Pierre saw in his iridescent visions. Ah, no! He turned, with more pain than peace, from the contemplation of the wispish and waspish woman who, though not a third of his weight, could make him tremble by the mere upraising of her finger. Fortunately Pierre was of a buoyant temperament; it pleased him to find before his eye the sprightly Désirée Montparnasse and to hear her silvery laughter, the sound of which made the distinguished-looking stranger at the next table turn to her with an appreciative smile.

"'Is He Not Adorable!' I Say Nothing. Perhaps I Turn My Eyes Thus—Ever So Slightly—but I Say Nothing"

Anatole Exquis, seeing the glance which passed between his companion and the handsome middle-aged stranger, leaned across to the pretty Désirée with beaming pride.

"It is a high honor to be with you, mademoiselle," he pleasantly acknowledged. "All who behold you adore you—and I am proud! It displays that I, Anatole, have the good judgment to select the most beautiful, and the charm to obtain for my companions those ladies who are the most sought after."

Once more, though Anatole could not see why, her silvery laughter rang out, and the music of it pierced Pierre with poignant pangs. It was just so that the mischievous laughter of Fanchon had rippled in those gay little picnics in the Bois. Fanchon! Nothing but Fanchon! He had seen her today! She had taken luncheon in the Café Piquard. Not, of course, the elfin Fanchon of old, but a living, breathing reëmbodiment of her—a slight, graceful American girl, with the same roguish eyes and the same curving lips, the same oval cheeks and the same waving brown hair as the Fanchon of his dreams; and so startlingly like her, that, when she had first glided into the little café, Pierre had stopped, stunned—as if he had seen a wraith from the realms of blessed fantasies.

Ah, well! She had come, she had gone, and she had left behind her a world of tender memories which hurt; and Pierre thanked her. She had given him more pleasure than pain; and, though she had torn and lacerated all those sentimental susceptibilities with which the poetic soul of fat Pierre was so plentifully supplied, still, all was now peace!

The *canard Fanchon* was served; and in the delight of that delectable dish even Monsieur and Madame Lamode had decided to endure each other yet awhile; Madame Beaupetite had consented to increase the allowance of her Georges; Anatole Exquis was still complacently flattered by the open admiration of his table neighbor for bewitching Désirée Montparnasse; General le Comte de Valeur, that fine, white-mustached old parade-ground soldier, was certain to be accepted by the charming Widow Bonds, who now sat with him enjoying Pierre's delicious duck; the Versailles Domino Circle had happily agreed to invade France by way of Marseilles; Doctor Boucher and Monsieur Veneneux, the druggist, had patched up their difference regarding the most recent fatal prescription. The canary, over the table of the billing and cooing Beaupetites, trilled and warbled deliciously. The spring

With the Sardonic Smile of an Utterly Lost and Heartless and Abandoned Criminal, He Gazed Calmly Down at Her

breeze, with its hint of far-off meadows and budding flowers, wafted gently in at the open door. All was peace—all!

Through that open door she came again! Pierre, light of foot—graceful even—was there to meet her immediately—on the instant!

"I am desolate!" he told her, beaming down on her—not with the hungry love he had bent on Fanchon of old, but with the worshipful regard he felt for a sacred memory, a remembrance wreathed with the fragrance of mignonette. "I am distracted that I have no vacant table ready set for mademoiselle; but, if mademoiselle can wait for but one little moment ——"

"Oh, I didn't come for dinner, Mr. Piquard," objected the girl, feeling the impulse of friendliness as she looked into his eyes and liking him very much. "I only came to arrange for a modest little supper after the theater."

"Mademoiselle has only to command!" breathed Pierre fervently, reaching into his pocket for an order book. How like she was to the etherealized Fanchon! How appealing—how bewildering—how bright the sparkle of her eye! "The Café Piquard," he resumed, "belongs to mademoiselle!"

"I'm afraid I couldn't pay for it all," she laughed, glancing inquiringly at the thin and vinegary woman who came briskly from the pantry and paused just beside them, at the entrance to the stairway which led up to the Piquard living rooms. "I think that, in place of telling you what I want, I'd better tell you how much I can spend. I am giving a little birthday party to five of my girl friends of the Conservatory of Music, and I can afford just exactly nine dollars for the supper."

"Will mademoiselle leave the details of this little supper to me, Pierre?" inquired the artist, catching the girl's latent enthusiasm with a readiness which delighted her.

"Oh, will you?" she happily returned.

"Mademoiselle," replied Pierre with earnestness; "with my own hands, I, Pierre, shall prepare it all—everything."

"How nice of you!" she responded, beginning to believe that, after all, her nine dollars was not the poverty-stricken sum she had felt it to be.

"It is a pleasure to have the opportunity!" declared Pierre gallantly, his eyes feasting upon the wayward little curl of hair which had suddenly twisted itself in a shining ringlet overonepinkear—just as Fanchon's hair had used to do. "Will mademoiselle step this way a moment?"

She followed him back through the suddenly interminable length of the little dining room. Monsieur Lamode fell to stroking his mustache rapidly; Monsieur Beaupetite ceased to fondle the knobby hand of madame the modiste, and was graceful, nonchalant, distinguished, turning his eyes thus—ever so slightly; Monsieur Rossignol lifted his rapt gaze to the ceiling, and sang lightly, under his breath, in that tenor like which there was none other in the world—"La, la, la, la!"—trailing from that into Celeste Aïda; the gallant young Anatole Exquis openly smiled at her; General le Comte de Valeur stopped his impassioned proposal abruptly and sat with mouth agape, and his glistening eyes followed the swing of the beautiful little American; while the Versailles Domino Circle, to a man, rose and bowed as she deigned to pass their table.

"Here mademoiselle's modest little supper shall be served," stated Pierre with a thrill of growing purpose as he threw open the door of his little private dining room, to the right of the pantry, and switched on the lights.

"Thank you!" she gasped in relief as she thought of the Versailles Domino Circle. It had been most courteous, most charming in its manners, most respectful and inoffensive—but it had been embarrassing.

"Do you usually have so many people as this at supper-time?" she inquired.

"Always," boasted Pierre. "The same distinguished class of guests, mademoiselle—but gayer."

She thought of certain rather prim members of her party—and suddenly she laughed. Fool! Idiot! Imbecile that he was. He had thought the silvery laugh of Désirée Montparnasse to be like that of Fanchon in its sweetness, but now he cursed the unmusical ear which had tricked him.

"It will be a never-to-be-forgotten lark!" the girl decided; yet, nevertheless, she blushed again with embarrassment when she passed the Versailles Domino Circle, and the stricken general, and the graceful Georges Beaupetite, who turned his eyes thus—ever so slightly.

At each table there had been momentary disturbances of the tranquillity which had prevailed; but these wore away and peace was again in full sway over the languidly busy little café when Pierre Piquard, dropping all other earthly interests from his mind, went back to his tiny standing desk, in a corner of the kitchen, to compose a little supper for six which should be a song, a perfume—not alone for the little American girl, but for Fanchon!

Over his shoulder peered the sharp features of Madame Piquard, and with tightly knotted brows she studied the skeleton of his gastronomic harmony. There were half a dozen dishes of which she did not even recognize the names and she knew that he was inventing as he had never invented before. Of one thing she was certain, however, and that was the Liqueur Paradis! Why, that was the Café Piquard's most cherished possession, served only as a mark of distinguished consideration, and never obtainable for any amount of mere money! Also, there was marked one bottle of the ninety-eight Haut Delatrelle, which was fifteen dollars a quart!

"Oh!" breathed the deceptively sugared voice of Madame Piquard. "For Monsieur le Directeur, of the opera, perhaps."

For a moment, Pierre's startled conscience almost permitted him a lie; then his pitiful knowledge assured him that he could not succeed in the attempt.

"No," he feebly denied, a numb despair taking the place of his pleasant indecision over the dessert—whether it should be rose ice-cream, molded in the shape of a heart and pierced with an arrow of golden macaroon, or some brilliant new surprise yet to be dreamed.

The Versailles Domino Circle, to a Man, Rose and Bowed as She Deigned to Pass Their Table

The eyes of Madame Piquard began to turn green like those of an excited cat in the dark. She took the paper memorandum from beneath his unresisting fingers and scanned it with a scowl.

"It is, then, the supper for nine dollars!" she accused.

Pierre hung his head.

"Beast!" she hissed with such remarkable vehemence as to spoil an omelet soufflé for François in the far end of the kitchen—and to start anew the but recently subdued toothache of Jules, the waiter—and to scare out of a year's growth little Jacques, the 'bus-boy—and to shrivel in the heart of Pierre all the brightness and joy which that innocent creature had ever known! "Pig!" she screeched. "Italian! Spaniard! Pierre Piquard, see me in the eyes!"

As one bidding goodby to the bright sunshiny world forever, big Pierre lifted his deadened eyes timidly for a moment to the flaming orbs of the terrific little creature whom he had never dared defy; and what was left of him shrank and shriveled until he felt the size of an aniseed.

With a parting hiss, which was like the escape of steam round a valve joint, the fiery Madame Piquard tore Pierre's gem of composition into infinitesimal bits and threw them into the air, and struck at them as they fluttered down, and stamped on them when they lit on the floor! Then she burst through the swinging doors and sizzled through the café and flew upstairs to her familiar devil, who bore the outward shape of a spiteful, red-beaked, green-feathered parrot!

Ebullient as her passage had been, it created only a mild flurry in the peace of the Café Piquard dining room, for they knew her there, and her irritations soothed and caused smiling happiness.

Not so with poor Pierre however. Mournfully he set about the composition of a new menu—a dreary, prosaic supper for six, which could be served for nine dollars—at a profit! As well argue with the lightning or plead with the stormy sea as to beg or reason with or cajole the relentless and inexorable Madame Piquard, who would be on the spot to check that particular supper. Pierre had already taken the six precious Louis XV candlesticks from their wrappings in the safe, but now he put them sadly back and walked over mechanically to confer with François.

"François," he observed in his mildest and gentlest of tones, for he was listless and lifeless.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the nerve-racked François, who always suffered acutely from the mere presence of madame the proprietress; and, turning abruptly at the range, he upset a saucepan of boiling syrup. Most of it spread stickily upon the hot range, but one large splash of it lit on the big thumb of Pierre!

Howling with pain and dancing as in the days of his youth, Pierre thrust the thumb in his mouth and burned his tongue. Capering like an angry goat, he rushed to the big sink and, making unintelligible sounds of woe, grabbed for the cold-water tap. François, clutching him frantically round the broad chest, saved him from that peril and, dragging him across the room, thrust his quivering hand into a lard pail. On the way to that haven of safety, the sympathetic little Jacques paused in the path of the procession for a moment to ask what the matter was; and François, grinding his teeth in unutterable rage, kicked spasmodically at him and hit him on the chin with a flying slipper. Panic-stricken, Jacques rushed for the door—to meet Jules returning with a tray of glasses; and the crash which followed added the element of sound to the visible and odorous disorder which arose from the now thickly smoking syrup on the range.

Pierre, his huge, red face a dripping fountain of perspiration, turned to survey the wreck and noted the paralyzed Jules.

"*Allons!*" he roared with the presence of mind of a great general; and then with the fluency of a great linguist he added: "Become busy!"

"*Voilà!*" replied the agitated Jules; and, grabbing his tray, he ran back into the dining room and snatched the untouched salad from all the tables.

A trace of the black smoke crept through the swinging doors. Monsieur Rossignol saw it and that marvelous tenor voice coughed.

"Abomination!" he cried. "My voice! Jules! Make haste! Some oil!"

Wildly Jules sprang with the oil bottle and touched the elbow of Anatole Exquis, who promptly spread a glass of claret on the shirtfront which now really must go to the laundry.

"Jules!" called Monsieur le General le Comte de Valeur in the voice which compelled martial obedience. "Return my salad on the instant!"

Overwhelmed with horror as the enormity of his mistake dawned on him, Jules rushed for the tray on which he had heaped the salads and redistributed them; but, horror accumulating upon horror, he gave to the choleric

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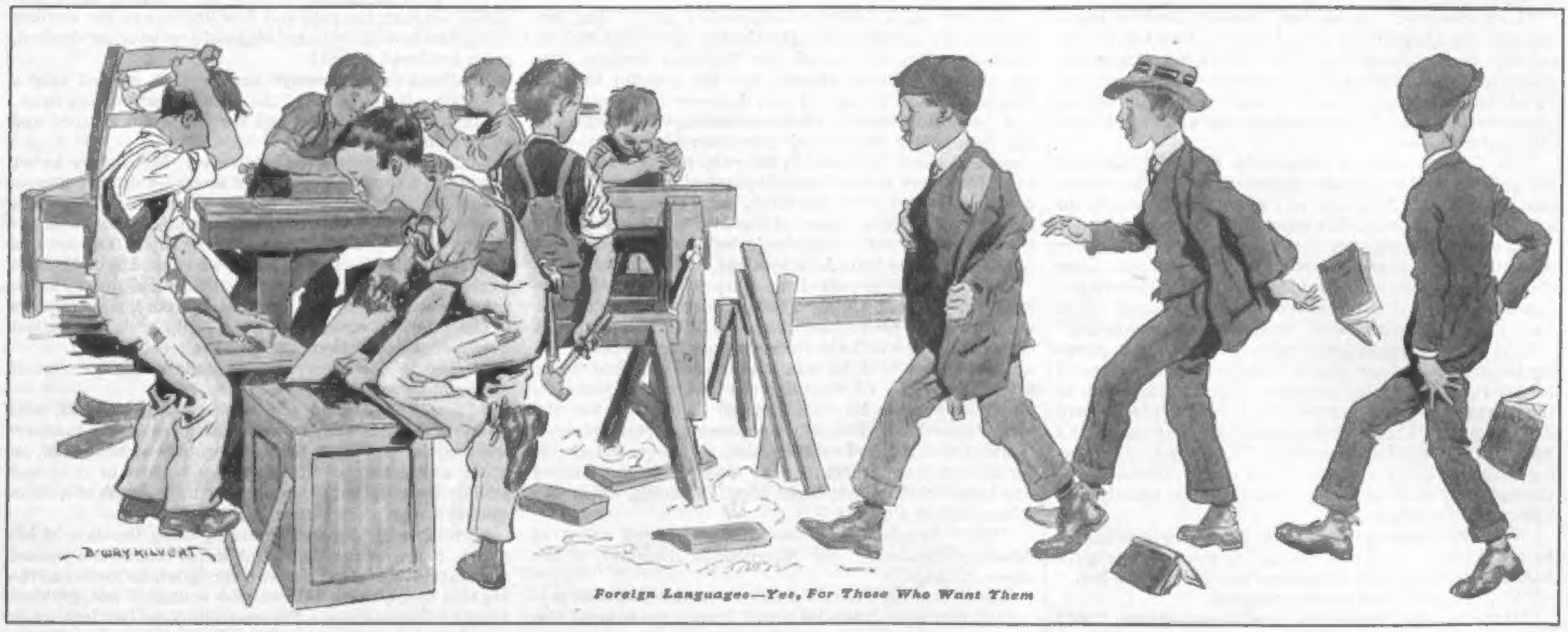
The High School and the Boy



Foreign Languages—Yes, For Those Who Want Them

By William D. Lewis

PRINCIPAL OF THE WILLIAM PENN HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

SEVEN, nine, twenty-three, twenty-six, thirty-seven!" yelled the quarterback. West High had the ball on Central's twenty-five-yard line; and the rooters had suspended their vocal exercise to indulge in breathless prayers to the great god Mars for a victory that meant a celebration in assembly next day and other vociferous blessings of schoolboy indolence.

Twenty-six was the signal for a trick play, a fake run to the right and a forward pass to Rogers, who nearly always managed to get through his man and make a clean catch on the run if the interference could defend him. The ruse worked, and Rogers was downed on Central's five-yard line. Then something happened besides football.

"Take him out!" commanded the principal of the West High. "He has no right to play in this game—and he knows it!"

Yells, groans, catcalls, and thinly veiled insults came from the West High bleachers. The principal was popular, but in removing the star player from the game he had issued a challenge to the public sentiment of his school that required as much nerve as it does to storm a breastwork.

The fact was simply that Rogers had failed to make the academic standing required of athletes in all self-respecting schools. All the boys knew that he had no right to play; so they had smuggled him on to the line, with his face half covered with a huge noseguard, and put in his usual place at the right end the eligible substitute vouched for by the principal.

"What's the matter with Rogers?" shrieked the cheermaster.

"He's all right," bellowed the West High bleachers.

What was the matter with Rogers? What is the matter with the "football bunch" in every high school? How does it happen that, with every incentive to keep up, some of the squad is nearly always behind—and the principal is often forced to unpleasant and unpopular measures if he wants to keep his self-respect and the respect of this very crowd that hooted when Rogers was taken out of the game?

School Problems, Old and New

WALTZING is a graceful accomplishment; an elephant is a useful animal. It is nothing against either waltzing or the elephant that they do not make a graceful combination. That is about the way the traditional high-school course fits boys of the Rogers type. They are boiling over with energy, and no amount of future reward, even in a football game, will make them very keen on the scent of a crooked construction in Cæsar or a knotty quadratic unless they see how the trail leads to their own dens.

All honor to the classics and to the scheme of education for which they stand. All honor to the "dead" languages, crystallized into everlasting life by the immortal bards and philosophers at whose feet all succeeding ages have been enlightened. From these languages our seers have learned their own; from them they have absorbed the world-stories that all modern literatures have repeated in endless variation. The race has needed and still needs this type of education; but the revolutionized social and industrial conditions of today are forcing upon us a new type of education equally necessary. Hence the educational "Insurgent"; hence the "fads and frills"; hence the shibboleth of "the ninety-five per cent"; hence President G. Stanley Hall and Professor John Dewey.

The problems of the two types of education might be summarized as follows:

THE OLD SCHOOL SERVED—	THE NEW SCHOOL SERVES—
A rural population.	An urban population.
A few boys destined for the professions.	All sorts of boys destined for every occupation.
Boys made resourceful and industrious by farm work.	City boys, who have never been responsible for a single task.
Socially and mentally homogeneous sons of American parents.	Sons of every nation under heaven, as heterogeneous as an election-day crowd.
A few thousand boys zealous for learning in preparation for a definite life purpose.	A great many thousand boys, mostly unambitious and purposeless.
A simple social order, with few occupations and few problems.	A highly complex social order, with innumerable activities and interdependent problems.

In spite of this contrast, the academic high school of today is largely the old school. It is time for it to wake up to its new problem. The boy whose ambition brought him to the old school needed its vigorous book training. The difficulties of Latin and Greek set him a mental task commensurate with the physical trials he had overcome from tender years. If he proved able to cope with only physical difficulties he went back to the farm; so Latin and Greek performed excellent service as a fine-meshed sieve. If he found joy in mental achievement, as he had in the rough bodily struggle of the countryside, he went on to intellectual mastery, growing stronger with every victory. It was the problem of the old-time learning to make him a leader!

The immature boy, emerging from the eighth grade in the grammar school today, goes to the high school generally because his friends go there and because he has nothing better to do. He has no definite purpose, little ambition, no sense of personal responsibility, no resourcefulness. His life has been one long response to a thousand appeals to his desire for novelty and amusement. It is the problem of the new school to make him the best citizen possible!

Our first question in making useful citizens out of these youngsters is not how to teach them certain traditional studies. In no school subject is there a sacramental virtue that makes it an indispensable means of intellectual salvation. Let us remember, too, that we have boys of every kind of temperament, from every kind of home, with every kind of ability—and no two alike. The high school has a chance to help them for a period extending from a few months to four years. Their value to the community which is paying for the high school depends on their integrity, their economic efficiency, and their militant civic righteousness. Isn't it a fair proposition that the school should study its raw material and the kind of product the market needs, and that it should turn out as nearly one hundred per cent of marketable goods as the conditions will permit?

January twenty-ninth. "I am to enter high school tomorrow—one day more. They have an elevator down there, and an orchestra, and a school paper; and you have six teachers instead of one; and there are societies and fraternities—I wonder if they will rush me! And you have to take a foreign language and algebra; and they sometimes stand 'freshies' on their heads and put snow down their backs. And the goblin—I mean the principal—will get you if you don't watch out."

February first. "I got up at five o'clock and went over to 'Red' Smith's. I kept thinking what the boys would do when they saw me in long pants; and every little while I had a queer feeling just at the top of my belt when I thought of going to high school. Well, the boss guy—they call him 'Blinker'—gave us a game of talk and told us where to go—and we went, or tried to; but I didn't always get there. I wonder what he'll say when he finds I didn't show up in two of my classes. There were five hundred of us freshies. I took Latin instead of German or French because 'Red' did—and his uncle is a preacher."

The Fortunes of the Freshmen

THESE immature boys have reached a convulsive change in their school lives, and now as never before need wise and alert individual guidance. If the high school is to give this it must first bridge the gulf between the grammar school and itself, and profit by all that the lower school has learned about every boy. The grammar school and the high school are coördinate parts of a big public agency working for the improvement of society. It would be about as reasonable for the salesmen of a mercantile house to ignore the buyers as it is for the high school to assume an air of independence—not to say of collegiate arrogance—toward the grammar school. As a rule, however, each of the schools goes its own way, with little notice of the other beyond an occasional jab. About all that ever happens in the way of real coöperation is a report from the grammar school as to how many pupils are going to the high school and sometimes how many have elected each language or course. If there were coördination, the comments carried back to the grammar school by the boys about conditions, methods, and teachers in the high school would be a most illuminating and valuable opportunity for the latter institution to see itself as others see it.

Suppose we follow the fortunes of a typical group of a hundred high-school freshmen. The grammar-school principal was not infrequently a sort of combined father—or mother—confessor, social worker and home missionary to the community. He has dealt with the children as individuals for eight or nine years, and knows the personal peculiarities of John and Frank. He has strengthened the feeble wills and confirmed the growing virtues by requiring a pretty faithful accounting every day for the daily task.

When they reach the high school these pupils are thrown at once on their own resources. They have been accustomed to prepare their lessons mostly in school under the

teacher's eye, and they have had to "stay and make up" if the day's work was neglected. Each pupil was accountable to only one teacher, who saw that a proper balance was preserved between the various subjects and that the weak places were strengthened. Now they have four or five absolutely new subjects. They take their books home, sit down with them in the family circle, and, while trying to study, listen with one ear to the evening's gossip. Next day, if they fail to recite, they "get a zero"—an excellent preparation for another zero tomorrow, particularly when their zeros have plenty of good company. These zeros do their deadly work at report-time and spell failure at the end of the term; but, like other kinds of future punishment, are more efficacious for vengeance than for reform. Each boy recites or fails to recite to five or six teachers, no one of whom knows how much study other teachers are requiring or what kind of work the pupil is doing in other subjects. Every one of these teachers is a specialist in her branch of learning. She glances an eye of pity on the masses who are rotting in ignorance of her particular mystery; so her duty is as plain as the way to church. These teachers, moreover, are generally the raw recruits to the profession. Those whose experience has proved their success are given charge of the smaller classes of advanced pupils who are preparing for college. By these graduates the school is to be judged; therefore, if the teacher's ability is doubtful, she is given freshmen, where her lack of skill will not show.

Another important fact about the freshman's teachers is that probably four-fifths of them are women. Far be it from the writer to disparage the quality of instruction given by women teachers; it is probably fully up to the average of that imparted by men. We need women in boys' high schools to give the young barbarians some contact with the refining amenities of femininity; but, as Rosalind ironically implied, you can have too much of a good thing. The male teacher, moreover, as a rule, has been a boy himself, and the boy needs his influence. Hence it seems most unfortunate that high schools should be so largely "manned by women." If the faculties could be composed of about equal numbers of men and women of equally good personality, the service of the schools in really shaping future society would be infinitely enlarged.

Where the Fittest Do Not Survive

Our boys are entering a new stage of life. They leave the home community and go downtown to school. Thus are opened up to them the thousand distractions of the center of the city—the street-car ride, department stores, fakers, moving-picture shows, vaudeville, poolrooms—and worse. In the school there are athletics, societies, the big study hall, the crowded corridors, the lunchroom, the gymnasium, and the school organization which often seems necessarily inexorable. To it they are not individuals, but a mass, too often subjected to the law of the survival of the fittest. This is unfortunate, because it often happens that the fittest do not survive, and that those capable of the largest growth are stunted because the school has a single treatment for all cases. Witness Edison, Darwin, Beecher, Emerson, Wagner, Seward, and many others whom the schools discarded as dunces.

Of our hundred boys, many are hopelessly lost, so far as the first term's work goes, at the end of the first six weeks. Then they begin to drop out.

What Was the Matter With Rogers? What Is the Matter With the "Football Bunch" in Every High School?

According to the statistics of the United States Commissioner of Education, forty-one boys will not return the second year; sixty-two of the original hundred will not return the third, and seventy-six will not return the fourth year. Of the twenty-four left, somewhere from five to ten will go to college. Here, then, are the American Beauty roses, for which we have pinched off ninety to ninety-five buds. And after all our trouble the college tells us that of these only one is really a rose and that the rest are really sunflowers.

The disaster to many who stay in the school is greater than to those who are shoved out. "I must keep my eye on that gang!" remarked the principal of a high school. The gang comprised about a dozen boys; and the sudden hush as the principal and his companion passed did not indicate a lack of interesting material for conversation. That afternoon the water was turned on at the emergency hose in the hall near the office, and the floor was drenched with six or eight barrels of water before it could be turned off. That gang had four interests in high school in about the following order: first, the "frats"; second, athletics; third, deviltry; and fourth, girls. All very human; none particularly fraught with educational or cultural possibilities. Worse than this, that gang, composed of school loafers, is typical of nearly every high school in the country.

The loafer is very frequently a chronic truant. Here is a case that you, Mr. Principal, will recognize. Reginald Buehler sent word that he had gone to work and you took his name off the roll. Two weeks later—or was it six?—you found out, quite by accident, that his parents supposed he had been in school every day. He had left home at the usual time and in all respects had been a model of punctuality. His mother had found a queer piece of cubical chalk in his pocket and had wondered at the change in school supplies since she was a girl! Once or twice she mistrusted that she smelled—but her boy certainly was above such suspicion!

Did you find out what was really the trouble with that culprit? Did he ever tell you that he hated school, that he hated his teachers, that he hated his lessons, that he hated you? Did you talk to him about culture and mental discipline and about preparing for life? Did you force him back into the classes he hated because the first article of your pedagogical religion was that without the shedding of Latin there is no remission of ignorance?

The loafer isn't intellectual. You may sugarcoat your mental pill an inch thick—it is still as bitter as quinine. He wants to do something! Then, for Heaven's sake, give him something to do! In nine cases out of ten, if you take the loafer out of the Latin class and make him roll up his sleeves and sweat while he is fitting two boards together he will be captivated. He will even study a book if he can see how it connects up with his own life—*now*. He probably will make a bungling job memorizing the provisions of Magna Charta; but he can easily be induced to study the activities of the ward boss, and he can be made to see how this functionary's machinations blast the efficiency of the fire and police departments. He probably won't get frightened over the direful prospect of humanity threatened in the theory of Malthus; but he can be made to see that he is paying freight when he buys an orange. It probably would not be advisable to inform him that he is helping to support the Government when he smokes a cigarette.

Another queer thing about the loafer is that he very often makes good. This he does in spite of the school which has done its best to spoil him by a most thorough course in not doing the thing he is supposed to do. When he strikes his gait, however, he often develops an earning capacity that gives a sickly grin to his professor's chronic state of dignified impecuniosity.

Isn't it a fair proposition that the school should provide something for the loafer to do? Experiments have been made with various lines of manual activity in the school and with a combination of schoolwork and outside shopwork that have proved the possibility of enlisting the interest of the loafer. Moreover, when these interests are discovered they are always found to demand some form of academic work; so that the boy as he is, and not the boy as he might be if he were cast in the ideal mold used for us schoolmasters, is put to school to learn something of value to him.

What have we done for the boy who, because of economic stress, can come only a year or so? We have tried to teach him to swim by giving him a chemical analysis of H_2O. We have offered him a curriculum of admittedly little practical value, however well it may be devised as a basis for something farther on, where he can never hope to go. It is as if a salesman out of employment should ask for a letter of introduction to the owner of a big department store and be given a passport to Russia.

Giving a Stone to the Boy Who Asks Bread

"Meester Brincipal," said a curly-haired son of Abraham the other day, "I vould like mine Isaac to study someding he gan use. I am a poor man, with six shildren; and Ikey must vork after one year—two year—not more."

Come, brother principal, have you not had literally hundreds of appeals like Isaac's from all sorts of people? Here is another that is typical of a familiar tragedy:

"Please, Professor Virgil, may I drop Latin and algebra? When I entered I expected to go through school and go on to college; but my father died last summer. My mother says that if I will sell papers this winter she will try to keep me in school until June. Then I must get a job and help support my younger brothers and sisters. I would like to take something that will help me next June."

Then you gave the boy a nice fatherly talk, wherein you painted a picture of the beauty of culture and the mysteries of mental discipline on a canvas already filled with computations of rent, potatoes and coal. You ended your dissertation with a casual remark that you could not think of letting him drop these subjects, anyway, because your first official duty is to uphold the standard of the school. Maybe, under your breath, you were cursing the whole

(Continued on Page 77)

His Pianos Will Ring Truer Than His Latin Quantities

The Loafer Is Very Frequently a Chronic Truant

A Portrait of Mr. Lo Medico

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS is some time ago now I am working for G. Dagnino, Negri & Company, in capacity of confidential bookkeeper and foreign and domestic correspondent. I am commanding very good salary, sixteen dollars a week, and certainly also have charge of petty cash, so I am possible to live very comfortably in the Pensione Pellegrino, Guido Fusaroli, proprietor, West 38th Street near Sixth Avenue.

There I become the acquaintance of B. Podeste, the portrait painter, and his friend, Mr. Pendini, son of Cav. Arturo Pendini, which is wealthy retired silk concern in Milano, and Mr. Pendini is of the impression that his father lives a charming life and will never die. In consequence, therefore, Mr. Pendini holds a situation in the office of Avvo. Guglielmo Suardi, Algonquin Life Insurance Building, with compensation ten dollars a week and commissions.

Certainly also it becomes necessary for Mr. Pendini to be in other respects gainful, or how should he live, so he procures for B. Podeste, the portrait painter, customers who wish to present pictures to their families, at a share twenty-five per cent of the proceeds. In this way Mr. Pendini adds to his earnings, and certainly B. Podeste also, on account that the clients of Avvo. Guglielmo Suardi are among the well-to-do if ignorant Sicilians in the wholesale fruit and also bank and passage-ticket business.

Among them I can mention, for example, Rocco Lo Medico, originally from Palermo, who conducts large bank and passage-ticket business office on First Avenue, which is being defended by Avvo. Guglielmo Suardi against the process of a young lady, Miss Gemma Trombetti, Province Potenza, who claims ten thousand dollars injuries for promise to marry and now resides in Paterson, New Jersey, and against the process ditto as above fifteen thousand dollars, except that young lady is named Miss Maria Ragione, Province Salerno, and now resides in Mount Vernon, New York. And so Mr. Pendini is of opinion, and rightfully, that this Lo Medico which he is so *galante* in one way, would be *galante* in another, with consequence that this Lo Medico makes order for portrait upon terms C. O. D. $250.

Allora B. Podeste, the portrait painter, is in attendance at the Banca Lo Medico on First Avenue three days a week for three weeks, and every time he returns to the Pensione Pellegrino and throws himself into chair, something very much like Rodolfo in the last act of Bohème.

"I do my possible!" he exclaims. "I cannot no more!"

"What's a matter now?" Mr. Pendini asks.

"This pig Lo Medico," he says, "he knows about art just for same like nothing at all."

Mr. Pendini shrugs the shoulders.

"Art he has not," he admits, "but money, yes. And it is for us to acquire."

"He demands too much," B. Podeste declares. "He says: 'My face you make to look like a cow on a railroad track.' I says: 'Your face is your face, Mr. Lo Medico, and I paint what I see.' 'Then,' he says, 'in case of that it is not necessary to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for portrait, because at one dollar a camera paints what it sees.'"

"And with reason he says it," Mr. Pendini replies.

"With reason!" B. Podeste cries. "He is cross-eyes something horrible, and he wants me I must paint him with the gaze of a vestal."

"For two hundred and fifty dollars why not?" Mr. Pendini asks.

"And his nose," B. Podeste says, "it wanders over his face like a lava stream."

"Then make it straight," Mr. Pendini directs, and so it goes till the end of the third week B. Podeste arrives home weeping.

"Now what is it that hurts you?" Mr. Pendini asks.

"Me I am artist," Podeste says.

"*Senza dubbio*," Mr. Pendini assures him.

"Then must I to please this crocodile paint on his waistcoat the watch chain with gold paint in a bottle from a pharmacy? The cuffstuds also?"

"If it is necessary to receive the money," Mr. Pendini tells him, "put also the diamond pin in his necktie with glass from a *fattoria di vetro*."

At this B. Podeste beats with his hand his temples.

"The diamond too," he says. "I am impossible to please such a *pazzo!* He insists that I must make larger the diamond. He says that his credit is at stake, and if his clients see such a small diamond in his cravat they take their money elsewhere."

Mr. Pendini he raises high the eyebrows.

"Paint all the treasures of the Vatican on his chest," he advises. "What do we care, so long as we acquire the money?"

And this is certainly the song that Mr. Pendini like all Milanesi sings ever—"Acquire the money." So it is a week later, when I arrive at the *pensione* I know something is gone wrong about the money for Lo Medico's picture, because I find Mr. Pendini in the parlor seated in a chair similar to Rigoletto when he makes discovery that the Duca is getting fresh with Gilda.

"What's a matter with you, Mr. Pendini?" I ask. Mr. Pendini he is making *sospiri*, which in Pagliacci I see very often Caruso, and it does not so affect me pathetically.

"The worst is the matter," he says, moaning some more. "Lo Medico is gone."

"Gone!" I exclaim.

"Skipped!" he groans. "Run away! And only this morning we left the portrait at the frame-makers. Podeste is gone to get it now. I expect him any moment, and how shall I tell him?"

I Detect That as Much as One With the Complexion Like a Crocodile Skin Can Do So, She Blushes

But it is not becoming necessary to tell Podeste something, because in that instant Podeste comes in the room and gives one look. Then he begins shivering, and his face has appearance just for same like Tonio when he is coming before the curtain and sings the Prologo.

"It is then true," he cries, and puts down the picture which he is carrying. "I read in the Corriere della Sera just now a banker is gone away to hide himself. The paper says Rocco Lo Iacono, but I am suspect it is Rocco Lo Medico."

Mr. Pendini nods, and it is a situation tragic like Santuzza tells her mother-in-law Turiddu is going back on her. I assure you I am coming pretty near weeping myself.

Allora I think it is pertinent I must do something to encourage them.

"At any rate," I says, "you still have the picture."

Then B. Podeste laughs, but make no mistake he is not so quick cheered up. He laughs as I am very often hearing to laugh Mefistofele in the opera of Boito by the same name, which if it is done artistic it is more tragic than tears. B. Podeste does it not only artistic, but from the heart, and I give you my word I am to witness many performances, but none better in the Teatro Bellini or San Carlo.

"The picture!" he cries. "The picture!"

And with this he turns and is going for to make a kick at the picture, when I take it away from the floor and his foot shoots the air.

"*Aspetta!*" I shout. "No rashness! I have an idea."

"An idea to do what?" says Mr. Pendini.

"To sell the picture," I reply, and B. Podeste laughs again.

"The picture is worth not to nobody," he says, "except to Lo Medico."

"Well certainly," I says, "nobody is going to buy it for sole purpose of presentation to Accademia di Belle Arti, but if you give me the lending of the picture for two days I think I can sell it for fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" Mr. Pendini cries.

"Sure," I answer, "because if you don't sell it this way you will get nothing."

"Well then," Mr. Pendini says proud, "I am going eat it first."

But when I say fifty dollars B. Podeste gets a little calmer.

"What's a matter with you, Pendini?" he asks. "Ain't Paolo Veronese, Giovanni Bellini, Tintoretto and the like painted pictures for fifty dollars in their day?"

Then he turns to me and says:

"Go ahead sell the picture, and if you get fifty dollars for it, personally I will buy you such a dinner as you will not taste outside the Biffini or Savini in the Galleria."

Such is the way a Milanese talks. Always they think they are dealing with children, but if I would sell that picture for compensation of dinner only, I am indeed a Milanese and not a Napolitano. No, my friend, I assure you, I will sell the picture, yes, but not for less than a hundred dollars—fifty for me and fifty for them; and to this conclusion the same evening I am going on Paterson, New Jersey.

II

I CANNOT to say Miss Gemma Trombetti is so beautiful like all that. Indeed, except she is fat, she is not at all good looking, and I am not surprised that the banker Lo Medico tries to make a bad job better by breaching his engagement with her.

Nevertheless, if she values so high his affection at ten thousand dollars, is it not reasonable the hypothesis that she will consider to purchase as a souvenir of her lover the picture for a hundred dollars?

Allora I am coming to her house in Paterson third-floor front, and I knock at the door, which a short fellow is quick to open, and I am at once to perceive, by undershirt

Convince Me Mentally That If Miss Trombetti Is Going to Buy a Portrait, It Will Not Be of Rocco Lo Medico

"Compare the Way the Mustache Curls With Mr. Graziadio's Mustache"

he is wearing, the vulgarity and low social standing of the Trombetti family, the shirt being red flannel and with patches.

"*Che volete?*" he says in a voice very profound and rough, like you could expect from a person with such a bull chest and large biceps, triceps, and so forth.

"I have the honor," I reply, "to address the father of Miss Gemma Trombetti?"

This is a mistake, as I soon see, because it is not the father, it is the brother, and the conversation thus unhappily begun takes on a pugnacious aspect.

"——!" he says, using to me a term so unrefined that it is rarely employed even among the lower classes of Province Potenza. "What do you want?"

I am further embarrassed, in that ladies are present in the person of Miss Gemma Trombetti and her mother, which are just inside the door; and indeed as the brother is speaking Miss Trombetti appears. Also from the employment of certain language to her brother, I gather she is a person of violent temper and the chief wage-earner of her family, because her brother makes no retort, but when she says in English: "Chase yourself, you big bum," he goes downstairs *subito*.

So I make an obeisance similar to the Maestro Arturo Toscanini at the conclusion of the Intermezzo di Cavalleria Rusticana, and I say:

"Miss Trombetti," in a voice *simpatica* like Caruso when he sings Che gelida manina, "I am coming to see you to show you a picture which I have. May I to enter?"

She tells me to come in, and I unwrap the picture, which I am compelled to admit the frame alone looks worth ten dollars not including the glass. So she looks once, twice at the picture.

"Not today," she says. "I am enough to do with my money that I shall support a mother and a worthless brother, without I must pay two dollars a week on a picture of myself."

I bow some more.

"You mistake," I explain. "I am not a pedler of photograph enlargements. I am a friend."

Then I turn to the light the picture and I say:

"Do you not recognize this?"

Miss Trombetti she stoops down and makes critical examination of the picture.

"*Sicuramente!*" she says. "*E il Re d'Italia, Vittorio Emanuele.*"

Then she examines some more.

"And," she adds, "he is wearing some cuffstuds like the pair I give Rocco Lo Medico."

At this the mother, which is laying on a sofa in the back of the room, suddenly wakes up.

"Rocco Lo Medico!" she cries, and then she starts out on a long conversation, which she says she will take Rocco Lo Medico by the neck and with her hands pluck out his heart, liver, and so forth, mentioning what she will do with these and other internal organs in a manner, to say the least, unappetizing.

Furthermore, when the mother is nearly halfway through, Miss Trombetti clasps her hands together, and she gets going, first with little curses and then big ones, in which Rocco Lo Medico is wished a lot of happenings that not only nauseate me physically, but convince me mentally that if Miss Trombetti is going to buy a portrait, it will not be of Rocco Lo Medico.

So while Miss Trombetti and her mother are busy, I pack up again the picture and let myself out; which the brother is leaning up against the front door, and as I pass he addresses me in a manner that, encumbered with the picture as I am, I cannot resent. This he mistakes for cowardice, and in consequence pursues me down the street, so that in order to protect the work of art entrusted to me I must to exert myself with unusual speed, as result of which I am fortunate to outdistance him.

The next day I am obliged to confess to B. Podeste and Mr. Pendini that my efforts are without fruit, but that in twenty-four hours longer I am confident to report progress. Accordingly that evening I am presenting myself at the residence of Miss Maria Ragione, which I congratulate myself to find is in a respectable neighborhood of Mount Vernon on the first-floor front, and that Miss Ragione lives with a widowed married sister but no brother or father.

But while I hold the uttermost sympathy for Miss Ragione, candor insists on the grudging admission that she is not in the first blushing of youth. Indeed she compares to my ideal of an affianced maiden something as the dried apple of commerce to the pippin ripening on the tree; but I am quick to perceive that she is not insensitive to masculine charms.

So when I knock at the door, she asks me to enter in a voice seducting as Mimi when she imparts the information to Rudolfo:

Vivo solo loletta
La in una bianca cameretta.

And also I am pleased to notice that there is in Miss Ragione's little room much neatness and cleanness, and Miss Ragione herself is dressed stylish; though for one so thin and even bony, pink is a little prematurely young. All this makes me believe that she still hopes and also despairs to get married; and when she asks me what it is that I desire of her, I become uneasy at the smile which she presents me with, because while my situation with G. Dagnino, Negri & Company is ample provision for myself, I have no desire for marital entanglements.

Therefore, after I am sitting down on a sofa, I act very businesslike and I say to her:

"Miss Ragione, I am here to see you for selling a portrait which I have with me."

I then unpack the portrait, which I exhibit in a good light.

"You of course recognize the likeness," I say, and Miss Ragione nods.

"Yes, I do," she admits, "but I am only a poor dressmaker, and if I would got money to buy a picture of the Duca d'Aosta, it would be a cheap *litografia* and not a *pittura* in gold and glass such as this."

"This is not the Duca d'Aosta," I explain, "this is some one you know."

Then Miss Ragione smiles again, and I detect that as much as one with the complexion like a crocodile skin can do so, she blushes.

"Even a portrait of yourself," she says, "I have not money to buy."

At this time of which I speak it is true I am wearing a mustache, but I look no more like the Duca d'Aosta as I am to resemble Rocco Lo Medico. Furthermore, when she says this to me she gets up from the chair on which she is sitting and comes and places herself beside me on the sofa. So I see it is time to leave, because it is not only most unlikely that she will buy the portrait when I tell her it is Rocco Lo Medico, but for the making of fifty dollars why should I endanger my liberty?

Allora I rise to the feet and repack the picture.

"Surely," I says, "if the young lady does not recognize the picture, I am intruding because I must make a mistake in the house. Have I right in believing that I address Miss Angelina Ragione?"

"My name is Maria Ragione," Miss Ragione says soft.

"But it makes not difference to me," she adds, "so will you not sit down again?"

"You must excuse me," I say, and I assure you I am perspiring like it would be August, "but Miss Angelina Ragione is expecting me."

So I go to the door, and as she shows me out she says:

"Call again," to the which I reply certainly. "Thank you," and I am returning immediately by the *ferrovia* and not by trolley to the Pensione Pellegrino, so anxious am I to shake the earth of Mount Vernon from my feet.

Nevertheless, I am wondering to myself what shall I say to B. Podeste when I shall enter the *pensione*, all of which mental speculations are set at naught by the circumstance that on arriving I am met in the hallway by a person who with the right hand grabs me around the throat and with the left hand takes from me the picture.

"So," he says in English, although to me he has much the appearance of a clean-shaven Neapolitan *camorrista*, "you are the other guy."

Before I can to reply, Mr. Pendini comes down the stairs, and it is apparent from his collar that this *camorrista* is trying also to choke him.

"You see," he says, "I am telling the truth."

"And you got your luck with you too," the *camorrista* replies, and it would appear that he is under some vow to speak no Italian, because even when he is to curse, he does so in English, which if one comes to compare for cursing English to Italian, it is like a beggar to a millionaire.

"Who is this gentleman?" I ask, which I am using such emphasis on the "gentleman" as would have made it ironical if I am speaking of the king of Italy himself. But do you think the *camorrista* understood it? Not at all, because it appears he is not a *camorrista* but a policeman, and to hurt with irony a policeman is just for same like drawing blood from a rhinoceros with a pin.

"You tell him," the policeman says to Mr. Pendini. "I got business to attend to."

And then he takes the picture under his arm and leaves Mr. Pendini and me standing in the lobby of the *pensione*.

"He is an agent of the secret police by the name of Francesco Caldarazzo," Mr. Pendini says, "and they suspect that Rocco Lo Medico is in hiding at Philadelphia."

"But why do they take the picture?" I ask, and Mr. Pendini, despite that his throat is all red and sore—as, too, is mine, I assure you—he stands still on the bottom of the stair and he laughs till the rest of his face is just for same color like his throat.

"They take the picture," he said, "for to make identification of Rocco Lo Medico."

III

THREE days pass on, and in the evening B. Podesto, the portrait painter, Mr. Pendini and certainly also myself are dining in the *sala da mangiare* of the Pensione Pellegrino when the proprietor Fusaroli enters.

"To see you upstairs in my private room is an agent of police and two ladies," he says. "And oh, my friends," he continues, "if you are doing something to bring dishonor on this house, never mind that Podeste owes me for lodging twenty dollars, I implore you to find quarters elsewhere; because if I did not myself open the street door it remains for my guests to see a policeman seated in my parlor, in which case I am nearly ruined."

"Why do you insult us like this?" Mr. Pendini says. "We are men of honor and discretion, and if the police visit us, it is because we are wronged not wronging."

Just the same, while Mr. Pendini talks brave he acts on the contrary, and as for B. Podeste, he presents exhibition of timidness pitiable to behold. It is no use that we would attempt to finish our dinner, because, as they say in the vernacular, "Fear makes a small stomach." So we go upstairs, and sure enough there is in Fusaroli's private office an agent of police in uniform. In the shadow sits two ladies, so that I do not recognize them, and perhaps it is because of their presence that the agent of police carries himself with urbanity, except that he calls Mr. Pendini "Jack."

(Continued on Page 60)

Then She Showers Kisses on His Bruised Cheeks, While He Struggles in Vain

EASTER INTERVIEWS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Loafing for Weeks in Those Hot Sulphur Quarries Which Sherman Once Said Were the Same Thing That War Is"

I—AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

'TWAS just before Easter. I walked down Fifth Avenue
Viewing the wealth that I never would have, I knew;
Counting the heiresses weighted with collars worth
Fortunes, and plumage—say, six billion dollars' worth—
Decked out in all they could borrow or buy themselves.
"Say, what on earth do these worldlings deny themselves?"
Said I inquiringly,
Looking admiringly
Over those gay Lenten buds, who untiringly
Plundered the shops with a spendthrift insanity,
Laying in cargoes of Eastertide vanity.

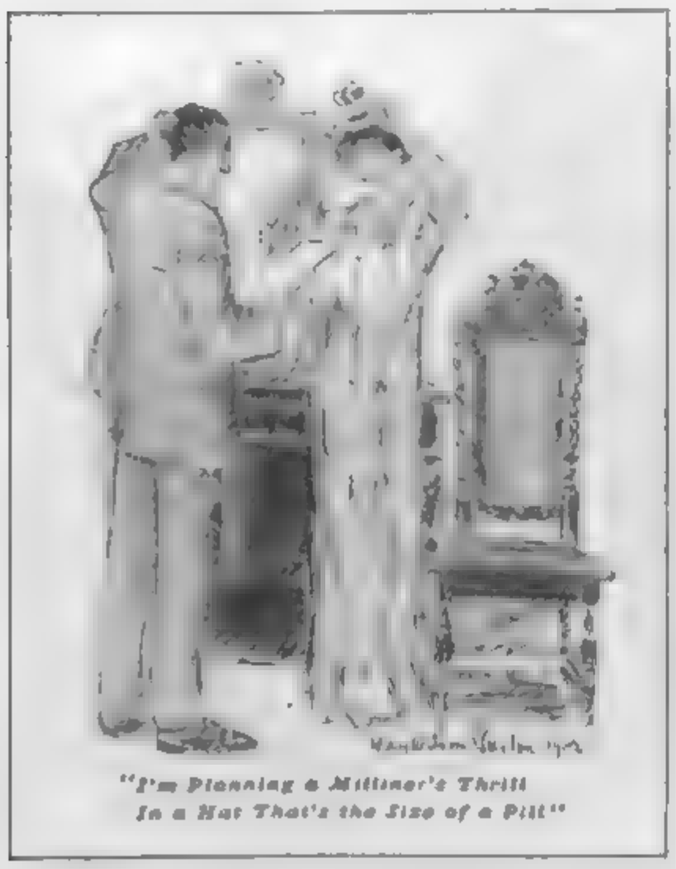
Thus, as I gazed, I observed in the throng
A dark foreign gentleman, lanky and long.
He wore a thick ulster; he wore a false beard;
He wore yellow goggles—but what was most weird
Was that which I saw peeping under his coat—
A barb-pointed tail and the foot of a goat!
"Hello, Mr. Divvil!"
I cried in delight.
His frame seemed to shrivel
In horrible fright.
"Don't call me by name!" he hissed—"not above ground here.
I'd be extradited were I to be found here:
For you know, during Lent, they condemn me to rusticate
Down on the Farm—it's so dull I most busticate,
Loafing for weeks in those hot sulphur quarries
Which Sherman once said were the same thing that War is.
So, up like a cork
I quietly bob;
Back to New York
And on to the job—
Looking over the ground for the good modern reason:
A Manager *must* keep ahead of his season."
The journalist's instinct o'ercame my compunction.
I brought out my notebook and quizzed him with unction.
"Oh, *sir*," I began, "since you're Master of Wiles,
No doubt you're the fellow who plans all the styles.
Can you give me some points on——"
With cynical smiles
The Demon broke in: "As you know, down in Hades
Our Easter temptations are all for the Ladies.
You can coax men with graft
Or gold-bearing lodes;
But to make women daft
You must show 'em the modes.
I've a corps of Designers who labor with relish,
Seeking the feminine charms to embellish
With styles that are novel and perfectly hellish!"
He drew from his vest
A fashion-plate sheet.
"Here's a style I suggest,
Which is novel and neat!"—
It showed a slim maiden, the fashion-plate kind,
With her skirt cut as high as the ankles behind,
But spread out in front in a seven-foot train!—
I shouted: "My word!
Dear sir, that's absurd!"
"What most recommends all the styles, so I've heard,
Is their charming absurdity," Satan commented.
"This wonderful mode which you see represented
Is called the New Walking Skirt, built with the aim
To make walking difficult—it is my claim
That walking skirts shouldn't be walked in; which same
Is proved by the 'hobble'—
A patent of mine—
Whose hideous wobble
Made cripples divine
Of skirt-shackled women who loved the design."
Again at the picture I looked, and a hope
Shot through my soul like a glorified dope.
"Joy! Joy!. If our wives must wear gowns cut like this
They'll hook up in front, causing husbandly bliss!"
"Nay, friend," growled the Fiend, with a Stygian leer;
"'Twas I who invented the backhook ideer.
D'ye think I would part
With a fashion so smart
That it brings me twelve billion fat curses a year?"
Struck dumb by his cruelty, horror-consumed,
I leaned on a lamp-post. The Demon resumed:
"Among the fresh styles of the fiercest and saddest
I'm going to spring on the Feminine Faddist,'

"I'm planning a milliner's thrill
In a Hat that's the size of a pill.
But the Husband will wail:
'Holy smoke! What a whale!'
When he looks at the Hat on the bill.

"I'm planning a corset of tin
Which goes from the shin to the chin;
If a lady is fat,
In an armor like that
She'll never sit down—till she's thin.

"I'm planning a gown made of fringe
In colors so bright that they singe,
With a skirt rather bold—
So incrusted with gold
That it bends at the knees on a hinge."

I heard. "Forty shucks!" I exclaimed in a passion.
"Are all women crazy when tempted by Fashion?"
"Young fella," said Satan, "the best way to see
Is to look for yourself—so, come on! Follow me!"



"I'm Planning a Milliner's Thrill In a Hat That's the Size of a Pill"

II—AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. MONEYWORTH

We put the Cloak of Darkness on and stealthily did go
Into the house of Moneyworth on splendid Bullion Row.
The lovely Mrs. Moneyworth was trying many a gown,
Raging and raving and stamping up and down.

Forty-seven milliners with boxes came and went;
Ninety-seven furriers inflamed her discontent;
Cutters and fitters came bowing roundabout—
Ramping and champing, she fiercely showed them out.

"This is not the hat I asked! The color's far too strong!
That brocade is such a mess! You've got the bodice wrong!
Ermine muff?—that shoddy stuff? You refuse to trade?
Then the ragman gets it or I throw it to my maid!

"Oh! Can no one fit me? With all the price I pay—
Waist that gapes at all the seams—only meets halfway!

"This Wonderful Mode Which You See Represented Is Called the New Walking Skirt, Built With the Aim To Make Walking Difficult"

Horrid, horrid tradesmen!" She sudden down did sit
And threw a lovely spasm. So, at last, she got her fit.

III—AN INTERVIEW WITH TILLY PENNYWORTH

Disguised as rent collectors, we sought the tenement
Where little Tilly Pennyworth resides in heart's content.
Perching on a soapbox, blissfully she sat
Attending some one's baby and trimming up a hat.

The frame was cheap and shoddy, the feather short and limp—
The bow was second-handed, suggesting scrape and skimp;
But, as the maiden's needle above the threads did bob,
The colored chromos on the wall smiled down upon the job.

"The frame is wort' a quarter," said Tilly unto me:
"Th' fedder's wort' a dollar—and that's some money—gee!
The ribbon was a present from Myrtle Blickensopp,
Who's awful lib'ral wit' 'er dough—she's married to a cop!

"It costs a lot o' rhino, this racin' wit' th' style;
I'm takin' sportin' chances—I guess th' risk's wort' while.
In case o' competition, y' got to git in line—
Kate Sweeney's got a cady wort' a dollar forty-nine.

"I'll wear this lid on Sunday; and when the fellers see
Me walkin' underneath it they'll hardly know it's me.
The very Saints in Heaven will whisper: 'Look at Till!'
If that don't fetch Mike Rafferty I guess there's nothin' will."

Perching on a Soapbox, Blissfully She Sat Attending Some One's Baby and Trimming Up a Hat

Being Some Observations on the Feminine Fad During the Days of the Glad Festival—By Wallace Irwin

IV—AN INTERVIEW WITH A TIGHTWAD

In a green taxicab that was devilish fleet
The Fiend took me next to a narrow-gauge street,
Where a narrow-gauge house on a narrow-gauge plot
Displayed on the doorbell the name Spendless Lott.
Our long Cloak o' Darkness adjusting with hooks,
We slid through the door like a couple of spooks.
In the parlor sat Spendless addressing his wife.
He'd plainly been having the time of his life;
For Her Ladyship quivered
With impotent rage
As her husband delivered
This argument sage:

"Oh, wife of mine! Oh, life of mine!
I see it in your eye—
To yonder shop you're going to hop,
Intending for to buy.
You say your gown is broken down;
You need a brand-new shell—
How can this be? It seems to me
You never looked so well.

"I love you best when simply dressed—
Soft colors; not too bold.
Why don't you wear that pink affair?
You say it's three years old?
I swear, my love, by Heaven above,
I like your old gowns best.
And then, you know, it's vulgar show
To be too smartly dressed.

"That dear old Merry Widow hat
You had five years ago—
Associations cling to that
Which set my heart aglow.
You want a change? Then rearrange
Its rather faded wings.
I love its contour better than
Those flashy modern things.

"More rare than wealth your splendid health;
Your jewels are your eyes;
Your throat of milk outrivals silk.
Vain hats should not disguise
Those masses rare of chestnut hair;
And your small feet, I feel,
Inspire my muse—what though your shoes
Are run down at the heel?

"My lovely Mae—what's that you say?
I'm close? Oh, very well!
My finer taste I seem to waste
On you, oh, thankless belle.
Go deck yourself with Fashion's spoils,
Which higher souls disdain.
Avaunt! Here's fifteen dollars cash.
Go squander—and be vain!"

Sadly He Groaned—
Then Morosely Intoned

"My Bank Account Turns Over Twice
When Annie Makes a Speech"

V—INTERVIEW WITH A PARISIENNE

Intending the various styles to peruse,
We stopped at the shop of Ma'mselle Charlotte Russe,
Whose gold-and-white mart,
Decoying the "smart,"
Stood close to the throb of Fifth Avenue's heart.
Her window was dressed
In a style to suggest
The milliners' seven-and-twenty beatitudes—
Bright-plumed wonders in various attitudes—
Perched like a cageful of tropic zoology
Set there to dazzle the female psychology;
All gazing streetward as if to defy me—
Waving the challenge: "I dare you to buy me!"

Said Satan: "Those French people do have the trick
Of showing the goods which surpasses Old Nick!"
Petite Ma'mselle Charlotte Russe stood by the door
A-marking a bonnet up five dollars more.
Removing my lid with my courtliest wrench,
I sought to address her in boarding-school French:
"*Beau matin, mad'moiselle, racontez, s'il vous plait*——"
Whereat she replied: "Wid yer blarney, go 'way!
It's busy I am, and no time to kape tab
On yer fresh foreign ways and yer cheap Dago blab."
As I quailed from her blow with a weak indecision,
She held up a hat labeled One Hundred Dollars,
And sang in her clear County Mayo Parisian
The rhythmical—fiscal—confession which follows:

"This *chapeau*, which you are leavin'
For the wealthy, as you should,
Costs a hundred dollars even
When the Easter trade is good.
Sure, I soak 'em as I should
When the Easter trade is good.

"Later on, when trade grows shifty
And the shoppers hard to find,
I may mark it down to fifty—
Just to show that I am kind.
When the trade is hard to find
Every milliner is kind.

"When the town strikes summer's Tophet,
I may sell the bonnet then
For ten dollars—and my profit
Will be just a dollar ten.
When I sell the hat for ten
There's a profit—even then!"

VI—INTERVIEW WITH A SUFFRAGETTE'S HUSBAND

And next we arrived, in our trip up and down,
At a fine-looking halt in a smart part of town.
Here many vehicles, brimming with style,
Stretched down the Avenue nearly a mile.
Beautiful ladies, attended by flunkies,
Followed by footmen like overdressed monkeys,
Entered the portals
Like gorgeous immortals.
Over the door flared a sign, black and white,
"Grand Suffrage Rally—All Welcome Tonight!"

Out in a cab, smoking sadly alone,
Sat a fat Husband, with eyes dull as stone,
Thumbing a checkbook and murmuring o'er:
"That was a jolt—can we stand it once more?"
Satan approached and said: "Good sir, I guess
You know some pointers on feminine dress."

"Pointers!" he gasped. "By the Stygian cables!
Did you see her—the tall woman wearing real sables?
Note the brocade and the hat and the frill?
Well, I'm the Husband that's Paying the Bill!"
Sadly he groaned—
Then morosely intoned:

"Six or seven years ago, ere Suffrage conquered men,
They used to think the Suffragette would be a dowdy hen.
They thought she'd wear a trailing skirt as dusty as a rug;
Her eyes would be in spectacles, her frizzes in a pug;
She'd wear a pair o' dollar boots, a waist worth eighty cents,
While her person would be minus all expensive ornaments;
But I've lived down all such prejudice and canceled all such bets
Since my beloved Annie Belle has joined the Suffragettes.

"For Annie's on the platform
A-lecturing with zeal.
Her gown of grace is Cluny lace—
Exclusive—by Lucile.
Large diamond drops are in her ears—
They cost a thousand each.
My bank account turns over twice
When Annie makes a speech.

"No Votes-for-Women rally is complete without my Ann;
And weeks and weeks ahead of time she doth begin to plan.
She says: 'How can I possibly appear in this affair
When all the other Delegates have something new to wear?
Just look at Maud MacSwagger—don't you know her sable coat
Does more than all her arguments to fetch the East Side vote!
She never wears a gown that's not imported from abroad.'
And so it's me that signs the checks for Keeping Up with Maud.

"So Annie's on the platform
To bolster woman's weal.
Her gown is fair with jewels rare
And fringed with bright chenille.
The spellbound girls behold her pearls—
But toward Election Day
My checkbook sheds its withered leaves
And softly fades away."

VII—THE DIVVIL, HE SAYS:

Says the Divvil to me: "I will bid you good day.
I'm infernally busy just now, for they say
There'll soon be a big Presidential campaign
That'll simply raise all of my tidy domain.
Well, so long, Mr. Man!" quoth the Monarch of Sin.
"If you're ever my way, why, I hope you'll drop in!"
So he vanished by Subway—no doubt for a call
On some rousing old cronies in Tammany Hall.

"I Love You Best When Simply Dressed—
Soft Colors; Not Too Bold.
Why Don't You Wear That Pink Affair?
You Say It's Three Years Old?"

Petite Ma'mselle Charlotte Russe Stood
by the Door
A-marking a Bonnet Up Five Dollars
More

STRATAGEM AND SPOILS

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

AS THE Daily Evening News, with pardonable enthusiasm, pointed out at the time, three events of practically national importance took place in town all in that one week. On Tuesday night at 9:37 there was a total eclipse of the moon, not generally visible throughout the United States; on Wednesday morning the Tri-State Steam and Hand Laundrymen's Association began a two-days annual convention at St. Clair Hall; and on Saturday at high noon Eastern capital, in the person of J. Hayden Witherbee, arrived.

The greatest of these was Witherbee. The eclipse of the moon took place on its appointed schedule and was witnessed through opera glasses and triangular fragments of windowpane that had been smudged with candlesmoke. The Tri-State Laundrymen came and heard reports, elected officers, had a banquet at the Richland House and departed to their several homes. But J. Hayden Witherbee stayed on, occupying the bridal chamber at the hotel—the one with the private bath attached; and so much interest and speculation did his presence create, and so much space did the Daily Evening News give in its valued columns to his comings and goings and his sayings and doings, that the name of J. Hayden Witherbee speedily became, as you might say, a household word throughout the breadth and length of the Daily Evening News' circulation.

It seemed that J. Hayden Witherbee, sitting there in his lofty office building far away in Wall Street, New York, had had his keen eye upon the town for some time; and yet—such were the inscrutable methods of the man—the town hadn't known anything about it and hadn't even suspected it. However, he had been watching its growth with the deepest interest; and when, by the count of the last United States census, it jumped from seventh in population in the state to fifth he could no longer restrain himself. He got aboard the first train and came right on. He had, it would appear, acted with such promptness because, in his own mind, he had already decided that the town would make an ideal terminal point for his proposed Tobacco & Cotton States Interurban Trolley line, which would in time link together with twin bonds of throbbing steel—the words are those of the reporter for the Daily Evening News—no less than twenty-two growing towns, ranging southward from the river. Hence his presence, exuding from every pore, as it were, the very essences of power and influence and money. The paper said he was one of the biggest men in Wall Street, a man whose operations had been always conducted upon the largest scale.

When They Were Gone, Mr. Betts Indulged Himself in the Luxury of a Still, Small Smile

This, within the space of three or four months, had been our second experience of physical contact with Eastern capital. The first one, though, had been in the nature of a disappointment. A man named Betts—Henry Betts—had come down from somewhere in the North and, for a lump sum, had bought outright the city gasworks. It was not such a big lump sum, because the gasworks had been built right after the war and had thereafter remained untouched by the stimulating hand of improvement. They consisted in the main of a crumbly little brick engine house, full of antiquated and self-willed machinery, and just below it, on the riverbank, a squat and rusted gas tank, surrounded by sloping beds of coal cinders, through which at times sluggish rivulets of molten coal tar percolated like lava on the flanks of a toy volcano. The mains took in only the old part of town—not the new part; and the quality of illumination furnished was so flickery at all seasons and so given to freezing up in winter that many subscribers, including even the leading families, used coal-oil lamps in their bedchambers until the electric power house was built.

A stock company of exceedingly conservative business men had owned the gasworks prior to the advent of Henry Betts, and the general manager of the plant had been Cassius Poindexter, a fellow townsman. Cash Poindexter was a man who, in his day, had tried his 'prentice hand at many things. At one time he traveled about in a democrat wagon, taking orders for enlarging crayon portraits from photographs and tintypes, and also for the frames to accompany the same. At a still more remote period he had been the authorized agent, on commission, for a lightning-rod company, selling rods with genuine guaranteed platinum tips; and rusty iron stringers, with forked tails, which still adhered to outlying farm buildings here and there in the county, testified to his activities in this regard. Again, Cash Poindexter had held the patent rights in four counties for an improved cream separator. In the early stages of the vogue for Belgian-hare culture in this country he was the first to import a family group of these interesting animals into our section. He had sold insurance of various sorts, including life, fire and cyclone; he was a notary public; he had tried real estate, and he had once enjoyed the distinction of having read lawbooks and works on medicine simultaneously. But in these, his later years, he had settled down more or less and had become general manager of the gasworks, which position also included the keeping of the books, the reading of meters and the making out and collection of the monthly accounts. Nevertheless, he was understood to be working at spare moments on an invention that would make him independently wealthy for life. He was a tall, thin, sad man, with long, drooping side whiskers; and he was continually combing back his side whiskers with both hands caressingly, and this gave him the appearance of a man parting a pair of string portières and getting ready to walk through them, but never doing so.

When this Mr. Betts came down from the North and bought the gasworks it was the general expectation that he would extensively overhaul and enlarge the plant; but he did nothing of the sort, seeming, on the contrary, to be amply satisfied with things as they were. He installed himself as general manager, retained Cash Poindexter as his assistant, and kept right on with the two Kettler boys as his engineers and the two darkies, Ed Greer and Lark Tilghman, as his firemen. He was a man who violated all traditions and ideals concerning how Northern capitalists ought to look. He neither wore a white piqué vest nor smoked long, black cigars; in fact, he didn't smoke at all. He was a short, square, iron-gray person, with a sort of dead and fossilized eye. He looked as though he might have been rough-hewn originally from one of those soapstone clays which grow harder with age and exposure. He had a hard, exact way of talking, and he wore a hard, exact suit of clothes which varied not, weekdays or Sundays, in texture or in cut.

In short, Mr. Henry Betts, the pioneer Eastern investor in those parts, was a profound disappointment as to personality and performances. Not so with J. Hayden Witherbee. From his Persian-lamb lapels to his patent-leather tips he was the physical embodiment of all the town had learned to expect of a visiting Wall Street capitalist. And he liked the

"You'll Pardon Me for Presumin' on Such Short Acquaintance"

town—that was plain. He spoke enthusiastically of the enterprise which animated it; he referred frequently and with praise to the awakening of the New South, and he was even moved to compliment publicly the cooking at the Richland House. It was felt that a stranger and a visitor could go no further.

Also, he moved fast, J. Hayden Witherbee did, showing the snap and push so characteristic of the ruling spirits of the great moneymarts of the East. Before he had been in town a week he had opened negotiations for the purchase outright of the new Light and Power Company, explaining frankly that if he could come to terms he intended making it a part of his projected interurban railway. Would the present owners care to sell at a fair valuation?—that was what Mr. Witherbee desired to know.

Would a drowning man grasp at a life-preserver? Would a famished colt welcome the return of its maternal parent at eventide? Would the present owners, carrying on their galled backs an unprofitable burden which local pride had forced upon them—would they sell? Here, as manna sent from Heaven by way of Wall Street, as you might say, was a man who would buy from them a property which had never paid and which might never pay; and who, besides, meant to do something noble and big for the town. Would they sell? Ask them something hard!

There was a series of conferences—if two conferences can be said to constitute a series—one in Mr. Witherbee's room at the hotel, where cigars of an unknown name but an impressive bigness were passed round freely; and one in the office of the president of the Planters' National Bank. Things went well and swimmingly from the first; Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee had a most clear and definite way of putting things; and yet, with all that, he was the embodiment of cordiality and courtesy. So charmed was Doctor Lake with his manner that he asked him, right in the midst of vital negotiations, if he were not of Southern descent; and when he confessed that his mother's people had come from Virginia Doctor Lake said he had felt it from the first moment they met, and insisted on shaking hands with Mr. Witherbee again.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Witherbee—this was said at the first meeting, the one in his room—"as I have already told you, I need this town as a terminal for my interurban road and I need your plant. I expect, of course, to enlarge it and to modernize it right up to the minute; but, so far as it goes, it is a very good plant and I want it. I suggest that you gentlemen, constituting the directors and the majority stockholders, get together between now and tomorrow—this evening, say—and put a price on the property. Tomorrow I will meet you again, here in this hotel or at any point you may select; and if the price you fix seems fair, and the papers prove satisfactory to my lawyers, I know of no reason why we cannot make a trade. Gentlemen, good day. Take another cigar all round before leaving."

They went apart and confabbed industriously—old Major Covington, who was the president of the Light and

Power Company, Doctor Lake and Captain Woodward, the two heaviest stockholders, Colonel Courtney Cope, the attorney for the company and likewise a director, and sundry others. Between themselves, being meanwhile filled with jubilant and soothing thoughts, they named a price that would let them out whole, with a margin of interest on the original venture, and yet one which, everything considered—the growing population, the new suburbs and all that—was a decent enough price. They expected to be hammered down a few thousand and were prepared to concede something; but it would seem that the big men of the East did not do business in that huckstering, cheese-trimming way. Time to them was evidently worth more than the money to be got by long chaffering over a proposition.

"Gentlemen," J. Hayden Witherbee had said right off, "the figures seem reasonable and moderate. I think I will buy from you."

A warm glow visibly lit up the faces of those who sat with him. It was as though J. Hayden Witherbee was an open fireplace and threw off a pleasant heat.

"I will take over these properties," repeated Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee; "but on one condition—I also want the ownership of your local gasworks."

There was a little pause and the glow died down a trifle—just the merest trifle. "But, sir, we do not own those gasworks," said the stately Major Covington.

"I know that," said Mr. Witherbee; "but the point is—can't you acquire them?"

"I suppose we might," said the major; "but, Mr. Witherbee, that gasworks concern is worn out—our electric-light plant has nearly put it out of business."

"I understand all that too," Mr. Witherbee went on, "perfectly well. Gentlemen, where I come from we act quickly, but we look before we leap. During the past twenty-four hours I have examined into the franchise of those gasworks. I find that nearly forty years ago your common council issued to the original promoters and builders of the gas company a ninety-year charter, giving it the use of any and all of your streets, not only for the laying of gas mains but for practically all other purposes. It was an unwise thing to do, but it was done and it stands so today. Gentlemen, this is a growing community in the midst of a rich country. I violate no confidence in telling you that capital is looking this way. I am merely the forerunner—the first in the field. The Gatins crowd, in Chicago, has its eyes upon this territory, as I have reason to know. You are, of course, acquainted with the Gatins crowd?" he asked in a tone of putting a question.

Major Covington, who made a point of never admitting that he didn't know everything, nodded gravely and murmured the name over to himself as though he were trying to remember Gatins' initials. The others sat silent, impressed more than ever with the wisdom of this stranger who had so many pertinent facts at his fingertips.

"Suppose now," went on Mr. Witherbee—"suppose, now, that Ike Gatins and his crowd should come down here and find out what I have found out and should buy out that gas company. Why, gentlemen, under the terms of that old franchise, those people could actually lay tracks right through the streets of this little city of yours. They could parallel our lines—they could give us active opposition right here on the home ground. It might mean a hard fight. Therefore I need those gasworks. I may shut them up or I might run them—but I need them in my business.

"I have inquired into the ownership of this concern," continued Mr. Witherbee before any one could interrupt him, "and I find it was recently purchased outright by a gentleman from somewhere up my way named—named ——"

He snapped his fingers impatiently.

"Named Betts," supplied Doctor Lake—"named Henry Betts."

"Quite so," Mr. Witherbee assented. "Thank you, doctor—Betts is the name. Now the fact that the whole property is vested in one man simplifies the matter—doesn't it? Of course I would not care to go to this Mr. Betts in person. You understand that."

If they didn't understand they let on they did, merely nodding and waiting for more light to be let in.

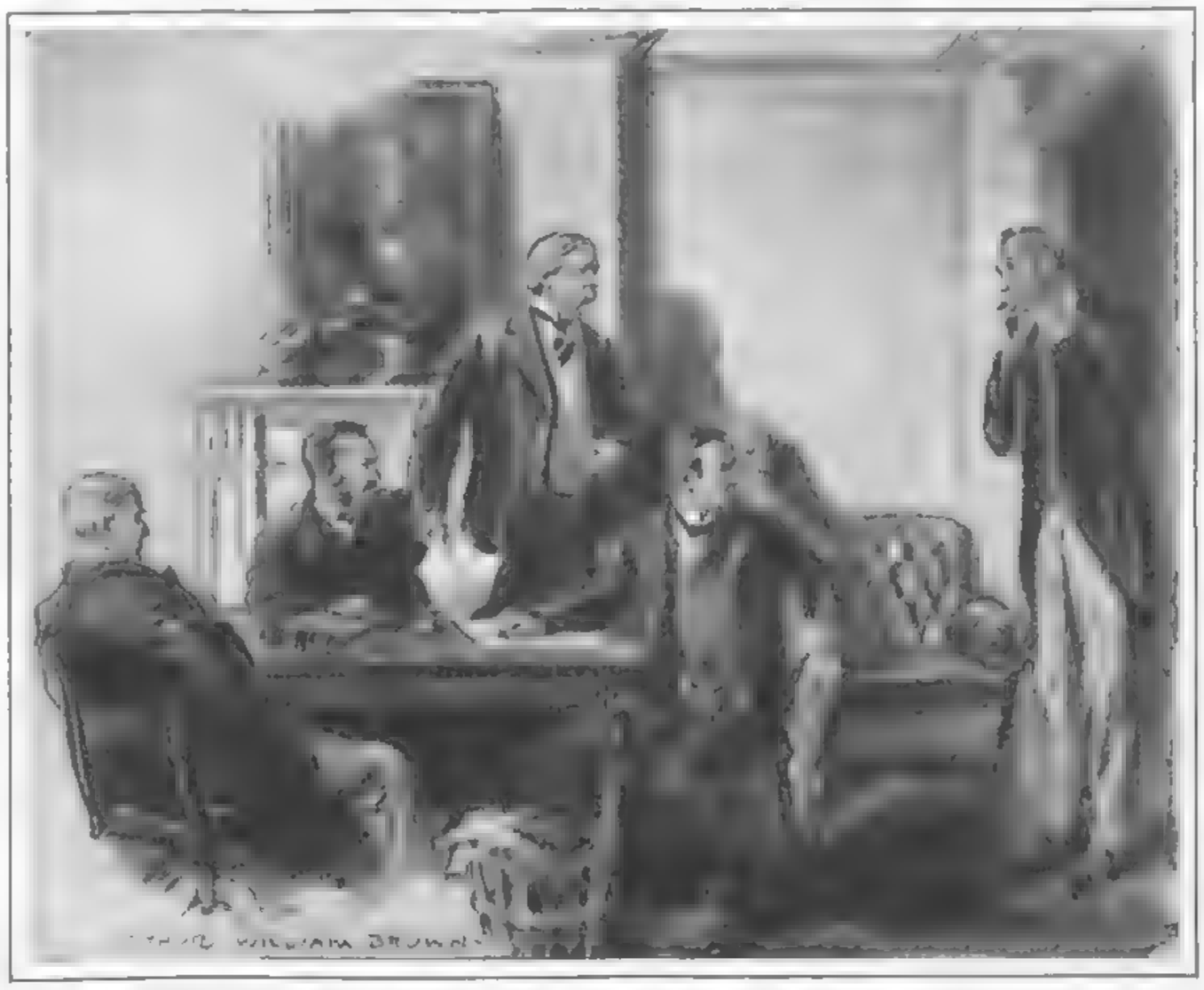
"Once let it be known that I was personally interested in a consolidation of your lighting plants, and this Mr. Betts, if I know anything about human nature, would advance his valuation far beyond its proper figure. Therefore I cannot afford to be known in the matter. You see that?"

They agreed that they saw.

"So I would suggest that all of you—or some of you—go and call upon Mr. Betts and endeavor to buy the gasworks from him outright. If you can get the plant for anything like its real value you may include the amount in the terms of the proposition you have today made me and I will take over all of the properties together.

"However, remember this, gentlemen—there is need of haste. Within forty-eight hours I should be in Memphis, where I am to confer with certain of my associates—Eastern men like myself, but who, unlike me, are keeping under cover—to confer with them concerning our rights-of-way through the cotton-raising country. I repeat, then, that there is pressing need for immediate action. May I offer you gentlemen fresh cigars?" and he reached for a well-stuffed, silver-mounted case of dull leather.

But they were already going—going in a body to see Mr. Henry Betts, late of somewhere up North. Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee's haste, great though it might be, could be no greater than theirs. On their way down Market Street to the gashouse it was decided that, unless the exigencies of the situation should demand a chorus of argument, Major Covington should do the talking. Indeed it was Major Covington who suggested this. Talking, with financial subjects at the back of the talk, was one of the things at which the major fancied himself a success.



Combing Back His Side Whiskers Like a Man Eternally on the Point of Parting a Pair of Lace Curtains and Never Coming Through Them

Mr. Betts sat in the clutter of his tiny, untidy office like some elderly and reserved gray rat in a paper nest behind a wainscoting. His feet, in square-toed congress gaiters, rested on the fender of a stove that was almost small enough to be an inkstand, and his shoulders were jammed back against a window-ledge. By merely turning his head he commanded a view of his entire property, with the engine house squatting in the near distance and the round tunlike belly of the gas tank rising just beyond it.

As it happened, he knew all of his callers, having met them in the way of business—which was the only way he ever met anybody. To each man entering he vouchsafed the same greeting—namely, "How-do?"—spoken without emotion and mechanically.

Major Covington had intended to shake hands with Mr. Betts, but something about Mr. Betts' manner made him change his mind. He cleared his throat impressively; the major did nearly everything impressively.

"A fine day, sir," said the major.

Mr. Betts turned his head slightly to the left and peered out through a smudged pane as if seeking visual confirmation of the statement before committing himself. A look seemed to satisfy him.

"It is," he agreed, and waited, boring his company with his fossilized gaze.

"Ahem!" sparred Major Covington—"I think I will take a seat."

As Mr. Betts said nothing to this, either one way or the other, the major took a chair, it being the only chair in sight, with the exception of the chair in which Mr. Betts was slumped down and from which Mr. Betts had not stirred. Doctor Lake perched himself upon a bookkeeper's tall stool that wabbled precariously. Three other anxious local capitalists stood where they could find room, which was on the far side of the stove.

"Very seasonable weather indeed," ventured the old major, still fencing for his start.

"So you remarked before, I believe," said Mr. Betts dryly. "Did you wish to see me on business?"

Inwardly the major was remarking to himself how astonishing it was that one section of the country—to wit, the North—could produce men of such widely differing types as this man and the man whose delightful presence they had just quitted; could produce a gentleman like J. Hayden Witherbee, with whom it was a positive pleasure to discuss affairs of moment, and a dour, sour, flinty person like this Betts, who was lacking absolutely in the smaller refinements that should govern intercourse between gentlemen—and wasn't willing to learn them either. Outwardly the major, visibly flustered, was saying: "Yes—in a measure. Yes, we came on a matter of business." He pulled up somewhat lamely. Really the man's attitude was almost forbidding. It verged on the sinister.

"What was the business?" pressed Mr. Betts in a colorless and entirely disinterested tone of voice.

"Well, sir," said Major Covington stiffly, and his rising temper and his sense of discretion were now wrestling together inside of him—"well, sir, to be brief and to put it in as few words as possible, which from your manner and conversation I take to be your desire, I—we—my associates here and myself—have called in to say that we are interested naturally in the development of our little city and its resources and its industries; and with these objects in view we have felt, and, in fact, we have agreed among ourselves, that we would like to enter into negotiations with you, if possible, touching, so to speak, on the transfer to us of the property which you control here. Or, in other words, we ——"

"Do you mean you want to buy these gasworks?"

"Yes," confessed the major; "that—that is it. We would like to buy these gasworks."

"Immediately!" blurted out Doctor Lake, teetering on his high perch. The major shot a chiding glance at his compatriot. Mr. Betts looked over the top of the stove at the major, and then beyond him at the doctor, and then beyond the doctor at the others. Then he looked out of the window again.

"They are not for sale," he stated; and his voice indicated that he regarded the subject as being totally exhausted.

"Yes, quite so; I see," said Major Covington suavely; "but if we could agree on a price now—a price that would be satisfactory to you—and to us ——"

"We couldn't agree on a price," said Mr. Betts, apparently studying something in connection with the bulging side of the gas tank without, "because there isn't any price to agree on. I bought these gasworks and I own them, and I am satisfied to go on owning them. Therefore they are not for sale. Did you have any other business with me?"

There was something almost insulting in the way this man rolled his r's when he said "therefore." Checking an inclination on the part of Doctor Lake to be heard, the major controlled himself with an effort and said:

"Nevertheless, we would appreciate it very much, sir, if you could and would go so far as to put a figure—any reasonable figure—on this property. We would like very much to get an expression from you—a suggestion—or—or—something of that general nature," he tailed off.

"Very well," said Mr. Betts, biting the words off short and square, "very well. I will. What you want to know is my price for these gasworks?"

"Exactly so," said the major, brightening up.

"Very well," repeated Mr. Betts. "Sixty thousand."

Doctor Lake gave such a violent start that he lost his hat out of his lap. Captain Woodward's jaw dropped.

"Sixty thousand!" echoed Major Covington blankly. "Sixty thousand what?"

"Sixty thousand dollars," said Mr. Betts, "in cash."

Major Covington fairly sputtered in surprise and chagrin.

"But, Mr. Betts, sir," he protested, "I happen to know that less than four months ago you paid only about twenty-seven thousand dollars for this entire business!"

"Twenty-six thousand five hundred, to be exact," corrected Mr. Betts.

"And since that time you have not added a dollar's worth of improvement to it," added the dismayed major.

"Not one cent—let alone a dollar," assented this most remarkable man.

"But surely you don't expect us to pay such a price as that?" pleaded the major.

"I do not," said Mr. Betts.

"We couldn't think of paying such a price as that."

"I don't expect you to," said Mr. Betts. "I didn't ask you to. As I said before, these gasworks are not for sale. They suit me just as they are. They are not on the market; but you insist that I shall name a price and I name it—sixty thousand in cash. Take it or leave it."

Having concluded this, for him, unusually long speech, Mr. Betts brought his fingertips together with great mathematical exactness, matching each finger and each thumb against its fellow as though they were all parts of a sum in addition that he was doing. With his fingers added up to his satisfaction and the total found correct, he again turned his gaze out of the smudgy window. This time it was something on the extreme top of the gas tank which seemed to engage his attention. Cassius Poindexter opened the street door and started in; but at the sight of so much company he checked himself on the threshold, combed back his side whiskers nervously, bowed dumbly and withdrew, closing the door softly behind him.

"If we could only reach some reasonable basis of figuring now," said the major, addressing Mr. Betts' left ear and the back of Mr. Betts' head—"say, forty thousand, now?" Mr. Betts squinted his Stone Age eyes the better to see out of the dirty window.

"Or even forty-five?" supplemented Doctor Lake, unable to hold himself in any longer. "Why, forty-five thousand is a fabulous price to pay for this junkpile."

"Sixty thousand—in cash!" The ultimatum seemed to issue from the back of Mr. Betts' collar.

Major Covington glanced about him, taking toll of the expressions of his associates. On their faces sorrowful capitulation was replacing chagrin. He nodded toward them and together they nodded back sadly.

"How much did you say you wanted down?" inquired the major weakly.

"All down," announced Mr. Betts in a tone of finality; "all in cash. Those are my terms."

"But it isn't regular!" babbled Colonel Cope.

"It isn't regular for a man to sell something he doesn't want to sell either," interrupted Mr. Betts. "I bought for cash and I sell for cash. I never do business any other way."

"How much time will you give us?" asked the major. The surrender was complete and unconditional.

"Until this time tomorrow," said Mr. Betts; "then the deal is off." Doctor Lake slid off his stool, or else he fell off. At any rate, he descended from it hurriedly. His face was very red.

"Well, of all the——" he began; but the major and the colonel had him by the arms and were dragging him outside. When they were gone—all of them—Mr. Betts indulged himself in the luxury of a still, small smile—a smile that curled his lips back just a trifle and died of frostbite before it reached his fossilized eyes.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Witherbee was saying in his room at the Richland House ten minutes later, "the man has you at his mercy and apparently he knows it. I wouldn't be surprised if he had not already been in communication with the Gatins crowd. His attitude is suspicious. As I view it, it is most certainly suspicious. Gentlemen, I would advise you to close with him. He is asking a figure far in excess of the real value of the works—but what can you do?"

"And will you take the gasworks at sixty thousand?" inquired Major Covington hopefully.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Mr. Witherbee, and his smile was sympathetic and all-embracing, "that, I think, is asking too much; but, in view of the circumstances, I will do this—I will take them at"—he paused to consider—"I will take them, gentlemen, at fifty thousand. In time I think I can make them worth that much to me; but fifty thousand is as far as I can go—positively. You stand to lose ten thousand on your deal for the gasworks, but I presume you will make that back and more on your sale to me of the light and power plant. Can't I offer you fresh cigars, gentlemen?"

If for any reason a run had started on any one of the three local banks the next day there would have been the devil and all to pay, because there was little ready money in any one of them. Their vaults had been scraped clean of currency; and that currency, in a compact bundle, was rapidly traveling eastward in the company of a smallish iron-gray man answering to the name of Betts. At about the same moment Mr. Witherbee, with the assistance of the darky porter of the Richland House, was packing his wardrobe into an ornate traveling kit. As he packed he explained to Doctor Lake and Major Covington:

"I am called to Memphis twenty-four hours sooner than I had expected. Tomorrow we close a deal there involving, I should say, half a million dollars. Let us see—this is Wednesday—isn't it? I will return here on Friday morning. Meanwhile you may have the papers drawn by your attorney and ready for submission to my lawyer, Mr. Sharkey, who should arrive tomorrow from Cincinnati. If he finds them all shipshape, as I have every reason to expect he will find them, then, on Friday morning, gentlemen, we will sign up and I will pay the binder, amounting to—how much?—ninety thousand, I believe, was the figure we agreed upon. Quite so. Gentlemen, you will find a box of my favorite cigars on that bureau yonder. Help yourselves."

No lawyer named Sharkey arrived from Cincinnati on Thursday; no Witherbee returned from Memphis on Friday—nor was there word from him by wire or mail. The papers, drawn in Colonel Cope's best legal style, all fringed and trimmed with whereases and wherefores, waited—and waited. Telegrams which Major Covington sent to Memphis remained unanswered; in fact, undelivered. Major Covington suddenly developed a cold and sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. In his associates he discerned signs of the same chilling manifestation. It seemed to occur to all of them at once that nobody had asked J. Hayden Witherbee for his credentials or had inquired into his antecedents. Glamoured by the grandeur of his person, they had gone along with him—had gone along until now blindly. Saturday, hour by hour, darkling suspicion grew in each mind and reared itself like a totem pole adorned with snake-headed, hawk-clawed figments of dread. And on Saturday, for the first time in a solid week, the Daily Evening News carried no front-page account of the latest doings and sayings of J. Hayden Witherbee.

Upon a distracted conference, taking place Saturday night in the directors' room of the bank, intruded the sad figure of Cassius Poindexter, combing back his side whiskers like a man eternally on the point of parting a pair of lace curtains and never coming through them.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I've got something to say that I think you gentlemen oughter hear. If you thought those two—Witherbones, or whatever his name is, and my late employer, Henry Betts—if you thought those two were strangers to one another you were mistaken—that's all. Two weeks ago I saw a letter on Betts' desk signed by this man Witherbee—if that's his name. And Tuesday afternoon, when Betts told me he was goin' to sell out, I remembered it."

The major was the first to get his voice back; and it was shaky with rage and—other emotions.

"You—you saw us all there Tuesday morning," he shouted, "didn't you? And when Betts told you he was going to sell and you remembered about Witherbee why didn't you have sense enough to put two and two together?"

"I did have sense enough to put two and two together," answered Cassius Poindexter in hurt tones. "That's exactly what I did."

"Then why in the name of Heaven didn't you come to us—to me—and tell us?" demanded the major.

"Well, sirs," said the intruder, "I was figurin' on doin' that very thing, but it sort of slipped out of my mind. You see, I've been thinkin' right stiddy lately about an invention that I'm workin' on at odd times—I'm perfectin' a non-refillable bottle," he explained—"and somehow or other this here other matter plum' escaped me."

The door closed upon the inventor. Stunned into silence, they sat mute for a long, ghastly half minute. Doctor Lake was the first to speak:

"If I could afford it," he said softly—"if at present I could afford it I'd put a dynamite bomb under that gashouse and blow it up! And I'd do it anyhow," he went on, warming to his theme, "if I was only right certain of blowing up that idiot and his non-refillable bottle along with it!"

. . . . . .

Malley, of the Sun, was doing the hotel run this night. He came up to the room clerk's wicket at the desk of the Royal.

"Say, Mac," he hailed, "what's the prospects? So far, all I've got is one rubber magnate from South America—a haughty hidalgo with an Irish name and a New England accent, who was willing to slip me a half-column interview providing I'd run in the name of his company eight or nine times—him, and an Oklahoma Congressman, with the makings of a bun, and one of Sandusky, Ohio's, well-known and popular merchant princes, with a line of talk touching on the business revival in the Middle West. If that's not slim pickings I don't want a cent! Say, help an honest working lad out—can't you?"

This appeal moved the room clerk.

"Let's see now," he said, and ran a highly polished fingernail down a long column of names. Halfway down the finger halted.

"Here's copy for you, maybe," he said. "The name is Priest—William Pitman Priest is the way he wrote it. He got in here this morning, an old-time Southerner; and already he's got every coon bellhop round the place fighting for a chance to wait on him. He's the real thing all right, I guess—looks it and talks it too. You ought to be able to have some fun with him."

"Where's he registered from?" asked Malley hopefully.

"From Kentucky—that's all; just Kentucky, with no town given," said Mac, grinning. "There're still a few of those old Southerners left that'll register from a whole state at large. Why, there he goes now!" said the room clerk, and he pointed.

Across the lobby, making slow headway against weaving tides of darting, hurrying figures, was moving a stoutish and elderly form clad in a fashion that made it look doubly and trebly strange among the marble and onyx precincts. A soft black hat of undoubted age and much shapelessness was jammed down upon the head, and from beneath its wide brim at the rear escaped wisps of thin white hair that curled over the upturned coat collar. The face the hat shaded was round and pink, chubby almost, and ended in a white chin beard which, as Malley subsequently said in his story, flowed down its owner's chest like a point-lace jabot. There was an ancient caped overcoat of

(Continued on Page 67)

"Bless Your Heart, Son!" Said the Judge Soothingly, "I Wouldn't Think of Using a Gun on You"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

VII

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

She Suddenly Realized the Extreme Unconventionality of Her Situation

FOR three days Clare scarcely left her studio except to eat and sleep. She had taken up a new and fascinating line of work that had never previously interested her, although it had been for some time her brother's specialty. This engrossing branch of art was portrait painting, and the work upon which Clare was engaged was a memory sketch of Lanier.

Rummaging through some magazines, she had come upon a very excellent half-tone of the playwright, and taking this for what it was worth as a model, Clare had worked out not only a very excellent likeness but also an extremely attractive and creditable bit of painting from a technical point of view. She had a strong faculty for visualization, and the face she was trying to depict had been strongly photographed in her optic thalami, which are the brain centers to which our visual snapshots are sent to be developed and the films placed on record.

To her intimates in the colony Clare's nonappearance at tennis, golf and the reading room meant simply that the girl had one of her periodical spells of retirement from social life. Ravenel explained it as sulks and shrugged his broad shoulders. He and his sister had made up their difference, but Clare had seemed to avoid him.

Mrs. Wilmerding was worried. The official chaperon had a good deal on her mind, what with Ravenel, Clare, Ada Stackpole and the continued presence of Calvert Lanier and his floating home. As for Lanier himself, no one so much as caught a glimpse of him, but sailing and fishing parties coming in from outside never failed to hear his piano as they glided past the hulk.

Upon the morning of the fourth day of her seclusion Clare decided suddenly that she needed action and change of scene. She locked the door of her studio, and in a crimson sweater, crimson cap and golf skirt went down to the boathouse, and after throwing her easel and paint-box into her dory stepped in, hoisted her leg-of-mutton sail and headed across for the opposite point of land. Most of the younger women of the Chimney Corner were good boat handlers, the honors of the ladies' regattas being divided between Clare and Mrs. Wilmerding. The long, narrow bay and broad river-mouth made an excellent and safe ground for small-boat sailing.

Clare's spirits rose as the little boat danced across the bright, sparkling waters. The weather had turned warm with a rich quality of sunlight almost tropically intense. Clare's eyes brightened as she drew the strong air from the sea deeply into her lungs. She was very glad to be alive.

Her course to the promontory across the inlet took her within a quarter of a mile of the big hulk that was lying head-in to the ebb tide. Clare examined it curiously. No sign of life was in evidence aboard the old seafarer, and it struck Clare, who had always interested herself in nautical affairs, that Lanier was imprudent in mooring so near the inlet with a small kedge anchor and a manila hawser that looked like pack-thread compared to the bulk that it held. In changing his berth he had lacked the hands to heave in his big anchor, and so had merely buoyed the heavy chain cable, then knocked out the shackle and let it go, intending to recover it eventually when the tug came to tow him away.

Clare was still thinking of Lanier when she reached the strip of beach where she wished to land. She furled her sail, then sculled in until her dory grounded, when she stepped out and carried her grapnel well up the pitch of the beach, for the tide had already turned outside and would be running flood inside within an hour. Loading herself with easel and color-box she started across the narrow strip of moor for the ocean side, where she meant to paint. The coast was rugged at this point, with masses of rock and broken reefs offshore. Picking her way along the foot of a ragged ledge that girt the land she presently rounded a big boulder and almost stumbled over a man who was sitting with his hands clasped round his knees, his back against the rocks, staring at the sea. He looked up sharply and Clare saw that it was Calvert Lanier.

"Oh!" gasped Clare, startled and confused and letting drop her easel, which fell across Lanier's ankle. "It's you!"

"Ouch!" The playwright grabbed his ankle, then looked up at her with a smile of amusement. "Yes, it is I."

"I'm so—sorry," stammered Clare.

"Then I'll go away."

"I mean that I dropped that thing on your foot."

"I'm glad you did. I needed to be roused. You see, Clare, I came over here to make mental notes for a stage setting, and then sat down here in the sun and thought of something else." He arose.

"Something nice?"

"Awfully. I was thinking about you."

Clare's color brightened.

"What were you thinking about me?"

"A lot of things. One was that perhaps I should not have painted you that picture. What did your parents say?"

"I have only my father," said Clare, "and he hadn't a chance to see it. My brother Ravenel saw it and painted it out."

"The whole picture?" asked Lanier quickly.

"Yes. I told him that I gave you a kiss for it. We had an awful row and I've been sulking, as he says, for three days. This is the first time I've been off the place since."

Lanier looked at her thoughtfully. Clare wondered how a pair of eyes could make one feel so queer when their gaze was so quiet.

"Were you most upset by your brother's act or at losing the sketch?" asked Lanier.

"At losing the sketch. I'm used to Ravel's making a mess of things."

"I'll do you another. It will be quite different and probably not so good, but it will be interesting and characteristic of the way my business is done. You needn't pay for this one, so they ought to let you keep it."

Clare gave him a demure smile. "If I decide to take the picture I'll pay for it," said she with her low, rich-toned laugh. "But I think I'd better not do either, Mr. Calvert Lanier. They tell me you are a bad, dangerous man."

"Who tells you that?"

"Mrs. Wilmerding for one. What did you say to her the other day?"

"I gave her a bit of curry without the rice. Have you heard anything else about me?" He gave her a keen look.

"No, except that you were a bit wild in Paris. Oh, well, what else is Paris for?"

"Lots of things," Lanier answered gravely. "I wasn't wild there or anywhere else. There is a popular theory that artistic people must be wild. It isn't true. One has to go about, but one doesn't have to misbehave. If I am seen talking earnestly to a chorus girl in a restaurant after the theater my women acquaintances raise their eyebrows. The chances are that I am taking advantage of my only bit of spare time to try to explain to her just how she is in danger of spoiling the spectacle. Now give me a panel and I will make you a sketch of Panama Bay."

"Of what?"

"Panama Bay. I am not satisfied with my present setting for The Pearl of Panama, and I haven't time to go to Panama after it. Besides, it's not necessary. I came over here this morning expressly to study the light effects. I usually design scenery from memory, as that helps to harmonize with the imagery of the whole impression. But a sketch of this will help fix it in my mind."

He set up the light easel, fixed the panel that Clare handed him and began to paint, rapidly and with scarcely a glance at his subject. Clare, watching over his shoulder, was astonished at the difference in the style of the present work and that of the other day. Then the brush work had been broad and sweeping, whereas now Lanier began to pick out his different notes with no background and a curious, almost mincing detail. In a wonderfully short time the canvas was covered with a charming scene that seemed to Clare to be anything but the one before them. The whole color scheme was raised in tone: brighter, richer, mellower and yet more intense. The gray stretch of sand became a glittering beach with saffron shadows under the palm trees which were not here. Purple cloud shadows rested on the azure bay, whereas the Maine atmosphere was clear as a bell and the water, though bright, looked cold. Boats picked out here and there, and the suggestion of white-clad figures on the beach gave an added impression of warmth and brightness, and puzzled the eye that sought to reconcile the scene with that which actually presented itself. But as Lanier began to cover the bare spots and pull the whole study harmoniously together Clare began to understand. He had made use of the topic as one might employ a crude lay figure, whose proportions were anatomically correct, for the delineation of a ravishing nymph. The sketch upon the easel was charming in every way; a big, illustrative picture in miniature, curiously crowded with detail for so tiny a thing, but masterly in color and composition.

"That's all," said Lanier, stepping back to look at his work. "Amusing, isn't it? Do you like it?"

"Yes," Clare answered, "but I don't quite approve of it. Are you sure it's honest?"

"Oh, yes. You should paint what you feel, not what you see. I once did an excellent portrait of one of my friends from the head of a goat that looked just like him. This is not fake. *Chic* if you like, but there's a big difference. Do you want it?"

"Of course I do. I must say I like the other better, but this is like a portrait of another side of your genius."

Lanier gave her one of his swift, thoughtful looks.

"There is no such thing as genius, Clare. It is merely memory—the memory of something we've learned before in previous existences. It doesn't all come out in the wash." He laid down his brush and, dropping on to the fine, warm sand, gazed contemplatively at his sketch.

Clare seated herself near by and stared at it also. She was not thinking of the sketch but of his last words.

"I like to think of genius as a Divine gift," she said. "like—love." She gave him a swift, sidelong look. "Do you believe in that?"

Calvert picked up a handful of sand and let it trickle in a fine stream from the edge of his hand.

"Yes," he answered, "one has to believe in love. Not to do so would be to acknowledge oneself an infidel, and all infidels are fools. That was discovered long ago."

"That doesn't sound as if your faith were very robust," said Clare.

"It's not a blind faith," he admitted. "Odd I was thinking of that very thing when you came along just now."

"Indeed. You told me at the time that you were thinking of me."

"I was," he answered quietly.

Clare threw him a startled look. Their eyes met and suddenly Clare's heart raced tumultuously.

"Yes," said Lanier, "I was thinking of both. The truth is, I believe that I am falling in love with you, Clare."

He picked up another handful of sand and watched it sieve through his fingers. Clare felt as though she were about to choke. With an instinctive gesture she raised both hands to her throat. She could not speak; seemed unable so much as to turn her head to look at him. Her lips grew dry, and she moistened them with a deep, tremulous, indrawn breath.

"It hardly seems right for me to tell you this," he began very gently. "You are scarcely more than a child, my dear, and I am past thirty."

"Is—is that all?" asked Clare in scarcely more than a whisper. Lanier looked at her with kindling eyes and his swift, radiant smile.

"You darling!" he cried. "Isn't that quite enough? Don't I seem to you as old as Methuselah?"

"Not for what you have done. And I'm not a child! I'm a grown woman! Why don't you treat me like one?" She looked at him with hot cheeks and burning eyes.

"Because it would not be fair. And as for what I've done, it isn't much for a man who began as young as I did and with my opportunities. You see I never wasted any time at college. I began seriously to study music and painting when I left school."

Clare moved uneasily. The past interested her less than the throbbing present. Vaguely she resented being told that he was beginning to care for her, then having him leave the subject to talk of a career. She turned and looked at him with an unsteady smile on her parted lips and trouble in her violet eyes. Her direct, impetuous nature was unable to support the suspense.

"What makes you think that you are beginning to fall in love with me?" she asked, trying to make her smile more natural.

"You do. But don't let's talk about it." He rose lightly to his feet. "I must be getting back to my work," said he curtly.

Tears of anger and mortification rushed into Clare's eyes, but she blinked them back, then sprang up herself.

"You are right," she said with a short laugh. "I'm only a child, of course, and you are a celebrity whose work everybody is howling for, and I mustn't keep you from it. Goodby."

She took the panel from the easel and laid it against a stone. Lanier watched her through slightly narrowed lids.

"Don't you want it?" he asked gently.

"No, thanks."

"Clare, you are not offended at what I've said?"

"Not in the least. I suppose that you are in the habit of saying such things to the girls you meet."

Lanier stepped quickly to her side and took both of the unwilling little hands in his. She drew back impetuously, but he tightened his grip and she let them lie, staring at him defiantly.

"Let me tell you something, Clare," said he, and his voice was gentle to the point of tenderness. "I told you only a little morsel of the truth a few minutes ago. My heart is full of you, and if I thought that it would be honorable I should try my hardest to win yours, dear. But it wouldn't do. Just now I interest you and I hope that you like me, but when one stops to think, you scarcely know me. Besides that, I am under a cloud here, and if I were to urge you it would be to put a weapon in the hands of people who think and say the worst of me. This is not the time. I shall come to you later, months later perhaps, and then if I think that I can make you happy, I shall tell you things that it would not be right to tell you now. Will you believe me, dear?"

"Yes," answered Clare almost inaudibly and with swimming eyes.

"Then, *au revoir*. Will you take the study now?"

"Yes." Clare's voice was stronger and she smiled through her tears. "*Au revoir*—Calvert—but—but I want to pay for it. I want to!"

She loosed her hands, and her arms went up and round his neck. For an instant their lips clung together. Then Clare flung herself away and without looking at him began to gather up her painting things. Her eyes were full of tears and she could scarcely see to slip the fresh panel into its place. When finally she looked up and round she found herself alone.

Back she went to her dory, which she found high and dry, for the tide had fallen and was now flowing, though it had not yet reached the boat. She was a strong girl, and the effort of running the boat down into the water did much to restore her to herself. She stowed her effects, then cast loose the sail and drifted back across the inlet under the pressure of a faint southerly breeze.

Once she roused herself enough to notice the weather conditions, which seemed pregnant with possibility. The air was uncommonly hot and oppressive for that latitude, and up the river valley to the north a thin outline of billowy thunderheads was traced against a sultry sky. The shore loomed very high and the boats of the harbor seemed balanced on their keels. Clare looked at Lanier's old hulk, which seemed to tower in the mirage like a drab-sided summer hotel. It again occurred to her that he was running a risk to lie opposite the harbor-mouth to one small anchor.

Arrived at her landing, she went up the path and directly to the studio. Halfway up the stairs the sound of voices reached her, and as she crossed the threshold she discovered Mrs. Wilmerding and Mrs. Stackpole, to whom Ravenel was showing some of his recent studies. As Clare entered the others looked up in surprise.

"You weren't very long," said her brother, when Clare had greeted the others. "Thought you'd be daubin' all the afternoon with this bully light."

"I didn't feel like painting," said Clare shortly, and flung her equipment into a corner. Mrs. Wilmerding and Mrs. Stackpole glanced at each other. There was an expression in the girl's eyes that had caught the attention of both. Ravenel, who was always interested and the least bit jealous of his sister's work, picked up the color-box.

"Let's see what you did," said he, and unhooked the clasps. Clare turned upon him quickly.

"Leave it alone," said she. "I'd rather you shouldn't see it."

"Don't be so touchy, Sis," said Ravenel blandly. "We all make mud pies sometimes."

Clare's pliant body stiffened.

"Put it down!" said she. "It's mine, isn't it? I'd rather not show it, I tell you."

But Ravenel was in an irritating mood. With a grunt he lifted the cover and stared for a second at the fresh panel held in the clips of the cover. His jaw dropped.

"Why, what the deuce!" He stared up at his sister with an expression of utter imbecility. "Have you gone batty, Sis? Palms—so help me—and natives, and a hot beach with dugouts—and I'm hanged if it doesn't look familiar somehow! Nonsense, Clare, it's really not half bad, though fussy. Look!" And he held up the sketch for the inspection of the others.

Clare drew back, then turned and walked to a far corner of the studio, where she drew some water into a bowl for her brushes. The other two women were examining the sketch curiously.

"Why, Clare," said Mrs. Stackpole, "did you do this?"

"No," answered Clare shortly. "Calvert Lanier did it." Clare's voice was hotly defiant.

There was an instant's silence, which was broken by a sharp clatter—Mrs. Stackpole had dropped a little framed sketch by Ravenel which she had been holding in her hand.

"Calvert Lanier!" said Ravenel harshly. "Where did you see him?"

"Over on Otter Point," answered Clare. She crossed the studio, picked up her wet brushes, then walked back and put them in the bowl that she had just filled. Then she turned and faced the others. Her face was pale and her eyes looked dangerous.

"I told him how you had destroyed the other," said she to Ranevel, "so he painted this for me. It's a study for a stage setting in his new piece, The Pearl of Panama. You'd better not touch this one, Ravel. Put it away at once. Hereafter you can have this studio to yourself." She looked at Mrs. Stackpole, who had sunk back into a chair and was staring at her with a curious intentness in her usually unruffled eyes. "Calvert Lanier painted me a sketch the other day, and because I paid for it with a kiss ——"

"Clare!" cried Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Paid for it with a kiss," Clare continued doggedly, "Ravel went and painted it out, although anybody could see that it was a little masterpiece. That's the sort of brother I've got! Well, what's the matter?" She glanced curiously from one face to the next. "You all look as if I'd confessed to having poisoned my lover!" She gave a low, gurgling laugh. "Ada, you're as white as a sheet!"

For a second no one spoke; then said Mrs. Stackpole faintly:

"I I it is awfully hot up here—if you don't mind ——" she leaned back, fluttering her handkerchief in front of her face.

"It is hot," said Mrs. Wilmerding evenly. "Ravel, take Ada out into the air.

Ravenel scowled, hesitated, then closed the color-box and turned to Mrs. Stackpole.

"Come on, Ada," said he. "Let's get out in the breeze—if there is any. I'm gettin' fed up on this Lanier person! Unutterable bounder! What the deuce does he want here anyway!"

Clare turned upon him with flaming eyes. Discretion was thrown to the winds at hearing the man she loved ill spoken of.

"If you were as much of a gentleman as Calvert Lanier I'd be proud of you as a brother, Ravel," she cried, "which I certainly never have been up to this time."

Ravenel shrugged, then turned to Mrs. Stackpole.

"Come on, Ada," said he, "let's get out. Clare's going to have another tantrum. She's got the habit. We'll leave Loretta to smooth her down."

Mrs. Stackpole rose and walked a bit unsteadily toward the door. Ravenel followed her, leaving Mrs. Wilmerding with Clare, who walked to the armchair vacated by Mrs. Stackpole and flung herself into it.

Mrs. Wilmerding dropped on to a high-backed painting chair and sat for several instants tapping the toe of her shoe on the floor. Presently she said:

"Clare, may I talk to you, dear?"

"Of course. I'm not going to bite."

"Are you going to see Lanier again?"

"I hope so."

"Then in that case I feel it my duty to tell you something that I otherwise would never have mentioned to a living soul. Calvert Lanier, as I happen to know, is not free to seek to interest you. He has been carrying on a clandestine love affair with a certain married woman in this colony."

Clare leaned forward in her chair, her eyes blazing, the even white teeth showing between her full red lips.

"I don't believe it!" she cried. "Who is the woman?"

Mrs. Wilmerding rose with a slow and graceful dignity.

"I should not have told you that, my dear," said she, "even if you had not prefaced the question with an insult. I feel that I have done my duty. Good afternoon, my dear." She moved toward the door and on the threshold paused and looked back with a sad smile. "When you feel like it, Clare, come to me. I cherish no anger for what you have just said."

She passed out, closing the door gently behind her. Clare sprang from the chair, flung herself face downward on the divan and buried her face in the pillows.

"It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!" she sobbed frenziedly.

VIII

ON LEAVING the studio Mrs. Wilmerding looked round for Ada Stackpole and Ravenel, but seeing nothing of them and as it was nearly luncheon time, she walked slowly and thoughtfully home.

Throughout the rest of the day Clare was constantly in her mind. Mr. Wilmerding had been obliged to run down to Boston for a day, and although she was quite alone Mrs. Wilmerding did not leave the house, hoping that possibly Clare might come to her. She was exceedingly anxious for a long and quiet talk with the girl, but she felt that the result of such an interview would be more profitable were it of Clare's seeking. Mrs. Wilmerding was not only sincerely attached to Clare, but she felt also a strong sense of obligation to protect her from any possible danger that might threaten her happiness. Mrs. O'Sullivan had been a loyal and devoted friend to Loretta Parker, a girl of excellent family but no fortune, who before her marriage to the rich but desiccated Eliphalet Wilmerding had eked out a rather precarious support for herself and her aged mother in writing special articles for various periodical publications. Mrs. O'Sullivan, who had been some years Loretta's senior, had been, as it were, a sort of protectress to her friend, wherefore in the present state of affairs Mrs. Wilmerding was actuated by a double motive—her real affection for Clare and the discharge of a sacred duty to her dead friend.

It was very evident to Mrs. Wilmerding that Clare was the victim of a sudden and violent infatuation, always a serious matter in a young and inexperienced girl and doubly so to one of Clare's intense nature and strong selfwill. Mrs. Wilmerding doubted that there was much to be accomplished at present with Clare. As for Lanier, he had ignored Mrs. Wilmerding's communication, being no doubt angry and disgusted that his relations with Ada Stackpole should have been discovered.

For a few minutes Mrs. Wilmerding seriously considered the possibility of going directly to Ada Stackpole, telling her what she had unintentionally witnessed, and asking her to use her influence with Lanier for the sake of Clare and the social atmosphere of the Chimney Corner. But this undertaking was one of such extreme delicacy that even the subtly diplomatic Mrs. Wilmerding shrank from it. She would have been rather surprised could she have known that Ada had already told the whole story to Ravenel, who had been loitering round the reading room impatiently waiting for the opportunity to put Mrs. Wilmerding in possession of the true facts of the case. Mrs. Wilmerding had told him that he was not to come to her house in the absence of Mr. Wilmerding.

So far as the charming chaperon of the colony could discover, her best chance of protecting Clare lay with Lanier himself. Lanier might be a Don Juan, but Mrs. Wilmerding was obliged to admit that he had every trait of the gentleman, and her instinct told her that a direct appeal to his chivalry would not go unrewarded. The difficult part was to bring about an interview. Mrs. Wilmerding knew that the playwright was very busy, undoubtedly piqued with herself, disinclined to further communication and quite capable of treating a request for a few minutes' conversation as he had her appeal to him to leave the neighborhood.

It was not until she went out upon the veranda after an unexciting and solitary dinner that Mrs. Wilmerding came to any definite plan of action. The moon suggested it, and the moon, as everybody knows, is not always a wise counselor, her suggestions being often brilliant and frequently successful, but not invariably discreet. Mrs. Wilmerding, observing that a large full moon was hanging like a great celestial lamp directly over the mouth of the inlet, thought how simple it would be to get in her little boat and sail straight down that silvered highway to where Lanier's big hulk was anchored. The air was so very close that he was almost certain to be on deck, when she might summon him to the gangway and possibly induce him to call upon her the following day.

Mrs. Wilmerding stepped into the house, slipped on a sweater, hurried down to the landing and a few minutes later was gliding out into the brilliant lane of light. There was a soft, warm air from the sea and the tide was approaching the flood. The thunderheads of the morning had mounted, spreading into huge, dark billows that obscured

the sky on the north, but no lightning sprang from them. Mrs. Wilmerding decided that there would be a change of weather before morning.

Two tacks brought her alongside the hulk, and as Mrs. Wilmerding looked up she saw the head and shoulders of a man above the high bulwarks and the dull red glow of a cigarette. In the bright moonlight she recognized Lanier.

"Mr. Lanier?" she called softly.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wilmerding," said a quiet voice.

"May I speak with you a moment at the gangway?" she asked.

"With pleasure."

He came hastily down the accommodation ladder, a boat-hook in hand, and as Mrs. Wilmerding rounded gently up, caught her painter with the hook and took a turn on the rail.

"Mr. Lanier," said Mrs. Wilmerding a little breathlessly, "I am very anxious to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Will you do me the honor to come aboard?" he answered. "I am quite alone."

"Oh, that would scarcely do. Could you not call at my house tomorrow?"

"Impossible, I'm sorry to say. But I am free for the next hour."

Mrs. Wilmerding took her resolution in both hands.

"Very well," said she, and stepped out upon the staging. Lanier bowed, then led the way up the ladder to the deck.

"This is horribly presumptuous of me, Mr. Lanier," began Mrs. Wilmerding a little breathlessly.

"Less that than indiscreet, I'm afraid," he answered, and she saw his smile flash in the moonlight. "I really think that we had better go below. The wind has almost dropped, and voices carry a long way over the water. A number of people are sailing about, or will be shortly, and I notice that they usually make this hulk an objective point. My people do not return until the midnight train."

Mrs. Wilmerding hesitated for an instant. There was perfect truth in what he said, and she thought with a shudder of the possibility of her clear, well-known voice being wafted to some member or members of the colony who might be paddling about, for the Chimney Corner folk were aquatic and the night was tempting.

"Very well," she said, half wishing that she had never undertaken her errand.

There was a standing light in the companionway. Lanier went first to show the way and Mrs. Wilmerding followed, half frightened at the huge, dark emptiness and the galleries that seemed to stretch interminably and lose themselves in the gloom.

"Not over cheerful," said Lanier with a pleasant laugh, "but the acoustics are splendid and precisely those of the theater. This way—another lot of steps. Excuse me, I'll light up."

He struck a match and proceeded to light two enormous lamps, which only succeeded in illuminating the central area of space. Mrs. Wilmerding at the foot of the second flight of steps saw a spectral stage crowded with ghostly pygmies. She suppressed a little scream. A furry animal glided from beneath a portière and the scream escaped. Lanier laughed reassuringly.

"Don't be afraid," said he; "it's only Benjamin, my tame raccoon."

"How do you dare remain here alone?" she murmured.

"A good conscience has nothing to fear. Please take that big chair. May I offer you some coffee or a *liqueur?*"

"Oh no, thanks. I suppose you must wonder at my being here?"

"My surprise is eclipsed by my pleasure. Besides, I can guess. You have come to ask me not to tamper with the affections of Miss O'Sullivan."

"Yes; and to go away. Will you?"

"But you told me the other day that I might remain, and that you would try to have me a member of the colony. Really, Mrs. Wilmerding, you must pardon me for saying that Chimney Corner promises are not articles to which one should tie one's faith!"

"Please don't be unkind. I know that I did as you say. But when I came to understand ——"

"But you don't understand. That's just what I protest against."

"Mr. Lanier, don't let us quibble. I could not help seeing you with Ada Stackpole in your arms. Nor, after having seen that tableau, could I very well help understanding the whole situation."

"It appears that you have, though—failed, I mean." Lanier's voice was dry as dust. "And having failed, I certainly have no intention of enlightening you, if you will pardon me for saying so."

Mrs. Wilmerding's pretty chin set firmly, and the combative look came into her face.

"I am in no need of enlightenment, Mr. Lanier. The tableau that I witnessed the other day explains a good many things that had puzzled me: your determination to join the colony and anger at being refused; your act of spite in anchoring off the reading room with a big hulk named The Broken Word; Mrs. Stackpole's desire to come here and then her almost violent opposition when it was learned that you were up for membership. It surprised me at the time, although I agreed with the principles she offered, which were that theatrical folk were not of our sort. And then, after you had been here a little while in this vessel, she suddenly relented and told me that she thought that we had made a mistake, and that she wished not only to withdraw her own opposition but to beg the rest of us to do the same. The conclusion is very obvious, Mr. Lanier, don't you think?"

"Yes—to a certain quality of mind," Lanier assented.

"That is to say, I hope, to the intelligent mind."

"Up to a certain limit—let us say about thirty cents. But I hate to admit that it would be obvious to a mind of any intelligence. Let us say, instead, to the uncharitable mind."

Mrs. Wilmerding stiffened perceptibly.

"You are not very polite, Mr. Lanier—especially to a guest!"

"The poor host ought to be allowed a little decent treatment, my dear Mrs. Wilmerding. I merely said that I thought you were uncharitable; you say that you know me to be a profligate."

"Knowledge excuses a great deal, Mr. Lanier."

"So does thought. After all, thought is the legitimate father of knowledge. I am very much afraid that your knowledge is an illegitimate child, never having been fathered by thought. I am surprised at its origin in the Chimney Corner, of all places." He smiled sweetly at her.

Mrs. Wilmerding repressed a powerful impulse to box his ears. Her face by this time was crimson and one small foot tapped the floor nervously.

"I did not come here to bandy epigrams, Mr. Lanier—especially those of a questionable taste. One additional fact that I discovered, as the result of a letter which was answered by a wire received today, was that Ada Stackpole was at one time supposed to be engaged to you. Would you, by any chance, care to deny that?"

"On the contrary she was engaged to me. We met in London at a dinner given to her cousin, the Canadian premier. I fell madly in love with her and within three weeks' time she had promised to be my wife. I went back to France and got to work to earn a name to offer her, and a few months later she jilted me in cold blood to marry Howard Stackpole—and his millions. I wrote and told her what I thought of it, then doubled my working hours. The next I heard or thought of her was the other day when I jumped down off a ledge and landed almost in her lap. It gave me the same warm emotion as if I'd landed up to my waist in Maine seawater. I must have gained by comparison with Stackpole, because she didn't want to let me go, but after a short struggle I kissed her goodby and went. That was the amorous passage you interrupted." His voice grew listless and held the slightest drawl. "Really, Mrs. Wilmerding, I wouldn't bother to tell you this if I didn't think it a bit rough on Mrs. Stackpole to get the name without the game. You don't deserve to be told anything."

Mrs. Wilmerding's blue eyes were fixed intently on his face. She was silent for a full minute, then said:

"Would you swear to the truth of all this?"

Lanier's face hardened.

"No," he answered haughtily, "I wouldn't. A Virginia gentleman only swears to his word in court and at the altar."

(Continued on Page 64)

"Paid for It With a Kiss," Clare Continued Doggedly

Woman's Crown and Cross

By Maud Weatherly Beamish

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. NIKOLAKI

OVERTHINKIN' ain't never made her hair fall out. She's just smothered it to death!"

The words came to me dimly. I had been floating divinely on the wave of unconsciousness produced by the deft fingers of the girl who was rejuvenating my five remaining hairs when the statement brought me to with a start. Two hairdressers were talking over a late customer in the booth next to mine.

I Went Through With the Hundred and Twenty Religiously

"Why, I took two pounds of hair off her head if I took an ounce!" continued the voice. "And when I laid it down and saw how thin her hair was what do you think she gave me? 'Er—I've a great deal of mental work to do and I find it makes my hair come out. I fear,' says she, 'I'll have the fate of all intellectual people—a bald head.'

"'Do you ever give your hair a rest, madam?' says I.

"'I don't know what you mean!' says she.

"'Why, leavin' off this, and this, and this!'—pickin' up one bunch after the other. Honest, Gert, she had five different kinds and none of them matched! When she had a good look at them in the light, she sort of got huffy and told me to hurry, as her time was limited."

The girls giggled and I shrank under the big white shroud which made a glaring background for my scant tresses.

Some years ago, when I was a kiddy with a good, thick plait, I gloried in the knowledge that our hairs are numbered. I always thought that if all else failed, nothing could take the numbering of my hairs from me.

Later, when long strands filled my brush each night and my brow extended and lengthened alarmingly, I could almost count my own hairs. Then the words lost some of their charm. They even contained a certain significance. Finally, when I could see my ears peeking through the hair at the sides of my head, I hastened to the hairdresser's parlors with a plea for help.

When my hair started to change its count I had bought a switch. I hate to acknowledge this; but it is so. It was a very nice switch. I paid something like five-fifty for it at a reduction sale. Later I added a "rat." I really despised the things; but I was beginning to look so indecent about the head that I grabbed for covering.

Never did I regret those unnumbered hairs of another's head as I did the day I bought my course-of-treatment tickets. My own hair was bad enough; but those other hairs I had tried to imbue with my personality—they looked mortified and distressed! The girl assigned to me took them off carefully—gingerly might be the word—and piled them on the shining table. Then she turned my hair over my forehead, and I could see my eyes gleaming through its meager growth as she brushed.

The Stuff That Rats are Made Of

I LOOKED up at her head. The hair on it was smooth and shiny and dressed without art or artifice. "What splendid hair you have!" I exclaimed.

She smiled. "I take good care of it."

Yes, I thought—lucky dog, to be able to brush it all day long if she likes!

"I brush it one hundred and twenty times every night," she was saying as I rudely misjudged her.

"Not every night!" I implored—remembering how I pulled my rat and switch off with one hand, while I fixed my bed with the other and leaped in without further ado.

"Yep; every night," she nodded. "It would do your hair lots of good. You ought to try it. You can't be careless with it though. I nearly died at first—getting on to it. It used to spoil my evenings to think that I had to brush my hair at three A. M.—and a hundred and twenty at that; but I've got good hair from doing it, all righty!"

"Oh, your hair is good and mine is bad. That's the difference," I suggested.

"Don't you believe it! Two years ago I hadn't enough to roll over a leadpencil—let alone a rat. Now look at it! And let me tell you, it's all my own."

I wished for a sudden fire to extinguish my sad-looking falseness.

"Um!" I said vaguely, too hurt to speak; and from this state of being I went into semiconsciousness, which was broken by the cruel words of the girls in the next booth.

"Now you know," spoke a voice, "nothing can live under a smothering like she gave her hair. And—will you believe me?—the rat she had was Asiatic hair!"

"For the love o' Mike!" said the other girl. "The first thing she knows ——" They whispered together annoyingly.

"You bet your life!" came from the first girl.

If I ever become presidentress—I may here state that I am a suffragette—I'm going to forbid people to begin sentences and then whisper the end.

That word "Asiatic" stuck in my craw for several days. When I went back to the store, a week later, I asked Milly, the girl who was assigned to me, what Asiatic hair was.

Coupled with the whispered words, it had an ominous sound that I didn't like.

"It's hair bought in the Northern countries," she evaded. "I think your rat is Asiatic. Why don't you stop wearing it for a while? Give your hair a chance."

"What difference would that make?"

"Difference!" she cried. "Say, wearing a rat with hair in the condition yours is, is like feeding a sick person more of the germs she's sick with. What your hair wants is to be let alone. A good shampoo once a month, no rat or switch, and a hundred and twenty a night—and in six months I'll bet you'll have hair of your own to be proud of."

I shook my head. "I'm a working woman. I can't afford to look like a scarecrow."

"That's the trouble with you all. You think a lot of false stuff makes you look nice. Pardon me for plain speaking—but it sure is the limit!"

I protested that I only wore the "stuff" to retain my right to be termed a human being.

"You just fool yourself. You'd look lots better without it. It throws the contour of your head all out of gear. And, if that doesn't move you, what do you say when I tell you your rat has goat's hair in it?"

"Goat's?" I jumped up so quickly that I knocked the brush out of her hand.

"Or Asiatic hair, if that suits you better. It's the same thing. What do you expect for fifty cents?"

Finally, When I Could See My Ears Peeking Through the Hair at the Sides of My Head, I Hastened to the Hairdresser's Parlors With a Plea for Help

She wasn't malicious, I knew; but the words had a heartless sound.

"Are you sure it's goat's?"

"Sure thing; and that's better than lots of the material that goes into rats. Did you ever think where all the combings picked from all the ash-barrels finally go to?"

I shuddered, hoping—yet fearing—for her to continue; but she didn't enlighten me further. What she said was:

"I suppose you thought rats were made of real hair?"

I nodded.

"Well, some are; but when you think that genuine hair costs from three dollars up an ounce, you may believe me that the real hairs in a cheap rat are few and far between."

The word "rat" had begun to sicken me.

"I believe I'll try to do without the rat. How—how—what do you think of my switch?"

She fingered it a moment.

"Chinese!" She said it with the air of a connoisseur.

The Best Tonic for Vanishing Hair

IF SHE had said rat's tail I couldn't have been more unhappy. Somehow the switch seemed seething with human intelligence as it lay there looking at me—long, shiny and stiff. When she put down the brush it jumped with a twist and hung, like a live thing, swinging over the edge of the table.

Ugh! I won't even send my wash to a Chinese laundry—and yet I had been harboring a Chinese switch in the bosom of my family! Perhaps it was a queue! All the horrors of the Orient leaped to my mind. I felt very creepy and goosefleshy. "There's no doubt about it?" I asked.

"Nope. There's lots of it on the market. I don't know what the trade would have done without Chinese hair when the craze for braids, long enough to go twice round the head, struck us a year or two ago. Everybody wanted 'em and everybody wanted 'em cheap. The only thing that's long and cheap is the chop-suey switch. So the stores had to take their cue," she joked.

"I shouldn't think it would be allowed," I protested. I told her the price I paid for my switch.

"And plenty for what you got." When she caught my expression she told me that a switch of fine French hair similar to the Chinese one would cost twenty-five dollars. Even this didn't raise my gloom.

"Chinese hair's all right for—any one who wants it," she added diplomatically.

I recalled stories I had heard of the effect of false hair on the scalp, and other terrors.

"Goodby switch!" I said.

She laughed. "You're getting scared. It's just as well too. You have the making of a good head of hair."

I liked Milly. She had none of the commercialism usually found in stores where selling is done in that over-my-dead-body fashion, and she seemed to take a personal interest in me.

"If people know what I know they'd never put a piece of false hair on their heads," she confided. "I know its against the principles of the store to talk this way, but I believe in telling what will help instead of ruining the little chance a body has."

"What's the best tonic?" I asked.

"Sunshine and fresh air," she said, to my surprise, "a little massage, and all the brushing you can give it. I ain't much for the electrical treatment. Of course it's good in some cases; but massage—that's the real thing. But all the massage and the tonics and the electricity in the world won't help an atom so long as women pile up their heads with false hair."

Little by little I drew a mountain of information from the girl, which frightened and yet cheered me. Today, after a year of Milly's advice, I can match hair with the second best of 'em.

When I decided to give up the rat and switch I took my medicine like a soldier. Milly's skillful fingers started the hair follicles to working right and I kept up the good work by manipulating my scalp a little each night. And I went through with the hundred and twenty religiously. For a while it hung over me like a nightmare. More than once the thought of it "spoiled my evening"; and many nights I cursed the maker of brushes and the lure of vanity. Finally I got it though; and now I can swing off the hundred and twenty with a dash that belongs to the fresh morning hours.

"A body's got to be in good health before her hair'll be just right," Milly told me. "It ain't thinking or intellect that makes hair fall out—it's ill treatment and ill health."

"Nervousness?" I ventured, hoping for another straw to cling to.

"Well, that will do it; but heavy hats are just as bad."

Milly rather sniffed at nervousness.

"You can't expect Nature to go on working where she ain't wanted—can you?" she said. "If you found you weren't needed you'd make yourself scarce—wouldn't you?"

I nodded, waiting for enlightenment.

"So does Nature. Just so soon as you pile up your head with hair, or cover it with hats that don't let in a spark of light, she's going to stop putting out the hair—see? There's no use making provision where there's none needed—is there?"

"But Nature should understand that there is nothing definite about our false hair and hats, and that when we put them by we need her coöperation and the old foundation."

Milly shook her head. "Take her or leave her. You can't fool with Mrs. Nature."

And I guess she's right.

During my treatments Milly told me many secrets of the hair trade.

"People make me smile when they talk about hair," she said. "They make a great fuss when somebody gets scalp trouble or dies from wearing a rat or false hair—and it's the people's own fault."

I knew now, had I died before I discarded my bought hair, there would have been no flowers from Milly.

"A woman buys a twenty-five-cent rat. What does she get? Hair? Sometimes, or goat's hair or hemp and wool. These are all right, of course; but these things can't be given the time and preparation or treatment that hair goods for the high-priced trade get. And the folks who buy the cheap goods shouldn't blame the store if they get stuff that ain't cured right. If you buy five-cent beef, why, you've got to take the consequences."

Hair That Is Worth Having

MILLY told me the story of a girl who bought a low-priced rat at a large and reliable store. Some weeks later she discovered a rash on her head. The local doctor treated her for eczema. The condition grew worse. A specialist was consulted. He pronounced the case superficial leprosy. The infection was credited to the rat and a suit pended. The company did all in its power. It sent the girl to a New York specialist, paid the bills and destroyed all the cheap hair goods in stock.

"I don't blame the store like I do the girl. She had no business buying trash. Anybody who does buy trash ought to stand for the consequences," declared my friend.

A Western paper stated one day that a woman had been infected by a rat and had died of blood-poisoning. I told Milly about it.

"Like as not the hair wasn't all it should have been; but like as not the woman's health wasn't up to par. I don't put all the blame on the hair; but, just the same, a body shouldn't wear false hair of any kind."

China, I discovered, has supplied an enormous amount of hair. It can be bought at a very low rate; and the revolution against the Manchus and the cutting off of the time-honored queues have sent the price still lower. Twenty-five cents for a queue is now considered a good price. The hair—which is coarse and harsh, bleaches and dyes well, and has supplied all sorts of hair terrors, from pads to coronet braids, at a ridiculously low cost. This cheap trade has ruined the business and caused the head of Dame Fashion to turn from a veritable tower of Pisa to the simplicity of a Madonna of the Italian School.

Romance has suffered from the wearing of false hair. In the olden times, with lyre and pen, lovers sang the praises of their ladyes' tresses. It has been the theme of fairy tale and adventure. Rapunzel would have stood a small chance with her handsome prince had she hung a two-ounce switch from her turret window instead of her own glorious growth. It is well that the age of rat and cluster puff had not yet undermined the luxury of hair, else the picturesque story of Lady Godiva would have lost much of its interest and charm. Had innocent Melisande known the convenience of the false braid, she could have met her irate husband at her chamber door while Pelleas crooned his love to a "ready-made" on the window-sill.

Nowadays the lover sings the praises of his lady's prowess in the sporting field and workaday world. He sings odes to her robust health, sturdy boots and mental competence. No longer is he "overcome with the desire to take down her wonderful hair and bury his face in its fragrance." This sentence now belongs to fiction alone.

Men have not been exempt from the vanity of hair. From Absalom, Samson and Bonnie Prince Charlie down to our own Buffalo Bill, the examples of masculine hair-dressing have been quite up to the best that sister Eve might show.

History fairly bulges with hirsute eccentricities of the male. We have survivals of this *penchant* for wonderful crests in the imposing woolen wigs of the English judges and the flowing plumes of the cuirassiers. These remind us of the days when Adam wore his comb *à la Chantecler*, and Eve went meekly by his side, like Betty the hen.

This is the age of baldness in men, and the *perruquiers* of the Continent and our own barbers are putting in vacuum arrangements, electric vibrators and amazing tonics, all guaranteed to grow hair where no roots exist. The same apparatus forms a part of every good hair-dressing establishment for women. I learned from Milly that in no other line of business is so much money absorbed as in this trade.

"Women spend money like water here," she told me—"and whether they need it or not. You ought to hear them when they come in sometimes! One will say to the other: 'My masseuse is perfectly lovely. The other day she told me I had the most perfect skin of any of her customers.'

"'Is that so?' smiles the friend. 'I never have massage. I don't need it—yet. My manicurist says I have the most wonderful almond-shaped nails. She believes I have royal blood in my veins!' And that's what they spend their money for," continued Milly—"not for results, but to be flattered. If they had to scrub floors, and sweat over baking and washing and ironing, they'd be a sight healthier, let me tell you!"

Despite the fact that she receives the largest salary in this hair shop and the biggest tips, Milly is sore at the deception in the trade and the necessity for chicanery.

"I can't talk plain to other women like I do to you," she said. "They'd get mad and go somewhere else—where the girl would lay it on thick and run down this place. A good many women come in here with nothing the matter with their hair but the need of a thorough hair-washing, done regularly; but I have to massage them, and give them electricity, and dose them with tonic and creams until you can't tell them from a sacred mummy!

"The way money is wasted is a sin!" she continued. "We have customers at the store who pay from eight to ten dollars a week just to have their hair brushed twice a day—only brushed and put up, mind you. Marcelling and dressing is extra. Then there's treatment, that some have twice a week, at seventy-five cents to two dollars; and the waving is done two or three times a week. That's a fact!"

"And Let Me Tell You, It's All My Own"

Milly explained that, though a great profit is made at the homes of the patrons, most establishments would rather have the customers come to them, for nothing is easier than making a woman spend from five to twenty-five dollars on creams and stuffs! This statement made me feel more keenly than ever the recklessness of the moneyed women.

"I have one customer who never leaves this place without dropping at least twenty dollars. The other day I went to her house and she showed me two bureau drawers full of hair she never uses—and every bit of it the genuine article!

"The quality of the trade makes the prices," Milly went on. "We sell switches here from twenty-five dollars up that you can get in a first-class department store for from ten to thirty dollars. Our customers would have a fit if they couldn't pay the top price. They want something to brag about."

She showed me a pair of real amber side combs and a back comb to match.

"What do you think they cost?"

I judged about eight or ten dollars.

"Cold!" she laughed—"very, very cold. They are fifty dollars. And I sold them today to Mrs. I——" She named a wealthy society woman.

"No!"

"Sure thing! And down at B——'s you can get a duplicate set for ten dollars—and, believe me, there's a profit on them at that."

Real hair is expensive. The prices are based upon the market and raised to meet the demand of the trade.

The Price of an Ash-Brown Wig

FINE French hair is quoted at three dollars for eight-inch hair to ten dollars an ounce or a hundred and forty dollars a pound for twenty-two-inch to twenty-four-inch hair. These prices are for the ordinary colors. If an odd shade is wanted the cost would be in proportion to its rarity and would be from twenty to a hundred dollars a switch.

White hair is the most expensive of all ordinary tones. It comes as high as eighty dollars an ounce. This makes the cost of gray hair high, as white is mixed with black.

Though French markets supply the darker shades, the golden hair comes from Norway and Sweden, and is as splendid in quality as the French. It is obtained from the healthy peasants; and is so chemically treated, dyed or bleached that any danger of infection is impossible.

The Dutch and German peasants are very healthy also, and they supply large quantities of hair, but of a coarse quality. Their scalps are in such good condition from exposure to the sun and air that it is possible for them to grow full heads of hair in a surprisingly short time. This is why the peasants will sell their hair, or even barter it for a pretty trinket, at least so the story goes.

"How about the Italian hair?" I asked.

"Not much doing! It is coarser than the French and the market is not good. Neither is Spain very generous—the hair there is coarse too; but the Spanish women"—she smiled—"can use their hair to better advantage by keeping it than by selling it. It gets them husbands."

"Something mine will never do!" I sighed.

"I'll wager in a year or two ——" she began, grinning.

"Tut!" said I sharply. "Now about red hair—where does that come from?"

"The dyers," she declared laconically.

With my mind full of the beauties painted by Titian, Henner and others, I had rather a sentimental notion that red-haired women flourished abundantly in some sunny glade; but Milly smashed my pretty picture to atoms.

"Most all shades of red are a cinch. Peroxide is the medium—and, believe me, it's sure!" So much for Molly's sentiment.

"Now the colors that cannot be made and that are tremendously expensive," she continued with some respect, "are ash blond, drab, and ash brown."

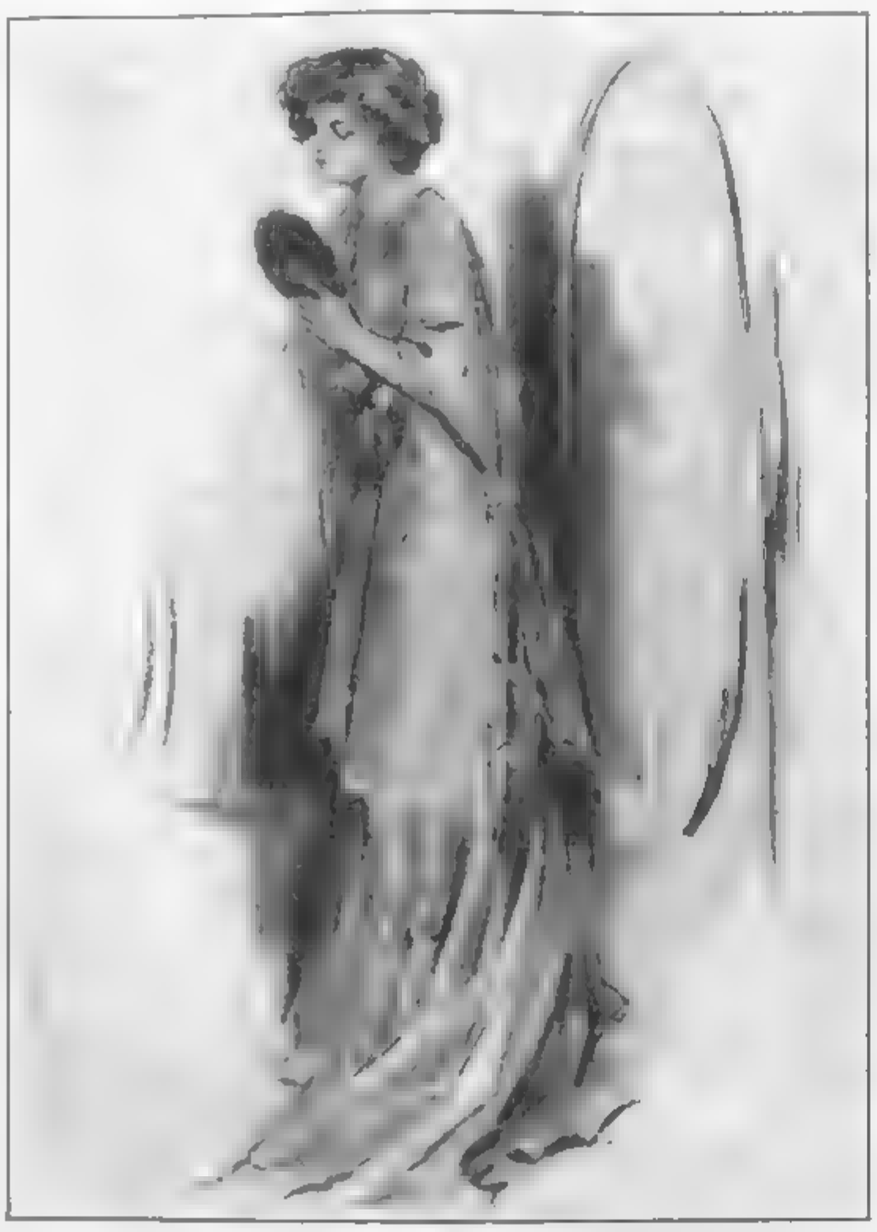
Hopeless shades! I'm afraid I sneered.

"Surely nobody wants such colors!" I said.

"Is that so! Well, let me tell you, they not only are beautiful but they cost hundreds of dollars. I know of one woman who paid into the thousands for an ash-brown wig."

This woman was very lovely, according to Milly. She was also in society and wealthy. A terrible accident removed

(Concluded on Page 30)



"And All the Time the French Were Wearing Their Hair as It Pleased Them and as It's Becoming"

How Boston Plans to Profit From Panama

By A. C. LAUT

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM H. FOSTER

AT TIME of writing it is pretty generally acknowledged, by those in touch with the inner circles of authority at Washington, that the proposition put up to Congress will be a toll of something between seventy-five cents and a dollar on all ships passing through the Panama Canal, and that the matter will be threshed out on the floor according to the convictions and associations of the people's representatives; but what will come out of the welter of discussion may be more a matter of guess than conviction. Look at the mass of contradictory testimony. The Board of Trade of New York declares for free tolls for American coastal ships. The Chamber of Commerce of New York declares for one dollar on all tonnage through Panama, and puts on record its opinion that free tolls for American ships only would be discrimination against the British and a flagrant violation of maritime treaty! The Boston Chamber of Commerce sets forth a resolution that free tolls for domestic commerce would not only stimulate shipping but would not be a violation of any maritime treaty, inasmuch as foreign ships are completely barred by law from domestic traffic in the United States. The Board of Trade of Philadelphia thinks it "a debatable question whether the citizens of the United States should be taxed for this great canal," and would have the Government enter into negotiations with foreign countries before deciding on any Panama policy.

Dead Hands are Not to Hold the Boston Water Front Any Longer Than the Commonwealth Wishes

"What!" retorts the free-toll advocate. "Ask a by-your-leave from any foreign nation for the regulation of United States domestic commerce?"

"Yes," answers the other side, "unless you want to upset thirty-seven different treaties with twenty-two different nations."

"A toll lower than Suez would not draw traffic to Panama," said the president of one of the largest steamship companies; "but no toll at all for coastal ships would give us a tremendous advantage."

"Whether France can operate through the canal at all or not depends on the cost of the tolls," declared a representative of the French government.

The Situation at Suez

"A TOLL that is even ten cents too high will decide whether the two-billion-dollar yearly trade of South America comes to the United States or is diverted to Europe," says John Barrett, head of the Pan-American Congress.

In this connection, it is well to keep in mind that it is shorter and cheaper to ship into Argentina and Brazil from the west coast of South America than from the east.

"Why should Panama be free any more than Suez?" asks the man on the street.

"For a lot of reasons," promptly answers the steamship man:

"First, as to oriental trade. Suez has heavy local freight on both the right hand and the left hand from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. For oriental trade, Panama offers only one chance of local freight—Hawaii—in a very long voyage.

"Second, as to fuel. Coal on the Suez route costs only four dollars to six dollars a ton. Coal, up to the present, on the Panama-South America circuit costs anywhere up to sixteen dollars a ton, though the Government plans, if carried out, will reduce that.

"Third, Suez is a private company and pays dividends up to thirty per cent. And, where the stock is owned by European governments, the toll is prorated back in rebates to the ships paying the toll. Panama is as much a national undertaking for broad, general benefit to commerce as the 'Soo Canal,' on which no tolls are charged; or the Keokuk Canal, on the Mississippi.

"Fourth, the ships using Suez are heavily subsidized. The Peninsular & Oriental ships are subsidized. More than that, in the case of German ships they are not only subsidized but cargoes from German ships receive preferential rates from the railroads as against cargoes from other ships. If we charge American ships a toll we must either subsidize them—as other nations do—or put through some such bill as the one introduced by Senator Lodge in December, 1911, for the rebating of tolls paid by American vessels passing through the canal; and a national policy of either rebates or subsidies would be a difficult and costly thing to put through the House. Yet more—foreign countries not only rebate tolls and grant preferential rail rates and subsidies, but their ships grant rebates to the great American trusts."

This is not a vague charge, but a fact of which I have documentary consular proof in my hands—proof not given here because Panama must not be mixed up with trusts and rebates. "The ships cannot be prosecuted for these rebates, because they are foreign ships. American ships cannot bid traffic away from the foreigners by offering rebates. Therefore, they say, they should have free tolls."

"Why should steamship traffic ask the concession of free tolls—a gift of a four-hundred-million-dollar canal—any more than we should ask similar favors?" demand the railroad men.

"That is just it," answers the steamship man. "Railroad traffic, in its early, struggling days, did get concessions—gifts of millions and millions of acres of land, worth billions of dollars. We are not asking subsidies and we are not asking land. All we ask is a free field till we get on our feet. Cripple us with a toll and Panama will be a gift to foreign nations, with cheaper and subsidized ships. We shall have paid the cost as a nation; and, though toll from foreigners may pay interest on the investment, we as a nation will not reap the benefits from Panama—because we'll not have ships."

Then the no-toll party press home another argument, which I set down for what it is worth.

"As a nation we have spent," they say, "from 1888 to 1911, more than five hundred million dollars on the improvement of rivers and harbors. Our coastal trade has been exempt from tonnage tax to meet this huge outlay; and the tonnage tax against foreign vessels to 1904 has amounted to only ten million dollars. The fact that they pay and that we don't pay for this has never been considered a discrimination or abrogation of treaty. Please note that!

"Also," they say—please note this too; it may be piffle or punk or pork, but what they say is: "If tonnage taxes against all United States shipping abroad amount to only ten million dollars in sixteen years, how in the name of punk or piffle or pork do you expect a tonnage tax on Panama—which will cover only a small part of United States shipping—to yield yearly interest on an investment of four hundred million dollars? Put on the tax—and you will defeat your own end, fail to get returns on investment and cut the throat of an American merchant marine."

Meantime here are the words of the treaty, which does specify Panama and does not specify river-and-harbor improvements; and one guess at its meaning is as good as another:

ARTICLE III, Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges . . . shall be just and equitable."

If foreign ships cannot enter the coastal trade in any case, how could free tolls for domestic traffic violate the treaty?

This was brought out in a discussion in the Philadelphia Board of Trade. Under the law—yes—foreign ships cannot enter coastal trade; but the law as it stands is impossible of more than partial enforcement. For instance, two tramp steamers set out—one from Liverpool, one from New York—with cargo for the Pacific Coast. The foreign ship pays toll, the American does not—going through Panama. Both deposit cargoes at Los Angeles and both go north with Southern California products—the British tramp for Prince Rupert, the New York tramp for Seattle. Both load with cargoes of lumber—the Liverpool ship in British Columbia, the New York ship in Washington; and both come down the coast and take on grain at Portland. There both ply out—one for New York, the other for Liverpool. In the eyes of the law the foreigner cannot participate in coastal trade from port to port in the United States; but practically it does ply from port to port, with a run up to a foreign point between United States ports. So there is the case of discrimination—if the British ship pays toll and the New Yorker does not. This is not a hypothetical case. It is happening every day with the tramp steamers now going around the Horn.

Expert Testimony on Canal Conditions

WHEN you come to consider the registry laws—reserving United States registry for only those ships built in the United States—and the coastal laws excluding from coastal trade all but United States ships, you have the same mass of contradictory testimony.

"Our registry laws share with our coasting trade laws the merit of being the most beneficent legislation now on our statute-books," says Lewis Nixon.

"Abolish the old navigation laws! Take protection off the sea! Let ocean traffic be free as the sea!" says every leading shipping association on the Pacific Coast.

"The admittance of foreign ships to our coastwise trade, even under our own flag," testified the president of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company before the Interstate Commerce Commission, "would be the finishing blow to our merchant marine."

"Throw open commerce from coast to coast to foreign bottoms," demanded Senator Newlands. "Grant registry to foreign-built vessels! Or add to the seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of mail contracts seven hundred thousand dollars more, build ships ourselves and operate them as part of the canal!"

In a lecture in Chicago, Professor Johnson, the traffic expert member of the Panama Commission, when asked the

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

XIX

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE cake-dough humanity of Ruckersville, described in the early part of this story, was now being leavened in all directions by what may be called the Jim Bone yeast. A vigorous carnal spirit now began to manifest itself in the very saints. There is nothing like money to alleviate anxiety, whether worldly or unworldly. And for the first time since the Civil War this delightful root of all evils was sprouting thriftily in the town.

The chance of good wages cleared the streets of idlers, and to some extent even of aristocrats, who are always the last class anywhere to get busy, being deterred by the sense of being the lilies of the field. The church was more prosperous than it had been for years. The pastor was sure of his salary and equally sure of getting all his collections, to say nothing of the honor and advantage he should have among his brethren for being instrumental in getting a new and better church built the following year out of earshot of the quarry.

Brother Clark was far from suspecting such a thing, but his very sermons had lost much of that mournful spirit with which he was accustomed to exhort mortals to put on their immortality. His gospel was more amiable and soothing to the flesh. He was like a man relieved of a long supernatural indigestion. And it goes without saying that he was hand in glove with Mr. Bone. A certain kind of preacher often has a deal of trouble praying and fasting himself into a proper relation with his Heavenly Father, but he is one of the quickest and most enterprising of his kind when it comes to locating and relating himself acquisitively to some earthly source of merely temporal salvation. There is not a single unscrupulously rich man in this country who cannot number among his closest flattering friends some distinguished clergyman of some distinguished church. Any house of God in our times becomes a roosting-place of millionaires resting on the Sabbath from their blood-businesses, provided they choose this sanctuary for that purpose. And, for me, I am bound to say that it seems a great tribute to the nature of God that such persons should still have a craving for even some kind of imitation holiness. But the trouble is with the preachers whose ethics are dollar-marked the moment some old stock-exchange gamecock takes a notion to attend divine services in one of their churches. And they are so naïve, so self-deceived by the spirit in which they welcome him and pat him with cheerful but expensive salvation! The one fellow who is never deceived and never saved in such a church is the old gold-wattled gamecock. He smiles to himself every time the collection plate passes him and he buys good-natured public opinion by a liberal contribution. God pities such men in a peculiar manner and will undoubtedly make special provision for the salvation of all railroad and trust magnates. They get so little sincere and faithful ministry from His cowardly servants in this world.

But that is neither here nor there in this tale. What I set out to tell was an incident far more agreeable than anything connected with the prosperity of the church at Ruckersville—an incident for which our hero was directly responsible.

It was a bright day early in November, which is often the most pleasant month of the year in middle Georgia. Every leaf on every tree in the town had turned, as we say—some golden, some red, some a deeper green—and all had changed to vagabonds in the wind, falling, whirling, drifting from their boughs in that last drunken revelry of leaves before they lie brown and dead and sodden under foot.

Jim Bone sat in his dingy office, tilted far back in his chair with his feet on top of his desk. He was smoking like a furnace at the end of a long black cigar and he had the appearance of a man who was making up his mind to carry through a big deal. Nothing could have surpassed the seriousness or the determination of his countenance. Tony Adams, who came in for some orders connected with a shipment of granite to Atlanta, observed it, sat down beside the little red hot stove and waited. He had learned that it was never well to interrupt his friend when he wore this head-on collision expression. Presently he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly, thoroughly. This was a delicate way he had of calling attention to himself. It may be that Bone heard him, for he stirred in his chair, reached up and settled his hat at a hectoring angle upon his head, and began to drum imperatively upon the arm of his chair with the fingers of his right hand. This was an exceedingly unpleasant sound to Mr. Adams, not that he had any of those fine social sensibilities that shrink from this offensive clatter of fingernails upon a hard substance, but upon the two or three occasions when he had been overtaken by his besetting sin of drunkenness the subsequent interview with Jim had always been prefaced by this furious thunder of his fingers upon the arm of his chair. Tony searched himself now for the cause of these signs of rising wrath and could find nothing in his conduct to warrant them. He straightened himself with mild indignation. No man is so profoundly conscious of his innocence as one who has been guilty seventy times seven, but not this time. It seemed that the proud creaking of Mr. Adams' chair at this moment attracted Mr. Bone's attention. He lifted his feet from his desk, whirled around upon the pivot under him, faced Mr. Adams, and brought both feet down with a whacking clatter upon the floor.

"Ah, Tony, I was just thinking of you," he said, gripping the end of his cigar with his teeth and skinning his lips back so that his very molars showed. This gave him an expression of singular ferocity, so that Tony remained silent, but with the expression of a man who knows himself to be innocent in the face of a coming accusation.

"You know that I have your interest at heart," Bone went on.

But Tony refused to commit himself by word or gesture. He sat regarding his friend with the air of an innocent little boy contemplating a switch.

"And I have plans for you."

The countenance of Mr. Adams relaxed and brightened accordingly.

"You are doing well, but I want to see you do better. I want to feel safe about your future, Tony."

"Jim," said he, the tears springing into his eyes and giving them the soft radiance of a child's, "you are the best friend, the only friend, I ever had!"

"It's time for you to settle down," continued Bone.

"Ain't I settlin'?" Tony demanded happily.

"A man's never settled till he's married and has the cares of a family to hold him. You must get married, Tony."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Mr. Adams. If Bone had shot at him he would not have experienced a more horrified, sinking sensation.

"I want you to marry Mildred Percey," said this Cupid, fixing his victim with his unmistakable, long-horned expression.

"But, Jim, I'm not a marryin' man," Tony protested.

"None of us are. Nature, just Nature, never intended any man to be decent enough for marrying. But you need a wife, same as a good horse needs a rider if he's to win."

"I don't care nothin' about winnin' no race, Jim," pleaded Tony. "All I want is to trot along here beside you, with a day loose now and then in the pasture."

"Exactly," exclaimed Bone severely. "Them days in the pasture are the ones I'm plannin' to guard you against. It's all right for a colt to kick up his heels in a paddock; but for a horse of your age and habits, Tony, a bridle and martingales are the only salvation."

"Why don't you take your own medicine?" ventured Mr. Adams indignantly. "Why don't you marry Mildred yourself?"

"Because I aim to marry somebody else. Besides, I wouldn't suit a girl of her sweet disposition. I'm a rough devil. I'm the kind of prose that never could be made to rhyme with such poetry as hers," explained Jim in a noble, deprecating manner.

Tony stared at him blankly. His round, weak, fair face was the picture of despair. His mouth drooped at the corners, the little thin yellow mustache beneath his nose sagged with it. His round, light-blue eyes held the expression of innocent morning skies through which a strong and disastrous wind is blowing.

"And she is just the woman for you," the matchmaker went on. "I have observed her closely. She has that sweet consideration you would need in a wife."

Mr. Adams responded by merely wagging his head from side to side lugubriously.

"Why, Tony, you won't know yourself in a month after you have married Mildred!" he encouraged. "She belongs to that class of women who lay their husbands in the cradle the minute they get them and spend the rest of their days nursin' and tendin' them durin' the long teethin' period of life. The less you deserved, the more she would do and give. That's the holy-hymn nature of women like Mildred."

This was the beginning of the argument between Jim and Tony Adams that lasted for several hours, and out of which Tony came dazed and convinced that the only safety for him was in marriage, and the only happiness would be in marrying Mildred Percey. The character and gentle beauty of this maiden were represented to him in language so eloquent and so authoritative that if he had been a stone he must have risen up, shaved, put on a clean shirt and gone to court her. He was thrilled to the point of a strange exhilaration as he left the office of his friend.

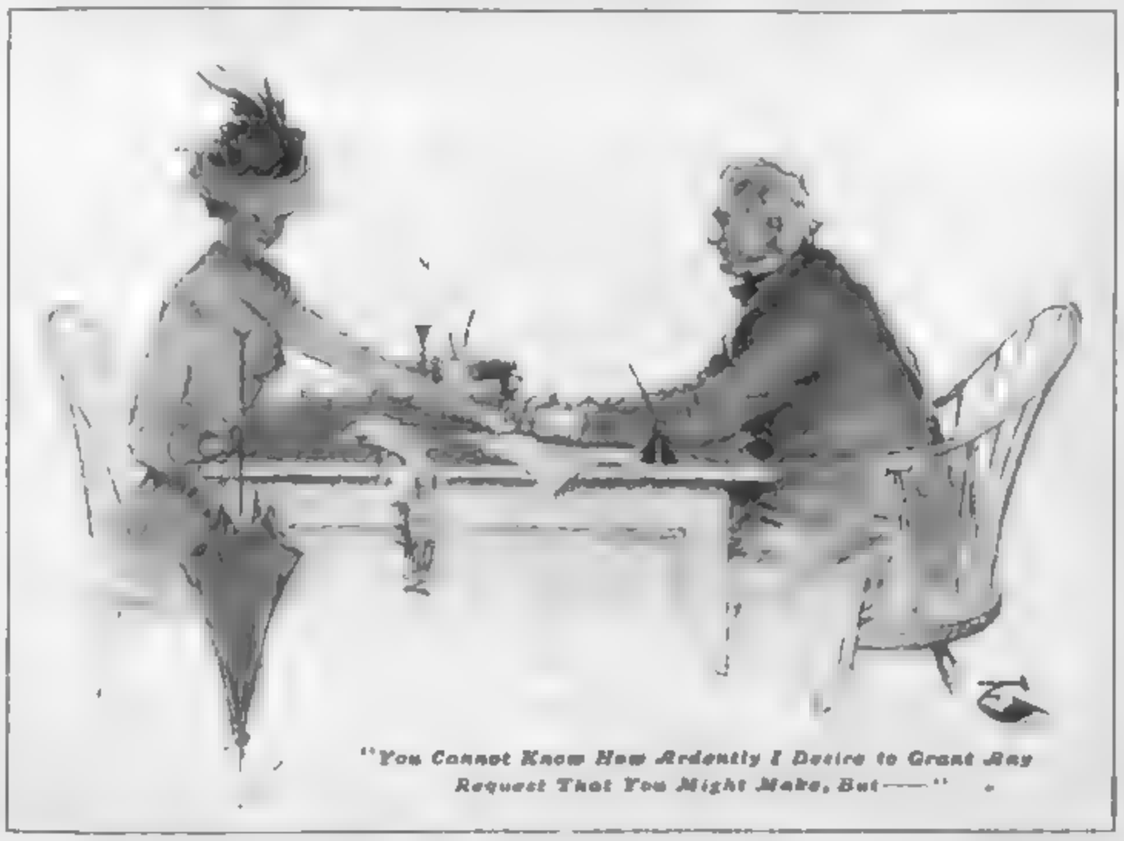
"You are as blind as a mole, Tony," said Jim, clapping him on the back as the latter stumbled toward the door, smiling sheepishly. "I've seen that she was in love with you ever since I've been here!"

"And I thought it was you she was thinkin' of!" murmured the newly inspired lover.

"Oh, she was tryin' to attract your attention then, Tony. She don't care the snap of her finger for me. If I was to so much as smack my lips at Mildred she'd never get over it, she'd be so indignant."

"Well, I declare!" answered Tony with the air of a wet bird that has made up his mind to shake his tail feathers clear of the flood and dry himself in the pleasant warmth of a woman's eyes.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the same day Mildred Percey sat before a smouldering log fire in her parlor. She was dressed with a kind of despairing sweetness in a blue worsted gown with a lace yoke and a black girdle of ribbons, the ends of which hung down behind. The trouble with most women is that they have only a dressmaker's sense of sex. They copy a fashion, even if the fashion conceals their particular charm. They do not dare to wear a bow if bows are not the style. And no instinct warns them against ruffles if frills are "in," even though these give them the appearance of a frizzly hen. Mildred was of this class. She was always copied externally from a certain fashion paper. She would no more have taken a liberty with this paper than she would have perverted the Scriptures. And this authority always favored blue for blondes. Therefore it was inconceivable to her that she would enhance her value—especially to man, who is the chief appraiser of women—if, for example, she had chosen a carmine gown for the evening. This shade of red makes an opal of any fair woman and deepens the cool innocent blue of her eyes with the reflected glow, so that beneath the azure you behold the effulgence of flames—a sweet fire, so mysterious and so dear. Besides, no other color is so ageless in its significance, or so intimately related to the instinct of life. This is why you will have observed that many a man prefers red to any other color. It is the semaphore of



"You Cannot Know How Ardently I Desire to Grant Any Request That You Might Make, But——"

his own nature. If he says he likes blue, or even green, better, you may know that he has departed from his own tastes and told a lie to please you, or that he has lost his right feeling about the significance of colors. Fortunately for Mildred, the fire upon the hearth did for her what she had not the sense to do for herself. The light of it covered her with warmth and infused her with a certain radiance quite foreign to real character.

Still she was sad. Whenever an unmarried woman of thirty-five is alone and not diverted from her natural feelings by some absorbing occupation, she is always sad. This is much worse than being married, and worried or anxious. It is really the absence of this kind of worry and anxiety that makes her sad. She was recalling a visit she had made to Mr. Bone's office early in the morning to deliver the last of the epitaphs for the soldiers' tombstones. She could not deny to herself the coolness and indifference with which she had been received and dismissed. In vain she accused him of his faults, of his uncouth manners, of his indelicacy, of his lack of poetic appreciation. Still the fascination remained. She was destined never to know that the explanation of this fiercely masculine enchantment was due to the fact that the social customs of Ruckersville had rendered virtue negative in women and vitality a sort of scandal. So when the figure of life appeared there in top boots, ruthlessly and bravely compounded of all the splendor that sometimes attends upon a man who has enjoyed and suffered the privilege of being as bad and as good as he pleased, the effect of such a personality upon such a woman was irresistible. However, the handmaiden of the Muses had the advantage of distilling her sadness into poetry, which is one of the most soothing uses to which unrequited love may be put. I have said that she was sad, but this does not mean that she was not really enjoying herself. There is nothing a woman may enjoy more than her own broken heart, especially when it inspires the tintinnabulation of funeral bell rhymes.

She sat with her eyes tenderly suffused with tears, scribbling corrections here and there above the lines of a poem that she had just composed, which lay breathing like a newly-born grief upon the old writing-desk on her knee.

I do not copy the thing here for its intrinsic worth, but merely to indicate how poorly words geared together in poetry express the pathos of a certain state of being. It was written in a languishing chirography, with supine l's and t's, and little i's that gaped at the bottom with tearless griefs.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN

I sit and weep the whole day long,
Unhappy is my lot;
No balm can heal my bleeding heart,
For, oh! he loves me not.

The cruel shaft from Cupid's bow
Went straightway to the spot;
While cold, unpierced his, I ween,
For, oh! he loves me not.

I wander lonely through the grove;
Alas, I am forgot!
To seek the grave my solace now,
For, oh! he loves me not.

No condemnation is too strong against social customs that can reduce love and nature in a good woman to such an expression of neurasthenic sentimentality. Two reforms at least should be worked in their behalf. First, marriageable bachelors should be forced by law to propose; and every magazine of fashions should have a glowing supplement devoted to "styles for women in love."

But nothing is truer than this—"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; and if we were not so narrow in our interpretations of His providences, we should have long since discovered that often our Heavenly Father is a tender and benign humorist in His dealings with us.

A Short, Dark, Fat Man Came to Ruckersville

As Mildred sat softly scanning her verses there came a knock at the door. Instantly she arose from her chair and transferred this scanning to herself—that is to say, she put both hands on her hips and pulled herself this way and that through her waist bands, smoothed the lace upon her bosom as if the inward turbulence of her spirit had ruffled her breast feathers. Then she touched her hair, peering at herself in the mirror over the mantel, wriggled her finger into her little curls so that they rhymed better with her ears. No woman, I may observe here, is willingly the poetess of anything but her own person.

At last Mildred went to the door, with that anticipatory palpitation an unmarried woman always feels in the evening when she hopes she hears Fate whacking upon her doorsill with a valentine in his hand. She prayed as she laid her hand upon the knob that it might not be Austin Bourne. She was weary of the futility of playing Mr. Bourne's accompaniments for him.

Outside a man stood in the moonlight, mottled with the shadows of an old rose vine that swung on a trellis upon one side of the veranda. He held his hat in his hand, and it was to be observed that his blond hair was parted far over to the left in order to conceal a bald spot about the size of a fifty-cent piece that still gleamed like the human skin through a threadbare place.

"Oh, it's you, Tony. Father will be sorry to miss you. Come in," said Mildred in a tone plainly expressing disappointment.

Mr. Adams had never called on her, although he sometimes dropped in to talk to Mr. Percey or even to trundle him back and forth along the veranda. The old gentleman was the victim of a mild paresis, and among other notions believed that he would catch his death of cold if the wheels of his chair touched ground.

Mildred had put her invitation to "come in" last, because she expected him to refuse it when he learned that Mr. Percey was asleep. She was surprised, therefore, when he entered, hung his hat upon the rack and followed her back into the parlor. He parted his coattails and sat down upon the opposite side of the hearth, while she took up from the piano where she had laid it the sheet of note-paper upon which were written the verses, resumed her chair and began folding and refolding it. She was looking into the fire. No one ever paid much attention to Tony Adams. He was to be endured, not considered. She wondered vaguely why he had come in, for long since he had reached that stage of masculine disintegration when a man, still on perfectly good terms with other men, no longer calls upon the ladies. It is not that they have marked him down, but it is his last tribute, his last gallantry to the sex—a silent acknowledgment that he no longer considers himself good enough for such modest and virtuous company.

Several moments of firelit silence elapsed before Mildred suddenly realized that her visitor had not spoken either at the door or since he had entered the parlor. It was queer, this silence, like a third person, a stranger in the room. She looked up and was astonished. Tony had the appearance of having just finished the Marathon race. His forehead was thickly beaded with sweat. His eyes were strained and fixed upon Mildred as if he saw the goal but had not quite reached it. He was breathing rapidly, like a man nearly spent.

"Why, Tony, what is it?" exclaimed Mildred.

He continued silent, but if she could have understood she would have known that he was still footing it in her direction as fast as the legs of his courage could carry him.

"What has happened?" she demanded, now in genuine alarm. She felt rather than saw the runner, felt the tension of the last spurt of speed. And she was mystified with the strange contagion of excitement. There was a contradiction somewhere, for at this moment Tony arose very leisurely from his chair, put both hands in his pockets, humped up his shoulders, stared at the smouldering logs, then reached a foot across and kicked them meditatively. A fury of sparks flashed out into the room, and they blazed noisily with the crackling, singing sound of green hickory.

"Nothing has happened," he announced after a thrilling pause.

He had finished the race. He was there, about to fling himself at her feet. His excitement had passed. He was in for it now, as cool as a man who had nerved himself for death or for another life. It is not often given a woman to be so utterly unconscious of the presence of a lover. Usually they see them afar off. Every woman has a field glass for this purpose. Mildred's confusion arose from the fact that she had been watching for some one in a totally different direction. She sat now regarding Tony, who had faced about and stood with his back to the fire very near her. She was like a sapphire in her blue gown, inlaid with sweet red blazes, as she lifted her eyes to Tony's face.

"Mildred, can you forgive me?" he demanded with a contrition very deep and genuine.

"Forgive you what?" she asked with the preoccupied air of a woman who is tying a knot behind her where she cannot see what she is doing.

"For being so long about it!" he confessed.

"I do not understand," she murmured.

"Mildred, all these years I have loved you. That's been the one decent occupation I had, loving you."

She flushed softly, put her hand upon her heart, and continued to gaze at Tony.

She Stepped Along the Streets of Ruckersville With Cosmopolitan Indifference

"Never, I believe, did any man love any woman as I love you, Mildred. That accounts for my silence. I knew I was not fit to kiss the hem of—the hem of your—I mean I wasn't fit, don't you see!"

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and He did it—according to Genesis—in six days. But, for me, I have the faith to believe that He could have done it in the twinkling of an eye. The proof is that He can recreate a man or a woman in half a twinkling any time—a performance much more complicated and requiring more different kinds of dexterity than the modeling of a dozen planets. In this instance, when the eyes of Mildred met those of Tony both were remade, thrillingly new and filled with joys unspeakable. After all, at thirty-five it is not so much a question of this man or that maiden, but it is love in any sort of vessel. And Tony was enjoying probably for the first time in his life that peculiar and most nearly divine inspiration a man ever has, that of lying to a woman in the rhetorical vocabulary of love, and especially of confessing his sins to her in a manner to wring and tie her heart to him forever.

"Often and often I've wanted to come to you and confess everything, and ask you to strengthen me. I felt that if I could only have had your love I could have been different," he went on with a sob deep and sincere.

"Oh, why didn't you, Tony? I'd have helped you. I never suspected," she whispered. Already she had laid him in the cradle of her heart, the precious infant such a woman must always make of such a husband.

There was a low stool beside her upon which she was accustomed to set her foot when she used the knee above it for an exalted pinnacle upon which the old writing-desk rested when she wrote her verses. Tony dropped down upon it now, close to the same knee. He drew one of her hands to his lips and then sat holding it tight to his flaming cheek. At that she experienced a singular ease, which extended through all of her members to the last pinfeather of her immortal spirit. No magnetism is physical. It is always spiritual, either good or bad. Her heart hovered over him like a dove with sweetly folded wings.

"You love me?" he said as if it were too much to hope for.

"Yes!" she sighed, utterly content.

"And to think I have missed it all these years. If I had only dared to hope it, how different I might have been!" he groaned in delicious regret, lifting his face to her with the imploring-to-be-kissed look that men acquire at this moment and that all women expect.

"Mildred," he cried, "I'd never have drunk a drop if I'd ever have thought you could have kissed me!"

Each believed the other implicitly, after the manner of lovers. Neither had the sense to know that he would go on drinking now and then to the end of his days, that they would go on breaking and mending each other's hearts ever afresh, and that their love would abide the more firmly, based upon this sorrow. For love is the one plant in the garden of life that dies in the too salubrious climate of perfect grace. It must be pruned now and then with the sharp edge of grief. It must be watered with a few feminine tears to insure new spring growths.

At this moment Tony came upon the little folded slip of paper in his lady's other hand. She held it so tightly that he at once asserted a lover's right to her confidence, whether poetic or otherwise. He drew the paper from her tenderly resisting fingers.

"May I?" he asked.

She made such ado about it, only half consenting, and leaping to her feet, suffused with blushes, while turning her head away, that he felt at once the necessity of knowing her exquisite secret.

"Darling!" he whispered a moment later, rising and thrusting the precious poem into his breast and drawing her to him, "to think that you have suffered too! I could kill myself for causing you such pain. Forgive me!"

She forgave him. And she had the high air of doing it as if she forgave him for forcibly wresting from her the very scriptures of her heart as she permitted his caresses.

XX

THE advent of a Jew and of Cupid are often simultaneous in a town about to pull off its antebellum nightcap and awaken to a fresher interest in love and real estate. Jews, you will have observed, deal more exclusively in Cupid merchandise than any other salesmen.

In November of this same year a short, dark, fat man named Isaacs, who wore trousers that bagged in front but stuck tight to his legs behind, came to Ruckersville and opened a store for dry-goods only. That is to say, no molasses odor clung to his establishment. Rather it smelled of cashmere bouquet and toilet waters—a new beverage in Ruckersville. His stock was composed almost exclusively of feminine blandishments, hats, ribbons, laces and dressgoods. Cupid had been before him and created a market for these things—Cupid and Jim Bone, the latter having been largely instrumental in developing these material desires.

Never before had the women of Ruckersville moulted their summer muslins into such a variety of brilliant and expensive winter fabrics. The prosperity of any place may be judged by the extravagance of its women and the corresponding affluence of its merchants.

Mr. Solomon Isaacs was especially gifted in choosing those wares and substances that gladden the heart and charm the competitive eyes of women. Therefore, never before had the ladies of Ruckersville been so cheerful, so confidently anticipatory of the sweetheart future. Never had the married ones indulged themselves so much in what all married women have tastes for—durable things. You may always know by that one word whether the woman at the counter is married or unmarried. If she is single, she is looking for shades and effects. She is wondering how this or that will look by lamplight. But if she is a wife and mother, she leaves the mere question of shade and color to God Almighty and insists upon getting something durable. Meanwhile, there is not even a shade's difference between her extravagance and that of the maiden. If there is a merchant anywhere around to interpret their vanities and cupidities, all women become extravagant. Probably only Isaacs knew that there was no difference between Mrs. Martin, who had a passion for table linen, and Mildred Percey, except that he must exercise discretion about what he offered to each. He complimented Mrs. Martin's thrift and Mildred's artistic sense, and collected as much from the one as he did from the other.

"And to Think I Have Missed It All These Years"

But, coming back to Cupid and clothes, I say that the women were unusually happy in Ruckersville this winter and cheerfully anticipatory of the sweetheart future. Doubtless it is exactly the way a bird feels with fresh wings and tail feathers. Mildred Percey's engagement had been announced, and she was now engaged upon an epic, every stanza of which was a pink or blue wedding gown. Leonora Bell appeared completely disguised in a red tailor-made coat suit. You might have mistaken her for a pretty little pine-cone lady nearly enveloped in a bright flame. And, looking back, I have often wondered if Mary Yancey did not owe the happy ending of her long imaginary romance more to the peacock-blue frock she wore that autumn than to the last prediction of the fortune teller.

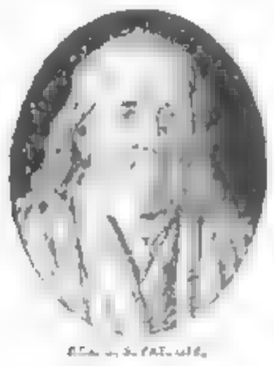
For various reasons Miss Yancey had relaxed her vigilance upon municipal affairs during the past few months. Colonel Lark, the mayor, waited in vain for some committee of the Woman's Club to appear. He began to think he would be forced to choose for himself between Miss Yancey and Miss Bell, which he would make the future Mrs. Lark; and this was a painful possibility for him to contemplate, for he was a kind-hearted man and loath to disappoint any one, least of all a charming woman. He was devoutly thankful that Mildred had been eliminated. And if custom had permitted he would gladly have asked both of the other committee belles to marry him, not that he was a person with Mormonistic tendencies, but he was endowed with a kind of universal gallantry where women were concerned. Every time he made up his mind to put on his silk hat on Sunday afternoon and step down to the Yanceys', fall upon his knees and lay his heart at Mary's feet, he was deterred by the thought of Leonora, crimping along through the lonely years, shriveling a little day by day, with no one to rescue her from the lady principalship of the Ruckersville Academy. And the vision was so pathetic that he set his hat back upon the shelf in his closet, put on his old slouch-brimmed one, and went down to Bilfire's saloon and took a drink with the boys. On the other hand, if he made up his mind, after seeing Leonora in the red tailor-made coat suit, to put on his silk hat some Saturday evening and step down to the little schoolma'am's boarding house and pour out the tale of his undying love to her, standing in eloquent relief before her parlor fireplace, he was restrained by a compassionate consideration of Mary Yancey who, so far as he knew, would thus be left without a hope in the world of ever being married. And the thought of her growing more and more angular, taking more and more interest in municipal affairs, irritating him with slimness at every turn, was so distressing that he would sigh, rub the brim of his silk hat affectionately, set it back upon the shelf in the closet, put on his other hat and go down to Bilfire's saloon, where he would pass the evening in an unusually thankful mood on account of having had the courage to remain faithful to both of his lady loves, till such a time as Providence might see fit to remove one or the other of them from the romantic map of his affections.

This happened sooner than any one could have expected. Along about Thanksgiving Day Ruckersville was engaged in the usual turkey-dressing expectations; in the usual gossip about the Jim Bone building, which had been finished inside behind closed doors and now stood ready for whatever it was intended; and in fresh speculations about the absence of Mr. Bone from the city, some holding that he was in Atlanta, closing a deal for the Broad River Power Company, others that he was known to have purchased a ticket to New York, where he was said to be completing arrangements for the opening of the Bone building. Tony Adams was the one person who professed total ignorance of his employer's whereabouts and of his business. But it was generally conceded that Tony had become a "blithering ass" since his engagement to Mildred Percey. In the Ruckersville masculine vocabulary blithering meant impudent, unwarranted assurance and conceit. Tony showed every symptom of this long-eared disease. He strutted, held his head up, answered inquiries about his own and Bone's affairs curtly, and in various ways gave signs of getting "too big for his breeches," which always makes other men hate a man and all women admire him, if he knows how to do it. So Tony had at least entered into the fine state of manhood—that is to say, he was experiencing the jealous opposition of men and the exaltation of women.

Well, I say, the town was stimulated and active with these various businesses and speculations, when suddenly the lightning from the outer world hit it in another spot. It was rumored the day before Thanksgiving that Leonora Bell had had the manuscript of her last book accepted by a New York publishing house, and that the said publishers had wired her money for traveling expenses and an invitation to come on and talk over the details of the contract. If any one was mean enough to doubt this report he had only to look at Leonora to have it confirmed. Nothing in the annals of our common life ever has surpassed or ever will surpass the sudden exaltation of the little teacher into an author with a publisher. An author without a publisher bears a singular resemblance to a person who is not an author at all. But let a man or a woman who writes get a publisher, and you are apt to see a metamorphosis that has doubtless astonished the very angels in heaven. I myself once knew a man who wrote a poem on The Watermelon, which was published in the back of an Eastern magazine. He was a simple-minded gentleman with pleasant manners, whose wife supported him by keeping boarders. But from the day when his poem appeared in type till the day of his death he was a proud stranger in our midst. He held himself sadly aloof. And if by chance he permitted himself to be drawn into company, he would take no part in conversation, but was wont to sit and gaze into abstraction or out of the window. His wife continued to support him, but with this difference—she did it with the mingled pride and humility of a lesser mortal providing for the material wants of a superior being. Leonora Bell had something of this grand air that goes with having suddenly achieved greatness. She stepped along the streets of Ruckersville with cosmopolitan indifference. The ingratiating smile with which she was wont to bow to the patrons of her school was gone. She refused to see any one. At a meeting of the Woman's Club she openly resented the claim advanced by Mrs. Fanning-Rucker that at last the work of the club would be known by its fruits. She refused to be the fruits of anything but her own endeavors. It was a fact that week after week she had read chapters from this manuscript at the club, but at the time she had felt the inadequacy of the praise bestowed and she had resented the timid criticism offered. Now that the proof of her ability was before them they wished to share her glory. She was indignant, and showed it. The members were properly cowed and they unconsciously adopted the advice of Socrates in his reference to Alcibiades: "Nurse not a lion whelp within your walls; but if there, soothe the brute." They soothed Leonora, and were as much astonished at

(Continued on Page 73)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The Presidential Outlook

WE DON'T wonder that intelligent foreign observers are confused by the political situation in the United States. Intelligent domestic observers are confused also. With the nominations less than three months off, no man can tell who the candidate of either party is going to be. The Republicans may name Taft, Roosevelt or a dark horse. On the Democratic side there are at least four clearly visible possibilities. Many years have elapsed since such uncertainty prevailed so close to the conventions. In 1890 Taft and Bryan were practically chosen by January; and Parker and Roosevelt in 1904. One goes back to 1896 to find the Democrats as much at sixes and sevens as at present, and still farther back to discover a like condition on the Republican side.

The date 1896 is significant, for that was a year of insurgency in the Democratic camp. This year insurgency is so pervasive that it is impossible for select coteries on either side to pick out the nominee beforehand. To this extent presidential politics has been rendered confusing; but, in the important matter of choosing a presidential candidate, confusing the observers is as far as insurgency has succeeded in getting.

The nominations on both sides may still be made by dickers among the leaders and may reflect not at all the wish of any party's voters. Insurgency trying to operate through political machinery that was devised for boss rule naturally produces confusing results.

Mr. Underwood as Agamemnon

LOUISIANA produces from six to seven hundred million pounds of cane sugar a year and contains less than nine thousand Republican voters out of a total population of over one million six hundred thousand. The Free Sugar Bill, therefore, is probably a pretty good campaign document. Cane sugar is very decidedly a Democratic industry. Whatever benefit the South gets from protection comes largely through the duty on sugar; and we rather admire Mr. Underwood, in the rôle of Agamemnon, sternly leading Democracy's little Miss Iphigenia Sugar Duty to the sacrificial altar—thus enabling the party to point out next summer that it was perfectly willing to take its own low-tariff medicine.

The bill is to be considered, of course, as a campaign document—for there is hardly the remotest possibility of its becoming a law.

Probably it will be taken up in the Senate for debate some time next June. When that diligent body had been in session three months it was still discussing the reciprocity treaties with England and France, which were submitted to it last summer, and the election of Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, which all the rest of the country had forgotten long ago. The Senate will certainly do nothing precipitate in tariff matters.

The income tax—disguised as excise out of deference to the Supreme Court—is bound up with the Sugar Bill. If it were likely to become a law it would be open to the objection that it ignores the best modern thought and experience in taxation. The five-thousand-dollar exemption is, of course, higher than in any other country; but an income tax should be graded, not flat—the rate rising as the income increases; it should distinguish between earned incomes and those derived from investments; and it should take into account the patent fact that a bachelor with ten thousand dollars a year is better able to contribute to the Government than a man who has a wife and children to support out of his ten thousand a year. It should, in short, be modeled upon the English income tax rather than upon our crude Civil War tax.

The End of Dreadnoughts

THE naval gentlemen, it appears, have been fooling us all along on this battleship question. They have contended that a powerful fleet was necessary—first as "insurance" against war; next to protect our coast cities in case the insurance failed to insure. The world's latest war has demonstrated the hollowness of both arguments. It was obvious, from the beginning, that possession of a powerful navy, far from insuring Italy against war, was precisely what drew her into war. If she hadn't had a large idle fleet on her hands she wouldn't have dreamed of seizing Tripoli. Having the fleet, she cannot use it effectively without bringing herself into disrepute. This is shown by European and American comments upon the bombardment of Beirut.

Italy was within her rights in attacking the war vessels there; but her attack upon the defenseless town itself is generally criticised. It follows that the best way to protect a seacoast town from bombardment is to have no warships there, in order that no one can have any passable excuse for firing upon it.

The crowning absurdity is that, though Europe is gradually bankrupting herself to maintain and augment enormous armaments, humane opinion is steadily restricting their use. The world has far more rifles than ever before, but they must shoot only clean steel bullets that will make a neat, sanitary and comfortable wound. As fleets and guns grow bigger and bigger, the number of objects upon which they are permitted to fire is steadily reduced. Already, generally speaking, commercial ships are quite safe from them. Probably, following the Beirut affair, coast cities not guarded by warships will hereafter be quite safe.

By the next time war occurs, probably we shall see super-dreadnoughts anxiously scouring the seas for months in search of something at which public opinion will permit them to shoot.

Rattling the Fathers' Bones

SOMEWHERE in the correspondence of Thomas Jefferson appears a phrase like this: "That old scoundrel, Coke." Yet the great father of American Democracy didn't really regard the great-grandfather of English common law as a scoundrel. He wrote as a youthful law student who wished very much to attend a ball, but was compelled by a pending examination to spend the evening over the immortal but exceedingly dry works of Coke instead.

We write in defense of Jefferson and all the Fathers, severally and collectively, against the unconscionable assaults that will be made upon them between now and the first Tuesday in November. It ought to be understood, once for all, that quotations can be drawn from the Fathers in support of or opposition to any possible political issue of today. It should also be thoroughly understood that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the quotation has no relevancy whatever as suggesting what the given Father would think about the given proposition if it were presented to him under the conditions of this year of grace. Lincoln undoubtedly made a good point by quoting the Fathers in his Cooper Union Speech before the Civil War. We do not recall at the moment that they have ever been relevantly or effectively quoted upon any current political question since then. When anybody begins lugging in the Fathers it is strong presumptive evidence that he has no real arguments.

With regard to calling them in evidence on current issues, the Fathers might well wish that their literary remains bore Shakspere's epitaph.

Politics in Cuba

CUBA also has a presidential campaign. There are the Conservatives and the Liberals. There is also a warm, extensive and diversified conflict within the Liberal party. There is the rather formidable National Veterans' Association, representing those who served in the war of independence, which is headed by General Nuñez. He remarks concerning President Gomez' administration that it "scarcely lets a day pass without scandalizing public opinion." Finally, and most disturbing of all apparently, there is the Independent Party of Color, headed by General Everisto Estenoz, "the eminent negro military statistician to whom the world is indebted for knowledge that men of the negro race constituted eighty-five per cent of Cuba's armies in all her wars for independence."

Some time ago General Estenoz was locked up for observing that men of his race took up arms against Palma because they were excluded from the jobs, and would do so again if the exclusion continued. More recently the government issued an order forbidding negroes to hold political meetings under the auspices of the Independent Party of Color. Great clamor forced a modification of this order, so the colored party may hold meetings provided a government official is present to see that the speeches are not of a revolutionary character. When Secretary Knox was approaching Cuba reputable newspapers reported that the government had decided to stow General Estenoz safely in jail during the secretary's visit, to make quite sure that his intention of calling upon the head of our State Department should not be carried out.

Nobody seems to know how to deal with this specter of an Independent Party of Color except by locking it up. It is entirely impracticable to deal with the specter of a Veterans' Association in that manner. Each of these specters contains possibilities of trouble; but there is another specter—that of American intervention—which tends powerfully to preserve the peace.

Who are "The Interests?"

THERE are two quite prevalent views of the situation in the United States. According to one, the only trouble with the country is politics. According to the other, nothing ails us as a nation except "the interests." What caused the panic of 1907? Why didn't business expand in 1911 as in some former years? Why has money been scandalously cheap in New York for a long while? Why was winter unusually severe? The reason—if you ask Wall Street—is just politics.

On the other hand, why is cotton lower than for several years? Why are many people poor? Why does government in the United States run like an automobile with cracked cylinder heads, which is driven by a cross-eyed man who is intoxicated? The answer—if you will take it from a large number of more or less eminent publicists—is just "the interests."

Possibly, if we could get politics and "the interests" trussed up together, tow them out to sea and sink them, the country's troubles would be over. The impossibility of doing that in the case of politics is generally recognized, for a tremendous number of us—from Mr. Taft down to the village marshal—are in politics. It is not so generally recognized that a tremendous number of us are in "the interests" too—from Mr. Morgan down to the village shaver of notes.

If you have any doubt about the dispersedness of "the interests" drop off at the first town you come to and ask the president of a local public service company what he did to defeat the bill for a public-utilities commission.

This explanation seems necessary because a good many uninformed or disingenuous persons are fostering a delusive hope that they will get "the interests" located and chase them out of the country. There would be a staggering slump in the population if they did. If "the interests" means anything it means organized greed. Whoever talks about that as though it could be cured by squelching a few opulent persons talks nonsense.

The Hand of Diaz

PROBABLY one Porfirio Diaz has not been without consolation in his Spanish exile this spring. His aged hand casts a huge shadow upon the land that finally rejected him. It was he who, by guaranteeing tranquillity and offering good profits, brought in the immense amounts of foreign capital that played so large a part in making modern Mexico.

Under his régime, Mexican stocks and bonds became well known in Wall Street and on European bourses; numberless individual ventures were made in Mexican mines and plantations. Without a régime as stable and as anxious for industrial development as his, the foreign investments would never have been made.

Diaz is gone; but the foreign capital remains and probably makes it impossible that a state of acute disorder should continue very long in the republic. Too many American, English and German interests would be imperiled; the pressure from investors for protection would be too great. It is all very well for this or any other government to warn its citizens away from Mexico. A government cannot warn away hundreds of millions of dollars of its citizens' capital that are already invested in that country.

If there were no large investments the people of Mexico might be permitted to indulge their taste for revolution indefinitely; but the foreign money will be crying for stable government. Whether it will long cry in vain, if acute disorder prevails, is very doubtful. The Diaz régime may have brought on one revolution, but it tended strongly to make chronic revolution impossible. With nations, as with states, the best way to make one take a lively interest in you is to get in debt to him for a large amount. Diaz put Mexico in that position.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Lightning Conductor

MYRON T. HERRICK—at a rough guess, the T stands for Timothy, though it might stand for Trader and not be far wrong at that—has recently been sent as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to our sister but not sisterly republic, La Belle France, as we say with the second helping of the wine of the country—this country—at the *table d'hôte*.

With no ulterior motive in view except the preservation of the historical verities and the deduction of suitable moral lessons therefrom, and with no intention of rattling the skeleton unduly, I may say that in his youth Mr. Herrick was for a time a lightning-rod agent, and on another occasion endeavored to bring joy to the horny-handed tillers of the soil in his native state, Ohio, by selling them, at a remarkably low price, melodious and efficient dinner bells, whereby the hornier-handed daughters of toil, who did the cooking, might summon their liege lords—and the hired men—to their fried pork.

When we review the life and activities of this new ambassador the exceeding truth of the adage that the tree inclines as the twig is bent is forced again upon us; likewise the symbolism of it all. The ambassador dealt in lightning rods; and he himself has had one up ever since, knowing full well, no doubt, their value and capabilities. He purveyed dinner bells and became impressed with the exceeding utility of those household instruments, for he has never failed to respond to the call of one since that time, whether dingdonged to urge to a meal or clanged to summon to a feast of commerce, like the formation of the National Carbon Company, for example, which manufactures a mere smattering of all the carbons used in this country—not more than ninety-five per cent, say.

The combination is as irresistible as it is symbolic. If you have your lightning rod up, and can always distinguish the dinging of the dinner bell from the clangor of other and more utilitarian bells of this latter-day civilization—such as gongs on the street cars and ambulances—you may yourself come to be an ambassador, which is a business, as has been pointed out in Congress, that does not require so much diplomacy as it requires large and luxuriant wads of dollars—dollar diplomacy, you understand; if you haven't the dollars you needn't come round. A rich man might make a poor diplomatist; but a poor man cannot make any kind of a diplomatist at all. This is a sad commentary on our system of government, but it gives a lot of congressional orators a chance to talk; so it may be just as well.

However, when it comes to that phase of it, Myron T. Herrick is upholstered with money thickly enough to allow him to be all the ambassador we have at once if he wanted to. You see, that middle T in his name really does stand for Trader, whether Myron stands for it or not. The ambassador is a trader. If he ever sold anything for less than he paid for it they haven't found it out in Cleveland or New York, or in other marts of trade where he has traded. He wasn't any great shakes as a politician, and history will allude to him presently, in such manner as history sees fit, as an ambassador; but there is no misunderstanding in any quarter as to his ability as a business man. Every time in the past thirty years a chunk of money made a parade up the main street of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Herrick went out and roped it, and brought it in. Likewise he knew the hiding-places of most of the legal tender in that vicinity, and brought that in too.

A Perfect Business Policy

HE NEVER committed the gross error of buying at the top and selling at the bottom. His policy has been to buy in the subcellar and sell on the roof. Most men of big financial affairs have made big mistakes. When you come to tot up Myron T. Herrick's financial undertakings you leave the mistake column almost entirely blank. After he had finished his schooling he went to Cleveland, fortified with his lightning-rod and dinner-bell experience and some other experiences along similar lines. He had tried his hand at newspapering, and had traveled in the Southwest and written letters for a St. Louis paper. Still, it didn't take him long to discover that good old stuff about the piffling rewards of literature, and he eventually took up the study of law in Cleveland. Nor did the law appeal to him as a lucrative pursuit. He was temperamentally a financier; so he bought, with two others, a chunk of real estate and sold it soon afterward at one hundred thousand dollars profit. This decided him. He concluded he was cut out for a business man—and he was absolutely right.

He expanded, making money every time he let out a notch. Presently he turned to banking. He was but thirty-two at the time and had a good-sized fortune; and he was elected secretary and treasurer of the Society for Savings, of Cleveland. He made that bank one of the greatest of its kind in the country. While he was doing that he was branching out in all directions—in manufacturing, in merchandising, in railroading, in real estate, in electric lighting; in all sorts of money-making enterprises. He was a trader—and is. He became president of the bank. He was a power in the community. He was a rich man. And he was a great factor in the tremendous development of Cleveland.

Naturally they lighted on him in politics. He had political advantages that were not to be overlooked, including money. In 1885 he was elected a city councilman and served two terms. Then he took an interest in national politics, was variously a delegate to Republican national conventions, and was named as elector. He was a warm friend of William McKinley, coöperated with Mark Hanna, who also lived in Cleveland, in the McKinley nominations, and remained McKinley's close friend until his death. President McKinley offered Herrick the Secretaryship of the Treasury and also offered to make him Ambassador to Italy. The lightning rod was still up, but these flashes were not attracted by it.

The right flash came in 1903. McKinley and Hanna sent a gubernatorial bolt his way, and the rod gathered it in and diffused the electricity through Herrick. He took the nomination, ran against Tom Johnson and was elected. Hanna was running for reëlection as senator at the same time and the campaign was a lively one. Herrick went to Columbus and was inaugurated as governor early in 1904. There was an elaborate program of exercises, as befitted the induction of so distinguished a business man into the executive office of the great state of Ohio.

A politician may be a business man, but few business men are politicians. Governor Herrick was glad to be governor. He had an idea that what he had to do was to rise in the morning, read his papers, get his breakfast and then go down to the Capitol and govern. He soon discovered his mistake. What was expected of him was to perform such matutinal duties as he saw fit and then go down to the Capitol and be governed. This did not accord with Herrick ideas; so it wasn't long before he was all tangled up with the liquor question and the horse-racing question concerning which he had business but not political ideas; and he didn't have a bit of fun.

He was renominated; but in Ohio, as elsewhere, when a man gets tangled in the liquor question he always gets the worst of it, no matter what stand he takes. Also, when this question is complicated with others he has hard sledding. That is what M. T. Herrick had—hard sledding; and William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, didn't help the slipping any when he went out to Akron and advised all and sundry to vote against the ticket nominated by his erstwhile old friend of Cincinnati, George B. Cox, which was the ticket headed by none other than Herrick.

The Ohio folks paid a good deal of attention to what Secretary Taft said—more than they have paid since, by the way—but they took it all out on Herrick; for they beat him for governor and elected the other men who were running on the ticket with him—not gaining much, by the same token, for Governor Pattison, who defeated Herrick, lived only a short time, and the Republican lieutenant-governor became governor.

After this defeat Governor Herrick returned to business. His commanding financial ability was utilized in the panic of 1907. He engaged in many large enterprises. He spent much of his time in New York and was held to be one of the great bankers of the country. For a year or two he has gradually been withdrawing from business; and now, at the age of fifty-eight, he has taken an ambassadorship. There was a quiver or two of the lightning rod when Mr. Taft became President. The rod was ready for some Secretary-of-the-Treasury lightning, but it didn't flash. However, he will be a good ambassador. He is able, affable, an excellent speaker, a most agreeable host, and—this is important—he has the price multitudinously.

Secretary Taft Helped Defeat Him but President Taft Made Him an Ambassador

Forum Versus Pulpit

CARDINAL GIBBONS and the late Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware—then in the Senate—were discussing the comparative values of forensic and pulpit oratory.

"You preachers have the advantage," said Bayard. "It is disheartening sometimes to make a speech in the Senate and, when you are putting your whole soul into it, notice some of the other senators reading newspapers and some of them writing letters, and not many paying attention to what you are saying. Then, too, you are constantly interrupted and harassed and contradicted, whereas a minister is allowed to talk without interruption and his words are listened to with respect."

"Perhaps," said the Cardinal, "one reason for that is because the ministers are supposed to be telling the truth!"

A Modest Request

JAMES B. REYNOLDS, of the Tariff Board, was an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury before he became a member of the organization that wrestled so long with Schedule K. Mr. Reynolds was in charge of customs when he was in the Treasury Department.

A time ago, just when the Tariff Board was in the terrific throes of closing up its report on wool and the cost of the production of wool at home and abroad, and the five members were working practically all the time, wrestling with miles of figures and yards of tabulation and other distractions, Mr. Reynolds received a letter from a member of a debating society in a Western College, addressed to him as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The letter read: "Dear Sir: Our debating society is to have a debate on this subject: Resolved that the Tariff Board is not doing its duty and is an unnecessary expense and should be subject to the recall.

"Now, Mr. Reynolds, I am on the affirmative on this debate and wish you would send me a list of snappy arguments to show that the Tariff Board is wasting the Government's money, is no good and should be recalled. I shall be very grateful."

Practical Politics

TWO negroes visited a Wisconsin Democratic campaign headquarters and desired to know if they could do anything for the cause. Though they were Republican on national issues, they felt that here was a time when they were impelled by every sense of right and justice to turn in for the Democratic candidate.

The state chairman, being a man of few words, said:

"Oh, chop that! How much do you want?"

"'Deed, suh ——" protested one of the negroes.

"Come on, now!" snorted the chairman, being a practical man. "How much is it? What is your price? Haven't you talked that over?"

"Yas, suh. Now that you come to 'lude to it, we did talk it over comin' up."

"How much is it?"

"Well, suh, we decided we could work for this ticket for a maximum of four hundred and fifty dollars or a minimum of two hundred dollars!"

MEMOIRS OF A MUSICIAN

The Birth of Popular Music in America

By RUDOLPH ARONSON

I HAD my first opportunity to see the world in New York City on April 8, 1856. I am credibly informed that aside from those directly interested in the affair my arrival caused no unusual excitement. Despite this rather quiet reception I remained in New York, and at the age of six began my studies by learning to play on the piano. My music teacher, Leopold Meyer, discovering in me a strong preference for music, persuaded my indulgent parents to prepare me for a musical career, and in pursuance of this I received instruction on the violin and in the theory of music. Following the great Boston Peace Jubilee, organized by Bandmaster P. S. Gilmore, with a constellation of musical stars from all over the world, Herr Johann Strauss, the Viennese waltz king, was engaged to conduct his own compositions at three Philharmonic Society concerts in the New York Academy of Music, at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. The Philharmonic orchestra of one hundred musicians was under the direction of Carl Bergmann, with Leopold Meyer, my teacher, as concertmaster. In company with my brother Joseph I attended the first of these concerts on July 8, 1870, being then a youngster of fourteen. The waltz king stepped on the little platform in front of the orchestra, violin in hand, amid thunders of applause, and conducted his Artist's Life Waltz in his own inimitable manner, at times himself playing the violin.

During the second number of this most popular creation the waltz king showed that, notwithstanding the divine inspiration he possessed, he was subject to the commonplace accidents of ordinary humanity, for he slipped from the little platform on which he stood and smashed his violin. Without hesitation and showing little indication of undue haste, he seized a violin from the concertmaster, and losing only eight bars continued Artist's Life amid an outburst of enthusiasm from the audience such as I have never elsewhere heard. The audience realized that the master's inspiration extended even to the accidents in music. I consider it an honor to record that the magnetism of that genius of dance music overwhelmed me. His irresistible ease in conducting filled me with enthusiasm, and was the foundation stone on which I built my musical career.

At the age of sixteen I disclosed a talent for composition, and it is with the keenest satisfaction that my memory goes back to the presentation of my first waltz, Arcadian, at the Arcadian Club, New York. Upon that occasion the good-natured Albert Weber, Sr., turned the pages of my composition for me, spoke encouraging words and helped me to win my first success. This waltz was immediately published, and on September 7, 1873, was publicly played for the first time by Theodore Thomas' orchestra at the

Rudolph Aronson at the Age of Eighteen When a Student in Paris

Central Park Garden, Seventh Avenue and Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Streets. The favorable manner in which this waltz was received by the audience encouraged me to go to Europe for further instruction. Accordingly I left New York shortly after the death of my mother in the following year, accompanied by my three sisters, who have always been my devoted companions.

Arriving in Paris early in 1874, I at once sought Professor Emile Durand, of the Conservatoire National, as he had been highly spoken of to me as a most finished and capable musical instructor. I became one of his pupils, and for three years followed attentively a course of studies in harmony, counterpoint, instrumentation and composition. During my residence in Paris I attended most of the concerts at the Conservatoire, at the Cirque d'Hiver, at the Grand Opéra and at the theaters. Naturally I was present at the first Wagner Festival at Bayreuth in August, 1876. I was one of the six New Yorkers at that historical event, the other five being Dr. Leopold Damrosch, F. Korbay, L. Dachauer, Fred Schwab, of the New York Times, and John P. Jackson, of the New York Herald, who afterward translated into English several of Wagner's works.

Franz Liszt

A Kaiser's Tribute to Two Composers

THE crowd of visitors at Bayreuth was so large on this occasion that hotels were filled beyond their comfortable capacity, and the people stopped sending busses to the railroad station for new guests. I was one of the victims of this overcrowding, and with my friend, John P. Jackson, tramped the streets until we found in a private house a large room containing six beds. We engaged two of these beds at a fabulous price, so fabulous that the rental of the entire six beds probably paid off any mortgages that may have then existed against the property. On the following night after the Wagner performance I aided Jackson in preparing his criticism on the work. That the cable might be retained until we had completed our review and his paper thus receive the first news in America of this great event, Jackson gave the operator a few hundred meaningless words to send over and we rushed the preparation of our message. The result of this clever and expensive expedient was that the newspaper scored a beat in its notice of the greatest musical event of the century.

In honor of the grand event Bayreuth was adorned in a lavish and artistic manner. It offered an artistic tribute impulsively paid to the most illustrious art triumph of modern times. In the American Register, of Paris, August 19, 1876, I wrote of this interesting festival as follows:

"Bayreuth is magnificently draped with banners, emblems, and so forth, and from one end of the city to the other the German colors are visible. The trains bring in hundreds who are unable to obtain accommodations in the hotels and are compelled to find lodgings in the neighboring villages. The Emperor of Germany arrived last evening and was received by the populace; some two thousand men took part in a *Fackelzug* arranged in his honor, the band played Wagner's Kaiser March, the Prussian anthem and a *Fackeltanz*, after which the crowd dispersed. The streets are literally packed with people, and in passing some of the private residences strains from Die Walküre and Götterdammerung are heard.

"The performance of Rheingold should have begun at five o'clock on Sunday evening, but was postponed until seven o'clock. Between these hours thousands were strolling in the direction of the theater. About seven o'clock the German Kaiser arrived and was ushered into the prince's loge amid the greatest enthusiasm. In a few moments the fifteen hundred seats of the auditorium were occupied and almost immediately eight or ten trumpeters—stationed in an opening in the amphitheater—by the playing of a few measures of the principal motive of Rheingold announced the beginning of the evening's performance."

It was my good fortune during the first Wagner festival to have a seat directly behind that of the master himself, and this gave me an opportunity to see how intently he followed every movement on the stage and in the orchestra. He was a little, wiry, nervous man, and just before the conclusion of each act he would spring to his feet, rush behind the scenes to consult with the artists, superintend the settings, and then appear before the curtain to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience. As the curtain arose for the next act he would quietly resume his seat.

A casual happening that I chanced to witness marked Franz Liszt as the next person of consequence to Wagner himself in Bayreuth at that time. Liszt was passing the hotel where the Emperor of Germany was stopping, and His Majesty, on the veranda, recognized the famous "Abbé Pianist" and saluted him first, an honor rarely conferred upon an artist. In this instance it showed the positive reverence in which Liszt was held by even an emperor. Another evidence of reverence to art and talent was given at the banquet after the completion of the first Bayreuth festival. Wagner, seated at a table with the artists of the Ring of the Nibelungen, Franz Liszt, Hans Richter, conductor, and August Wilhelmj, concertmaster, was commanded to step over to the table of the Emperor of Germany and his guests and to be seated with them. This marked courtesy, however, Wagner declined, explaining that he must preside over his own table.

Richard Wagner

After the Bayreuth festival I returned to Paris and resumed my studies under Professor Durand, devoting my spare hours to composition, attending musical performances or similar and improving diversions. A grand concert was announced for October 29, 1876, to be given at the Cirque d'Hiver, with the famous Pasdeloup as director. In the course of the concert M. Pasdeloup introduced Siegfried's Death March from Wagner's Nibelungen. The anti-German feeling in France at that time was so intense, the hatred for all things German was so deep-seated in the French heart, that the beginning of the Death March was likewise the beginning of a most disgraceful scene.

Before the march was reached loud outcries began, outcries of "*A bas la musique de l'avenir! A la porte Wagner!*" and so boisterous and so persistent were these unmanly cries that many in the vast audience left the hall, evidently fearing more violent demonstrations from the riotous element. Some gentlemen arose and declared the manifestation ridiculous, coming, as it did, before the march had been heard. This seemed to quiet the tumult sufficiently for the march to be played, but even its magnificent passages could not soften the rancor in the French heart, inasmuch as the whistling, hooting, stamping and yelling recommenced and the turmoil was even increased. Monsieur Pasdeloup nearly broke his baton, vainly endeavoring to regain order. He tried to speak to the audience, but was not permitted to get beyond "*Mesdames, Messieurs! Respectez les exécutants, l'art, la musique!*"

After many efforts Monsieur Pasdeloup succeeded in giving an interrupted rendition of Weber's beautiful overture to Der Freischütz, and it was accompanied, as it had never been before and has not been since, by the maledictions of three thousand angered hearers, who shouted at its conclusion: "*A bas Pasdeloup!*" The entire scene was one not soon to be forgotten.

The Opéra ball, attended by me in January, 1877, is worthy of notice because an innovation was made in it that season. Hundreds of gas-jets illumined the magnificent building wherein the ball is held, and the brilliancy thus produced can hardly be surpassed by modern electricity. In previous years candles had been used, and the sputtering, dripping wax was so profuse as to remind me of a snowfall. The dissatisfaction caused thereby was great, and particularly vehement among the numerous persons whose costumes were injured. Over one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs were taken for tickets, and the estimate was made that upward of seven thousand persons attended the ball. This was not difficult to believe, for the mass was so dense as to give little opportunity to those who wished to indulge in dancing.

The King of the Waltz and the King of Beasts

ON THE occasion of this Opéra ball I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with both conductors, Monsieur Olivier Metra, idolized by Paris as composer of Les Roses and La Vogue waltzes, and Herr Johann Strauss, who had just arrived in the city. Herr Strauss expressed to me his fear that, judging from the last rehearsal, the orchestra would not perform his works properly, and he gave me reason to believe that he thought a prejudice existed against him as it did against Wagner. He assured me he was *sehr zufrieden* with the rendition of his works in New York and Boston, but added that, although his stay in those cities was pleasant, he would never again attempt to cross the ocean. After a few moments' further

Massenet, the Composer of Manon

conversation he uttered a hearty *auf wiedersehen* and ascended the orchestra platform, where he conducted his superb waltz, Wine, Woman and Song, to be rewarded by the unrestrained plaudits of the vast audience.

In February, 1877, I attended in Paris the first representation of Camille Saint-Saëns' Le Timbre d'Argent, given at the Théâtre Lyrique. Monsieur Saint-Saëns had a flattering audience, as it embraced many famous composers and other talented persons well known to the Paris world. Among the composers of eminence I noted Charles Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Anton Rubinstein, Jules Massenet, Victor Massé, Ernest Reyer, Victorien Joncieres, Paladilhe Duvernoy and Guiraud.

The opera was not warmly received. The libretto seemed to be a mixture of La Muette de Portici and Faust, and the music was unworthy the composer of those marvelous symphonic poems which are played wherever classical music is appreciated, establishing for Saint-Saëns a reputation surpassed by few living musicians.

In April of that year I witnessed the first performance of Gounod's Cinq-Mars at the Paris Opéra Comique. The intention had originally been to present the opera *le cinq mars*—March fifth. I also dwell with much pleasure on my attendance in 1877 at an early production of Bizet's Carmen, given at the Paris Opéra Comique with Galli Marié in the title rôle. My written comments on the performance at that time may be of interest now.

"Monsieur Bizet deserves much praise for the masterly instrumentation of Carmen throughout, and although at times a little heavy or Wagnerian it is pleasing to the ear. . . . The excellence of this work will soon place Monsieur Bizet in the very first rank of the rising young composers of France. There is hardly a doubt that Carmen will meet with success in New York."

In May, having completed my studies in Paris, I left that beautiful city for my home in New York. Soon after my arrival there Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the famous bandmaster, honored me by placing on the program of his first concert for the season my new waltz, Return from Abroad, and at subsequent concerts my Washington, Triomphale and Victory marches, the first composed for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, 1876.

When I had completed some orchestral works upon which I had been engaged during the summer months I was persuaded by overenthusiastic friends to lease for Sunday evenings the Madison Square Garden—then known as Gilmore's Garden—from Sheridan Shook and Edward G. Gilmore, its managers. At that time the Barnum Circus was performing there during the week, but the managers of the circus promised to move the animals' cages so as to avoid a noise during my intended concerts. For this purpose about one-third of the Garden was screened off and my orchestra stand was placed in front of the improvised screen.

When I began the music there came at an opportune moment, as though the animals had been trained for it, an outburst from lions, elephants, tigers, hyenas and the other varieties of wild creatures. This added much realism to the number on the program first greeted by the roars, which chanced to be Kontski's Awakening of the Lion. As I had also included Strauss' Sounds from the Vienna Woods and Litolff's Robespierre Overture, the savage addition was not unpleasant.

This accompaniment convinced me that environment was one of the essentials for proper concert entertainments, and so firmly did this conviction take hold of me that the following year it led me to the organization of the Metropolitan Concert Company, with the valued coöperation of Messrs. Charles Lanier, Jesse Seligman, and other prominent citizens, and to the construction in 1880 of the Metropolitan Concert Hall. At this hall were given concerts of a popular order, with an orchestra of fifty selected musicians under my conductorship.

How the People First Took to the Roof

THE building had been designed by Mr. George B. Post and was modeled somewhat after the concert resorts in Vienna and Berlin. The raised orchestra platform faced the orchestra seats, of which there were about eight hundred; in the balcony were boxes only. Refreshments were served from the excellent French restaurant situated over the orchestra platform. A novelty, however, was a sliding roof in the center of the roof proper, and encircling this sliding portion was a promenade that made a pleasant summer and winter resort at reasonable prices. The building was sufficiently large to accommodate, all told, over three thousand persons.

In July, 1880, at the Metropolitan Concert Hall, I revived with much success some of the most popular compositions of Paul Jullien, who captivated his audiences at the Old Castle Garden in New York in 1854. It was at this time, too, that I composed my Sweet Sixteen Waltz for the famous cornet virtuoso, Jules Levy.

After I had conducted one hundred and fifty consecutive concerts there, Mr. Theodore Thomas for three weeks followed me as conductor of the orchestra. About this time I evolved the plan of building The Casino, which should have the first real roof garden in the world. This idea was entirely original with me.

Johann Strauss

The First Roof Garden

Madame Thee as She Appeared in 1882

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Spurred on by my brothers Edward and Albert and urged by a restless but clearly defined ambition, I prepared again to visit Europe and sought in my brain for a new musical idea. I had the personal satisfaction of knowing that my single-handed, strenuous efforts had raised the Metropolitan Concert Hall to an honored position, being, as the papers kindly said, one of the finest concert halls ever built. When I finally sailed in February, 1881, I had no thought that the hall would become an ice-skating rink, a quasi theater, and then be demolished to make place for the Broadway Theater, which now stands on that site.

The basis of the prompting that led me now to visit Europe was a desire to create in New York a place of amusement that should be a distinct improvement on the Metropolitan Concert Hall. With the hope of finding a suggestion I might utilize, I visited many of the cities of the Old World, and gathered from Krolls Garten in Berlin, from Volks Garten in Vienna and from Frascati's in Paris a multitude of suggestions which later I was able to use to advantage. One evening, returning to my lodgings after a concert at Frascati's, I considered whether such a resort would meet with success in New York. While the inquiring thought occupied my mind I recalled frequent visits during my student days in Paris to the Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar on the Champs Elysées, where each summer I had enjoyed so many delightful open-air entertainments with refreshments served *al fresco*. But a realization of the enormous price of land on Broadway showed me the futility of attempting to replant the Champs Elysées gardens to a central part of New York.

To the realization of this financial obstruction I believe may have been due my greater thought, for at once came to me the question: Why not utilize for garden purposes the roof of the building I hope to erect, and thus escape the enormous cost of valuable ground space? Already had I christened it in my mind the Roof Garden, and I could mentally see an adornment of plants and shrubbery and fountains. I imagined concerts and other entertainments being given there, refreshments being served—in other words, I mentally transported the Ambassadeurs from the ground floor of the Champs Elysées in Paris to the roof of a building on Broadway in New York.

The Birth of the Casino

I discussed the matter with Johann and Edward Strauss. During my visit to them the latter most courteously invited me to attend a special rehearsal of his orchestra and instructed me in the proper interpretation of the Strauss repertoire. On this occasion I heard for the first time Johann Strauss' piece, The Queen's Lace Handkerchief, with which I was immensely pleased.

After leaving Vienna I paid a flying visit to Herr Joseph Gungl, the veteran composer, at Hamburg, and he quite surprised me with the information that in 1848 he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean with an orchestra of thirty-six men, and had given several concerts at the Astor Place Opera House in New York. Later he visited other cities in the United States and intended going to California, but was prevented by the sudden decamping of eighteen or twenty members of his orchestra. This curtailment of his musical talent compelled his early return to Europe in 1849. Herr Gungl called his daughter Die Amerikanerin because, though she was but six months old when he took her with him to the United States, she had, he declared, inhaled some of its free ideas even at that age. This lady has since become, as Madame Naumann, a famous vocalist in Germany.

With the roof-garden idea safely secreted in my mind, and considered by me as an addition to the construction of a theater, concert hall, ballroom, reading room and restaurant, all in one building, I sailed for New York after a limited stop in Europe—limited in time, but particularly rich in the new ideas it had implanted for future development.

In April, 1881, I began earnestly the task of raising capital to construct my projected building. I suggested to a number of public-spirited and wealthy New Yorkers the plan of establishing in the city a thoroughly European casino, with several novel features introduced. This suggestion received such encouragement that I undertook at once the formation of The New

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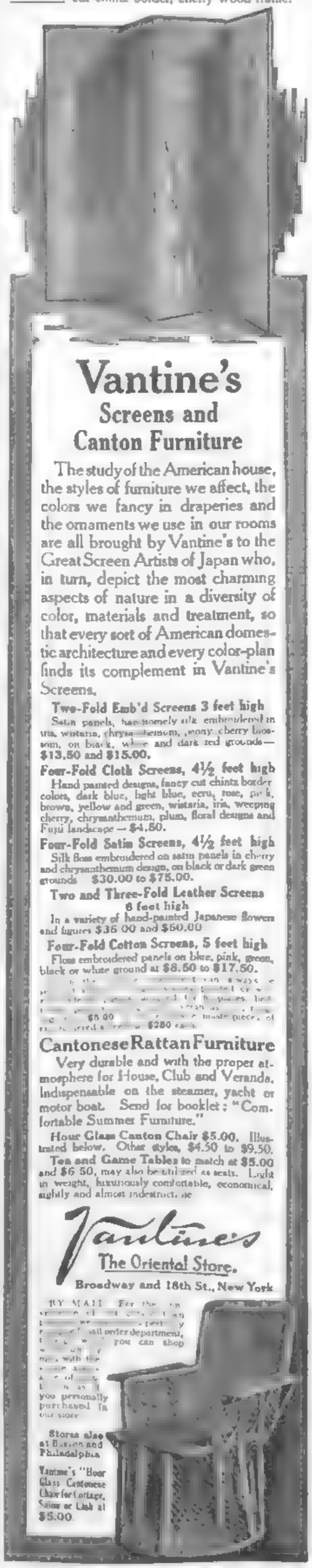

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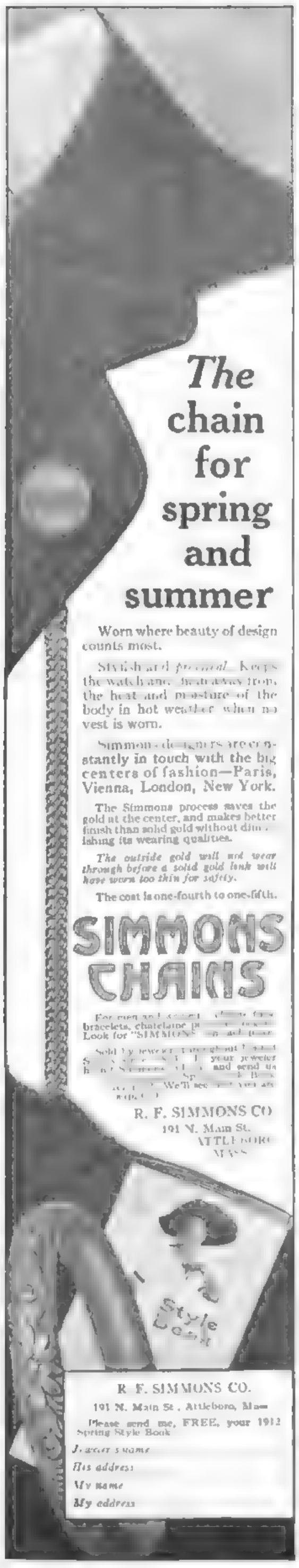
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York Casino Company, and its completion meant strenuous and persistent work on my part. During six months I worked unceasingly at this, and personally interviewed at least two thousand men, finally succeeding in securing over three hundred thousand dollars for the enterprise.

The popularity of the Newport Casino, at that time the most fashionable place in the country, suggested to me the name Casino for my new building, and while I was soliciting subscribers the architects were at work on the plans. The planning of the building went smoothly until I broached my idea for a roof garden. Upon this declaration the architects, metaphorically speaking, threw up their hands, declaring that such an absurdity could not be. No roof could be made that would sustain a crowd, and if it were tried the people would fall through to the cellar. They concluded their horrible warnings by saying:

"How do you expect to carry fifteen hundred persons on the roof of a building? Consider the tremendous weight!"

"Suppose you built, say, five additional stories over the contemplated building," I answered. "Would not the weight be as great as that of the proposed roof garden and its audience?"

They answered negatively, explaining that in the former case the weight would be divided and in the latter concentrated. But I persisted, perhaps because I knew nothing of architecture and its limitations. I went so far as to say that I was resolved to have a roof garden, and if I could not have a roof garden I should want no building. I finally persuaded the architects to give the matter further consideration, and when I saw them again, forty-eight hours later, they told me a way had been found to meet all the difficulties. They had devised a way of strengthening the foundations as much as possible and using extra heavy girders.

With this I was satisfied, and in December, 1881, ground was broken for the building of the Casino. My intention was not to devote the Casino exclusively to operetta performances and concerts, but to make its uses more extended.

The Services of Gounod

Having raised, as I thought, sufficient money for all purposes, and the architects having the plans for construction well in hand, I sailed for Europe in January, 1882, in quest of attractions for my new enterprise. I again visited Herr Johann Strauss in Vienna, and made him a fine offer to direct with his orchestra a season of popular concerts at the Casino in New York. But the waltz king had positively resolved never again to cross the ocean, the memory of severe seasickness endured on his one trip being sufficient to deter him. Sadly disappointed in this failure, I went to Paris, hoping there to find the composer I should consider worthy of presiding at the opening of my Casino.

At that time the reigning dance-music favorite as writer and conductor was Monsieur Emile Waldteufel, who was a jolly, middle-aged gentleman and a delightful companion. During a luncheon with me Monsieur Waldteufel regretfully declined my invitation that he and his orchestra open the Casino. His declination, he assured me, was solely due to his engagements in Paris, and the character of these engagements showed me he could not do other than decline.

Undaunted by my double disappointment, I visited the illustrious master of beautiful music, Charles Gounod, in his artistically appointed apartment on the Boulevard Malesherbes. It was early in the forenoon when I called and, as it was Monsieur Gounod's custom to exercise in fencing at the hour I had selected, I found him sheathed in a leather costume and with a foil in his hand. Plunging at once into the purpose of my visit, I said:

"*Maître*, I desire you as the greatest French composer to write an Inauguration March for the Casino now in course of construction in New York, the city where your Faust, Romeo and Juliette and many of your other works have met with such magnificent success."

"That is a little out of my line," he replied, "but let me consider and I will communicate with you."

In the course of the following day his letter came, offering to write a grand march for orchestra and chorus for the sum of fifty thousand francs—ten thousand

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A large office building in Ohio, a short time ago, presented an unusually good opportunity to prove out the difference in varnish quality. The first story was completed a year before the rest of the building. Four different varnishes were used in competitive test on this first floor—the result to show which would be used on the rest of the building. An ideal test: same conditions, same painters—everything equal, except the varnishes themselves. The result put Berry Brothers' "Liquid Granite" on the rest of the floors a year later—300 gallons of it—purchased because it was *best*, not on account of what it cost.

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They should point you to the fact that there's a wide difference in varnishes.

And that you *can* afford to use the best.

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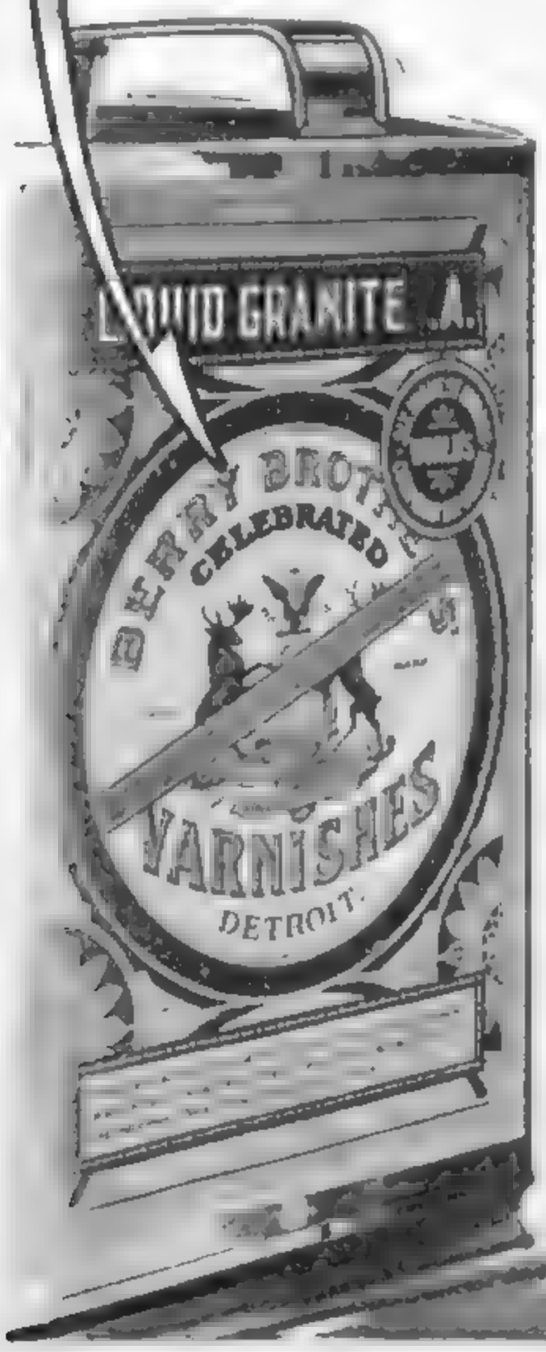

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dollars. This offer, however, was declined by the directors of my company.

It was upon this visit to Paris that I had the great pleasure of meeting another master, the distinguished composer, Monsieur Jules Massenet. My meeting with him was at the Grand Opera when one of his own masterpieces, Le Roi de Lahore, was being performed. In the course of our conversation I said to him:

"Do you know, *maître*, that your works are immensely popular in America?"

The master looked at me with unfeigned surprise, and in a voice sincerely enthusiastic asked:

"Do you mean to say, my friend, that my music is already played over there?"

I quote this to show in an imperfect way the simplicity of this very remarkable genius. So highly do I estimate his talent that had I not succeeded in carrying out my Casino enterprise, I should have followed a course of studies in orchestration with Massenet.

The declination of both Strauss and Waldteufel, though a great disappointment to me, did not divert me from my original thought that the opening attraction at the Casino must be of a popular foreign flavor. It occurred to me that inasmuch as Maurice Grau had engaged the operetta queen, Madame Theo, *créatrice* of La Jolie Parfumeuse, Pomme d'Api and other Offenbach rôles, for a winter season of operetta, she and her company to perform in French, I should do well to negotiate with that manager and also with Mr. D'Oyley Carte, manager of the Savoy Theater, London, intending from the latter to secure a new Gilbert and Sullivan opera. With Mr. Carte I arranged also that the Casino be illuminated throughout with the same kind of admirable electric apparatus as that used in the Savoy Theater.

An irritating slowness of the work occasioned by difficult rock excavations which necessitated considerable piling of the ground where the Casino was to be built, and other urgent matters, hastened my return to New York, where I arrived in April, 1882. I used every argument and effort to hurry the architects and contractors, and finally, after numerous postponements, they agreed to deliver the completed building to me on September 11, 1882. This definite promise enabled me to negotiate with Mr. D'Oyley Carte for the presentation of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I also closed by cable an arrangement with Mr. Maurice Grau for the appearance of Madame Theo and her company on the above-mentioned date.

Madame Theo Arouses New York

Work on the Casino was continued day and night, but the elaborate and artistic exterior, as well as the interior wood carving and plaster panels covering walls and ceilings, required so much attention, that it became evident the theater portion alone could be completed by the date set.

On many occasions until two o'clock in the morning I was in the workroom of the Casino, watching Mr. Thomas Wisedell busily engaged planning and drawing in detail the artistic panels of correct Moorish design for embellishing the interior of the building. After the work was completed Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the world's foremost authorities on Moorish architecture, during his lecture tour in America, visited the Casino many times, made sketches of the entrance portals and other parts of the ornamental exterior and of the interior panels. Sir Edwin said to me that the Casino was the finest example of Moorish architecture he had encountered.

On August twenty-fourth, receiving a hearty welcome on her first visit to America, Madame Theo arrived in New York by the steamer Labrador, accompanied by her manager, Maurice Grau, and her company of forty-six people. Her repertoire included Madame L'Archiduc, La Mascotte, La Jolie Parfumeuse, Le Grand Casimir, Les Cloches de Corneville, Le Timbre d' Argent, La Marjolaine, Niniche, Bagatelle and Pomme d'Api.

To my sincere regret, and despite the efforts we all made, the Casino could not be made ready for opening on the date arranged and Maurice Grau most reluctantly was compelled to transfer Madame Theo and her company to the Fifth Avenue Theater, where she achieved a pronounced success.

Negotiations were then entered into with Mr. Samuel Grau, brother of Maurice Grau, representing Mr. John A. McCaull,

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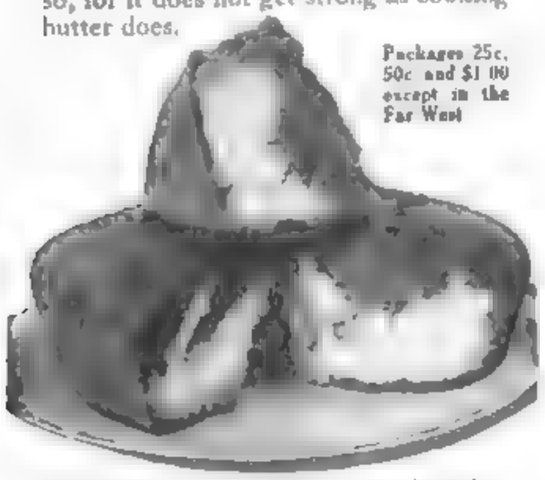

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whose operetta company was at that time playing at the Bijou Opera House, New York, for an opening date. This I made sufficiently distant—October 21, 1882—to provide for every delay. I told Mr. Grau I had recently heard in Vienna The Queen's Lace Handkerchief by Johann Strauss, and if that operetta could be secured and presented with an adequate cast I should be willing to accept it for our opening. I explained to him that by an adequate cast I meant an exceptionally large chorus and an orchestra of thirty musicians, a number never engaged in operetta performances in America. To this he assented. Thereupon I entered into an agreement with Mr. McCaull for the presentation of this work at the Casino.

Rehearsals were assiduously held, extra workmen were requisitioned and all seemed to augur well for the inauguration on October twenty-first; but it was another case of "man proposes." The elaborateness of the decorations again interfered and another postponement appeared to be inevitable. Mr. McCaull, though, with a big, expensive company on his hands, insisted on opening.

And open I did!

On October twenty-second the first Sunday gala concert was given in the unfinished Casino by members of both of Maurice Grau's opera companies and an orchestra of sixty musicians under my conductorship. This was the first Sunday concert beginning a regular course of Sunday concerts ever given in the United States.

Following the concert six more performances of The Queen's Lace Handkerchief were given under most unfavorable conditions, owing to the continued low temperature in the Casino. During the *entr'actes* ladies and gentlemen stamped heavily through the foyer to keep warm. In face of this discouragement I decided to close the theater until it was entirely finished.

A Famous Cast

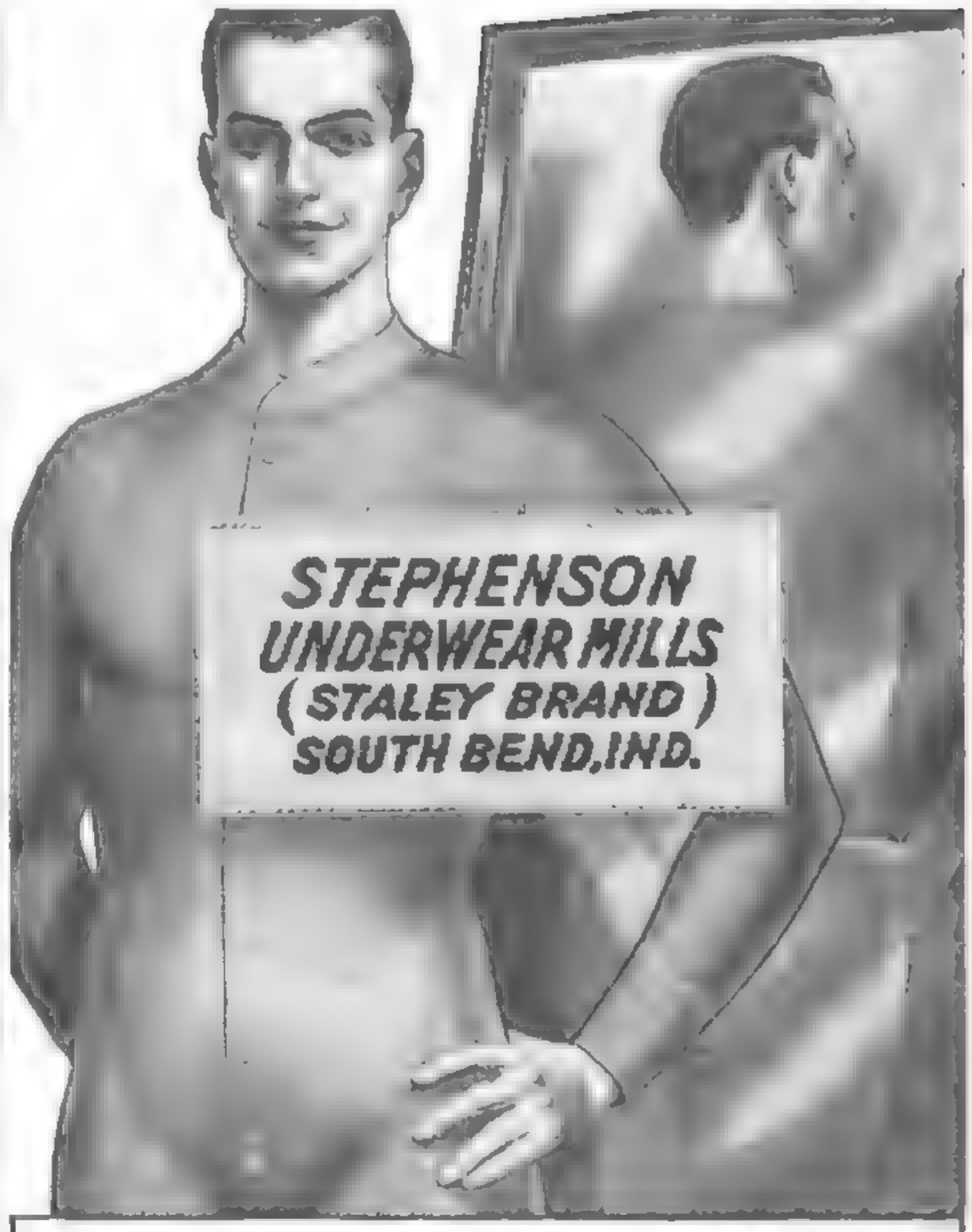
The Queen's Lace Handkerchief opened the completed Casino on December thirtieth, and the cast was that of the previous presentations, excepting in the case of Mr. Francis Wilson, who replaced Mr. Gaston as Don Sancho. The theater was filled to its utmost capacity and the audience proclaimed the play a success, a judgment fully verified by the succeeding one hundred and thirty performances. This opera was withdrawn only to make room for the Maurice Grau French Opera Company, in accordance with an agreement previously entered into.

Following five Jullien concerts with my orchestra and famous vocal and instrumental soloists, including Mesdames Emma Thursby, Emma Juch, Zelda Seguin, Emily Winant, Teresa Carreño, Alexander Lambert and Jules Lévy, the French Opera Company was scheduled to appear with Madame Theo on March 17, 1883. Madame Theo played in La Jolie Parfumeuse, scoring a great success. Later Victor Capoul with Madame Derivis appeared in Gounod's Romeo and Juliette and Massé's Paul et Virginie, and during the last week of their engagement Madame Theo and Capoul appeared conjointly in La Fille de Madame Angot and La Mascotte. These productions were followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's Sorcerer, presented by the McCaull Opera Company, including Mesdames Lillian Russell, Laura Joyce, Madeline Lucette, Louise Paullin, Julia De Ruyther, John Howson, Digby Bell, George Olmi, Charles J. Campbell and A. W. Maflin. On May fifth Offenbach's amusing operetta, The Princess of Trebizond was produced with a cast embracing most of the capable artists mentioned above. The Queen's Lace Handkerchief was revived on June eleventh and continued until July seventh, making a total of two hundred and thirty-four representations to its credit at the Casino.

The first meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, then in course of construction on a site diagonally opposite to the Casino, was held in the foyer of the Casino on May 23, 1883.

The inauguration of the world's first roof garden on July 7, 1883, brought realization to my dreams. The Champs Elysées had been transported to Broadway; the Ambassadeurs lifted from Paris and placed upon the roof of a building in New York.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Rudolph Aronson. The second will appear in an early issue.



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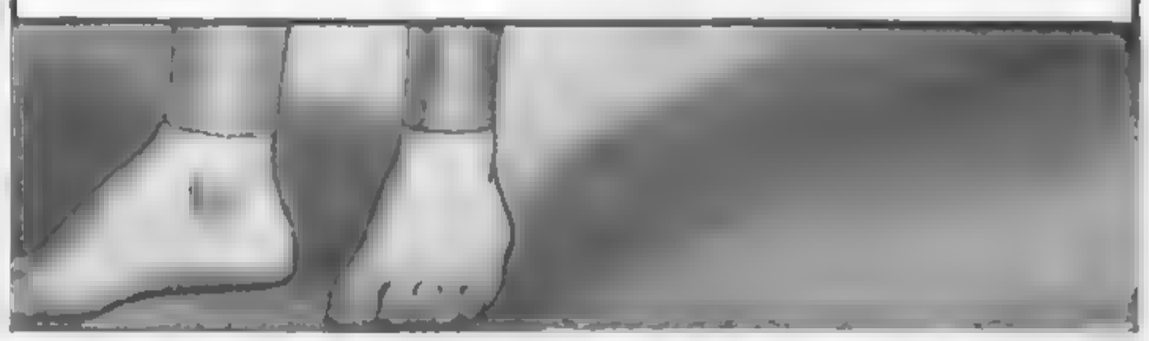

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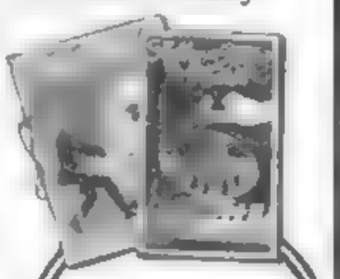

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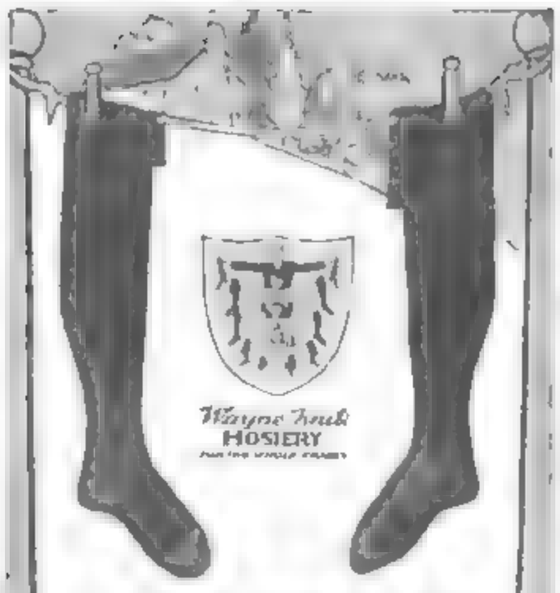

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The first national convention is away off in the middle of June, but already we have reached a frenzy of conversation, challenge, claim and contradiction; and, by the time the safe and sane patriot who is to make the keynote speech at Chicago—Charles W. Fairbanks has been suggested; could anything be safer and saner than that?—gets up and exudes some of the glories that have come to this country because of Republican rule, they will have begun building ells and wings and tiers of padded cells on all available asylums and retreats.

That will not be because the populace at large is clamoring for admission—because the populace is bearing up well under the strain and will so continue. It will be because the press agents and campaign managers and assistant campaign managers and disinterested friends and saviors of the people, and gentlemen who desire jobs and gentlemen who have been divorced from jobs, and gentlemen who think they are reformers and reformers who think they are gentlemen, and protagonists and propagandists, and muckrakers, and probono publicists, and denizens of the high grass who see a way to get into print, and professional politicians and political professional men, and statesmen, and all known brands of patriots and cranks and cranked, and gents with missions, and uplifters, and let-the-people-rulers, and the criminal rich and predaceous plutocrats, and the grand army of the indicted, and members of the Ananias Club, and governors who want to run for vice-president, and correspondents—and many others not classed—have taken the game so seriously that their aggregated reasons have tottered on their collective thrones—which won't be such a tremendous totter at that; or, in other words, said reasons haven't so very far to tot.

Catch-as-Catch-Can

Just as soon as Joe Dixon took charge of the T. Roosevelt adventure as general manager, with the aid and comfort—if such it be—and advice of Medill McCormick and Gifford Pinchot, and Amos of the same family, and Jimmie Garfield and salt-rising Stubbs—not one with an ulterior motive, to be sure—Joe began hurling challenges at Colonel Friend-in-Need McKinley, who is the challenge receptacle for the Taft outfit; and the Friend-in-Need caught them all deftly and hurled them right back again. Until that time, the only frenzies we had observed had been the mercenary frenzies of the press agents, who are frenzied at so much a week, Sundays off and no more nightwork than is necessary.

However, the injection of The Colonel—The Real Colonel—into the mess started everybody to running round in circles, including The Colonel, like sandpipers, and to piping *à la* the same inconclusive bird. "I challenge you," said Joe Dixon, "to accept this challenge which I now challenge you to accept"; and "I challenge you to challenge me a challenge that is the kind of a chalenge I would challenge you," replied Friend-in-Need McKinley. Whereupon Dixon hurled a defi, and T. R. hurtled his hat into the ring, and McKinley hurried out a dare, and Gifford Pinchot said they didn't dast, and Dewey Hilles said they did dast, only they wasn't goin' to; and in half an hour by the clock the whole kit and caboodle of them were yammering and yelling and yowling everything from liar to assassin, and back again.

One side said the Steel Trust was financing the other side, and the other side said the Harvester Trust was financing the one side; and both sides hoped it might come true. They dug up old letters of The Colonel's and The Colonel dug up new ones to confute the old ones. They accused the Taft men of using the power of the presidency to help nominate Taft, and they asked The Colonel to hark back a bit and recall what he did four years ago when he was nominating Taft, and eight years ago when he was nominating himself. They accused everybody of everything; and everybody denied, in toto and by items;

Suppose 50,000 bankers throughout the world had agreed to cash your personal checks——

Suppose hotels, railways, steamship lines and the best shops, in every civilized country, knew they were good——

Suppose your identity were established everywhere——

Wouldn't money matters in traveling be simple?

"A. B. A." Cheques give you all the above advantages. They are safe, self-identifying, convenient, economical.

Issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100, with value in foreign moneys engraved on them. Accepted by hotel men and others dealing with tourists in every civilized country.

An easy means of identification anywhere, by your counter signature. A relief from the constant annoyance and expense of changing money when passing through foreign countries.

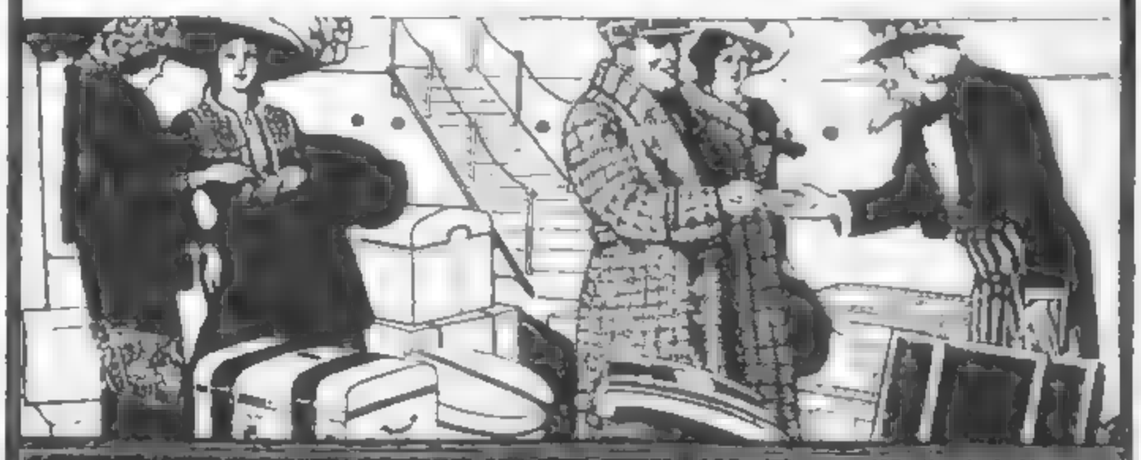
As useless to thieves as unsigned checks. Protected against forgers and counterfeiters by W. J. Burns National Detective Agency.

"A. B. A." Cheques make money matters, when traveling, as easy as they are at home. You never have to carry large sums of cash. Just sign a cheque and pay your bill.

"A. B. A." Cheques are sold, by all banks handling them, in a handy wallet containing whatever assortment and amount you wish. The best travel funds in the United States and Canada, as well as abroad.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for information as to where the Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity, and explanatory booklet "The Most Convenient Cheque."

"A. B. A." Cheques are the only Travelers' Cheques which can be accepted, under the law, for U. S. Customs Duties.



BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM, APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Of course you've heard of the Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater. You've read

—how it reduces heating bills ⅓ to ½;

—how it successfully burns the small, inexpensive sizes of hard coal;

—how, owing to its unique water-jacketed magazine, it requires coaling but once every 24 hours in ordinary weather, or 12 in severe;

—how it keeps up heat for 10 to 12 hours without attention.

Possibly you've been a bit skeptical about these unusual claims—they've sounded 'most too good to be true, but—

Do you think we would keep on spending thousands of dollars to merely tell you these things, if they were not so?

Do you think the sales of the "Spencer" would have increased nearly 1000% in the last six years, if the heater, itself, had not lived up to our claims?

Our advertising is not to sell you anything directly, but to set you thinking there must be something in our remarkable claims for the "Spencer" money-saving and labor-saving features.

To more fully realize the truth of these unusual economies, we want you to send at once for our two free books—a descriptive catalog and an interesting collection of letters giving the unbiased testimony of 60 "Spencer" users throughout the country.

Should you desire to get first-hand information from some owners in your immediate locality, we can supply you with such list on request. Or, should you prefer to leave the question in the hands of your architect or heating engineer, ask them about the "Spencer."

The "Spencer" is not only best for residences, but it is an ideal heater for apartments, flats, schools, churches and public buildings of all kinds. Owing to its ability to keep up heat for 12 hours at a stretch, it does away with the services of a night fireman. The owner of a building equipped with a "Spencer" has little difficulty in securing and holding tenants.

All we ask is that before you decide on *any* heating equipment, you investigate the "Spencer"—the heater that gives the most efficient heating with the greatest saving of money and labor. Just mail us a postal today and we'll gladly send you both books free.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY,

200 Peoples National Bank Building. SCRANTON, PA.

BRANCHES:

New York City,	501 Fifth Ave., Cor. 42nd St.	Boston,	79 Milk St
Chicago,	160 N. Dearborn St.	St. Louis,	Century Bldg.
Philadelphia,	Morris Bldg.	Detroit,	Ford Bldg.
		Buffalo,	White Bldg.

Canadian Sales Representatives:

Winnipeg, The Waldon Co., 92 Princess St. Toronto, The Waldon Co., 208 Lumsden Bldg.

and everybody then took turns in accusation. The click of the typewriters at the various headquarters sounded like pneumatic riveters. Any person who had a kind word to say for the placid and astonished Mr. Taft was immediately portrayed as a villain and a traitor to the state by the Dixon frenzy factory; and any person who said The Colonel is a great man was convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors in flimsy copy produced by the McKinley machinists that was at once sent to the newspaper offices and handed to the correspondents by special messengers.

"Great!" yelled the Dixon defiers. "What do you think of this? At a poll taken at Oyster Bay on the occasion of a family reunion of the Roosevelts the vote stood thus: For Roosevelt, six; for Taft, none." "The country is rising for Taft!" countered the McKinley metaphorers. "This is conclusively shown by a poll taken in the White House: For Taft, seven; for Roosevelt, none." "Kansas is aflame for Roosevelt!" yipped the Dixon declarers. "New York is solid for Taft!" responded the McKinley mystifiers. And they challenged and rechallenged, and claimed and declaimed, and confuted and refuted and disputed and imputed, and tried to put the country into as much turmoil as they themselves are in.

Hot Shot From Turkey Trot

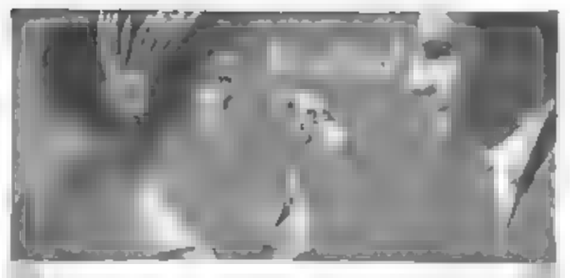
Nor was the opportunity for the denizens of the high grass overlooked. They came out in droves. Mr. I. Stroppem Tonsor, the well-known barber of Beardstown, wrote in that he had supported every Republican candidate for president since 1327, but he could not and would not support Mr. Taft; and the Dixon damagers played it up for three pages of flimsy. Whereupon, a well-known business man from Turkey Trot denounced T. Roosevelt for his Columbus speech and got five hundred words of typewritten publicity. The old boys who bolted Blaine in 1884, and who found out then how easy it was to get into the papers for one glorious day, all came marching to the front and gave their reasons why they are or are not for the present candidates. All the stuffed stiffs who have been living in the past, and have an "ex" hitched to their names, tried to break in—and succeeded.

All is fish that comes to the campaign manager's net—which isn't strange, for, to carry the figure of speech along a lap, the campaign managers seem to think the entire population of the country is composed of suckers.

The seekers for publicity, however, were not all amateurs, and are not. The professional boys took a hack at it. Many a representative in Congress, noting the absence of his name from the daily prints, wrote in support of Mr. Taft or against him, and was rewarded when he feverishly grabbed for the papers next morning by seeing his letter printed, in whole or in part, with his name signed to it. The press agents attended to that. Inside of two weeks the campaign got to the "You lie, you villain—you lie!" stage; and the accessions to the Ananias Club were numbered by scores. Leading citizens hopped into the limelight and were crowded out by other leading citizens who wanted to declare themselves on the vital topics of the day, with an eye to getting a little newspaper space. It was a picnic for the seekers for publicity, and it still is.

Nor did the Republican managers have a monopoly of it. The Democratic campaign managers were just as busy. To be sure they didn't get so much space, for they had no Colonel as a property. Still they are fairly well equipped; and the Wilson people think of a lot of mean things to say of Clark—as, of course, the Clark people think of mean things to say about Wilson. Mr. Bryan is constantly letting go cheerful little deprecations of various aspirants; and the Harmon outfit is putting out tearful stories about "Uncle Jud," well calculated to have a tremendous effect on homes for decayed gentlewomen; and the Underwood folks are bestowing a casual kick where they think it will do the most good.

The gross result of it all is reams and reams of typewritten copy that is shoved into every newspaper office in the country; and the net result of it is an impression of a band of vorticular dervishes, howling and whirling at the Capitol, while the rest of the country proceeds calmly about its business. The truth of it is that the



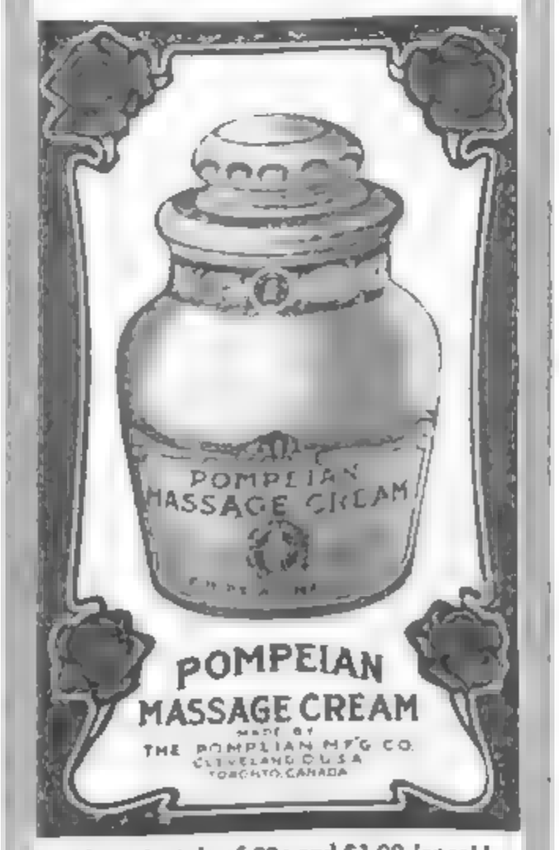
ALTHOUGH thousands of eyes are fixed on the play, it is you (be you man or woman) who really bears the closest gaze. And so through life, critical eyes are on you nearly every minute, everywhere you go.

Now, in business or society when certain eyes are upon you, you win what we want more easily and more quickly according to the degree you please and attract. Hence the great value of a skin that is clearer and cleaner and more wholesome than the average.

In spite of the havoc which our modern life works upon the skin you can keep yours above the average by the use of Pompeian Massage Cream. You've doubtless heard many people praise Pompeian. Why not discover for yourself, by means of a trial jar, how

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

keeps the skin healthy and attractive? Though you can get Pompeian at your dealer's (some 50,000 sell it) we are glad to have you make a test before you buy. Remember that Pompeian is a natural means to skin health. It cleanses the pores completely and exercises the tissual muscles marvelously. Therein lies skin health. The trial jar test proves this. Millions before you have made the test to their great delight and benefit. Pompeian helps you to win what you want in business or society. Read, sign and send the coupon today.



Above is style of 50c and $1.00 Jar sold by dealers. Not size of trial jar

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

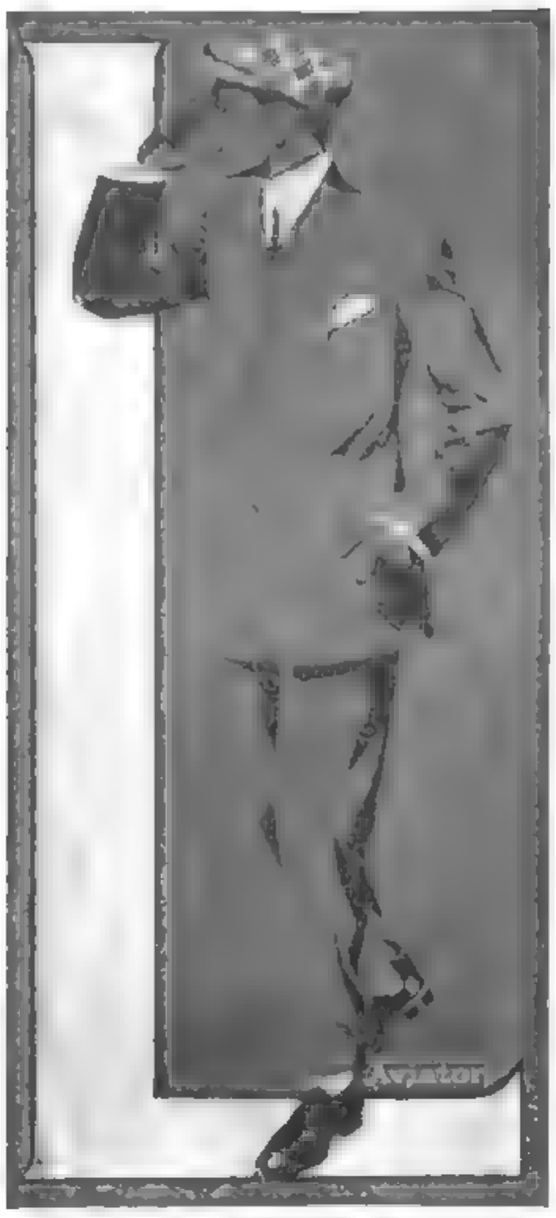
The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

City State



Don't forget.
It's Clothes Time.

SPRING and new clothes travel together like a well-mated man and wife.

You've been wanting

THE SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

You may think you haven't, but you have, for these are the clothes which have been modeled with excellent taste and tailored with supreme skill for fellows like yourself.

Here are clothes which are crammed so full of style—have such elegance—fit so nicely—and are priced so fairly that you'll want to grab a suit and run.

Don't force us to talk too long about them. Be a good fellow. See them at our dealer—spare him a minute, you'll enjoy it. Are you on?

Send 24c for new and original set of College Posters or 2c for Style Magazine illustrated below.

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons

Boston CHICAGO New York

excitement exists only among the professionals. It is like the claque at a theater, or the paid performers in a café, who appear to be incited to song and laughter by the music and the surroundings, and are—for so much a day or night. The term "professional" embraces all classes of those who have, hope to have or have had a connection with politics, either for the pay therein or the so-called honor of it—and the other large class who have nothing to do but try to mix in affairs; who want to seem to others to have importance—those pitiful people who strive desperately to gain some notice for themselves by tacking on to a man or a movement.

This country—and the people in it—is in no particular doubt about whom it prefers as candidate for president, either on the Republican or the Democratic ticket. Likewise, most of this country is calmly aware that it will have small voice in the selection of the delegates that, in turn, will select the candidates. Presently the people will have that voice, but they haven't it yet, except in a few states. Hence the country, knowing what kind of a candidate it wants, is waiting to see what kind of candidates it will get, and will vote for the candidate of the two selected who nearest approaches the specifications. And—just as an offhand prediction a long way ahead of the event—the more radical of the two candidates will be the one elected.

However, all the pother and blather continues and will continue. It is still held to be a part of the game to claim everything and admit nothing. And the ballyhoo seems to be having an effect along other lines. A large number of citizens have been stirred to vociferation here and there. There was Representative Theron Akin, of New York, for example, who flocks by himself in Congress as the only representative of his party—which is the Akin party. Theron rose to his feet a few days agone and referred to Senator Root, of New York, as "that refrigerated vulture of the dead"; and he said as much about the President because of some trouble over post-office appointments. Akin printed his speech in the Congressional Record and there was talk of an investigation, the House having the investigation fever very badly, as the twenty-six inquiries now under way show. It isn't quite clear what the investigation was to be about, unless to discover whether Senator Root is refrigerated or not; but Akin crawfished, and it isn't to be held.

Hobson's Choicest

At about the same time, Captain Richmond P. Hobson broke forth in an address to his constituents of the Sixth Alabama District and produced a line of flossy self-commendation that is well worthy of preservation.

The captain wants a renomination for Congress, and in summing up his claims he observes: "I am now in a strong position to push broad, constructive measures to bring about effective Federal aid . . . in all the great fields of development and progress now stretching before our people. Moving, as I am, in midstream of the great current of progress, I do not believe that you would deliberately recall me for any untried swimmer, developed in the eddies near the bank.

"I appreciate the honor of the office; but it is not the honor I seek, but the opportunity for service. With me service is a passion. My life's aim is to render a maximum of service to my day and generation. With the office as a fulcrum, I am already bringing to bear the great leverage of the Federal Government—especially upon the rising generation. I can see clearly the road as it is opening up. The land of Canaan is just over the way; with the approach of the Panama Canal a new day is dawning.

"We have in the South the pure, undegenerate Anglo-Saxon blood, for whose service the world is calling to meet the new problems of the age.

"If you will stand by me I will lead you far on the way to the happy realm where Alabama will lead the South, where the South will lead America, and where America, extending peace and liberty and gospel, will regenerate the world!"

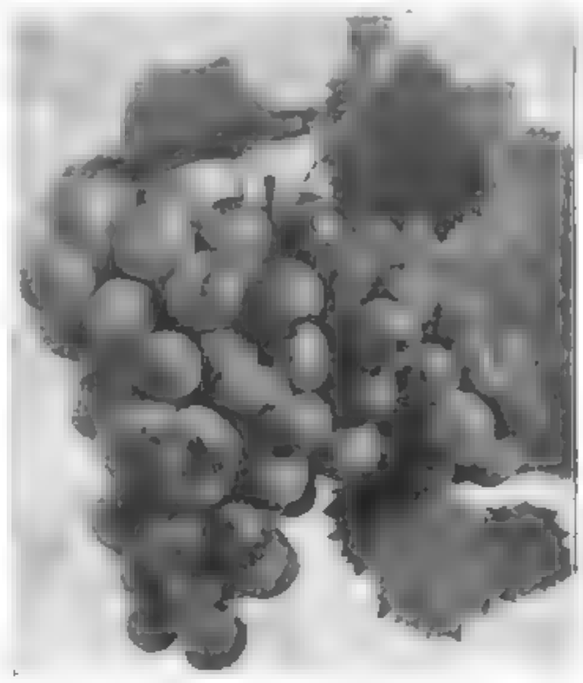
It isn't the tariff, or the trusts, or the income tax or the merits of one candidate or another that is bothering the politics of this country. It is the curse of *cacoethes loquendi*.

Did You Ever Hear of the "Grape Cure"?

HOW, every year, thousands of health seekers repair to the famous foreign grape growing districts, to eat grapes and nothing but grapes as the sovereign tonic that builds up the blood, instills new life and energy, aids digestion and increases the appetite.

No need, though, for you to wait until grape season comes to prove these wonderful health-giving qualities.

All the magic chemistry of the grape—the natural constituents contained in pulp, juice and skin—are preserved for you intact by



Armour's Grape Juice

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow—

in the splendidly equipped Armour factories, located in the hearts of the great grape-growing districts of New York and Michigan—only big, sweet, luscious Concords are used for Armour's Grape Juice.

They go to the press the day they are gathered. None are held over to spoil or wither.

No sweetening or diluting of any sort. ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is just the pure, rich, naturally sweet juice of the finest quality grapes, preserved from fermentation by sterilization and air-tight bottling.

ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is sold by grocers and druggists, at fountains, buffets and clubs. It is the great family drink—for health and pleasure combined.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Armour's, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 110, Chicago.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

If You Want Full Service

from your automobile or motorcycle—both night and day—you must have a dependable lighting system.

Don't overlook that all-important point when you buy.

Then is the time to

Insist Upon Prest-O-Lite

It is the only safe, sure, efficient and economical lighting system giving satisfaction, night after night, to 350,000 owners.

Its satisfactory service includes 15,000 exchange stations, in every town and village where automobiles go.

Don't take chances by driving at night with a cheap, unsafe, unreliable generator or imitation gas tank.

One accident costs ten times the price of Prest-O-Lite.

Be sure you get Prest-O-Lite. Insist!

MAKERS OF
Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks
Prest-O-Tire Tubes
Prest-O-Tire Tanks
Prest-O-Carbon Remover
Prest-O-Welder
Prest-O-Starter
Prest-O-Lites

Ask for literature on any or all of them.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY

210 East South Street **Indianapolis, Ind.**

BRANCHES

At Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago (2), Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Denver, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle

CHARGING PLANTS

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Honolulu, H. I., Manila, P. I., San Juan, P. R., Toronto, Can., Vancouver, B. C., City of Mexico; London, Eng., Berlin, Germany, Australia

EXCHANGE AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Real Joke

SAM DAVIS, brother of Bob Davis, editor of the Munsey publications, is also a writer and is famous throughout the West as the worst speller since Chaucer. Once, a good many years ago when Sam was a reporter on a California paper, somebody pointed to the sign, Shoe Reparering Done, painted on the window of a Greek cobbler's shop, and suggested that Davis might make a squib out of it.

"What's wrong with it?" inquired Sam.

"The spelling of the second word makes the joke," explained the other, thinking Sam had not caught the point.

"Oh, I see," said Sam; and he copied the sign down faithfully and went to his office and wrote a paragraph about it. The proofreader, knowing Davis' weird originality in the matter of spelling, supposed the mistake was Sam's; and, lacking a sense of humor, he corrected Reparering to Repairing and let it go at that.

The managing editor saw the paragraph when the paper came out and wondered why his star reporter should have used up valuable space telling about a cobbler's announcement that was perfectly proper and intelligible.

"Sam," he called across the city room, "what is there funny or unusual about this squib?"

Sam went over and read the paragraph over his chief's shoulder.

"Why, don't you see?" he chuckled. "Just look how that dern fool spelt Repairing!"

Twelve Miles From Here

CHARLES H. HALL, of Missoula, who occasionally runs for attorney-general of Montana on the Democratic ticket—usually in years when Montana goes Republican—says two French Canadian citizens of his home town were traveling down a river in Montana in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not.

They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travelers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing.

"Baptiste! Baptiste!" he yelled. "Get up! We ain't here!"

His comrade roused himself and looked out.

"No, by gar!" he said—"we're twelve miles from here!

Some Skiff

SCAMP MONTGOMERY, the character comedian who died lately, made his first trip abroad on the Mauretania. The weather was bad from the very outset and for three days Scamp stayed below.

On the fourth day he climbed out on deck. The big ship—she was the largest in the world then, the Olympic not having been put in commission—was wallowing through seas that ran twenty feet high. Scamp made his way to where two serious English tourists were holding a private discussion in a sheltered spot and, seizing one of them by the lapel of his coat, he gasped out:

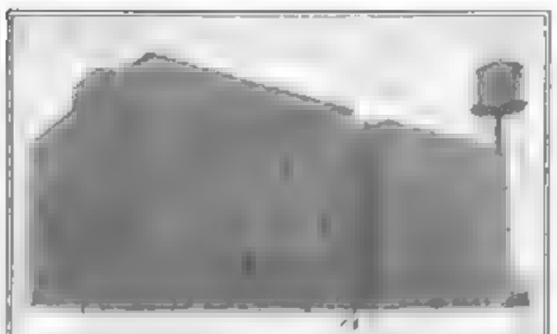
"Say, bo, I put it to you—ain't this some skiff and some creek?"

Why Miss Mary Quit

MISS MARY SASSEEN was making the race once for state librarian in Kentucky. In the interests of her candidacy she reached a town in the blue-grass section on the very afternoon that a Confederate monument was being unveiled.

As the daughter of a Southern soldier, and also as a prominent woman of the state, Miss Sasseen was welcomed at the ceremonies and given a place with the guests of honor up on the platform.

After the invocation, all hands sang Dixie. Miss Sasseen, who had a good voice, joined heartily in the singing. A few minutes later the master of ceremonies made an announcement that she did not catch, and immediately one or two quavering voices struck up the opening lines of



It is no simple matter to change your location or to begin business for yourself

IT is a very serious step. You have got to be sure you have a market that will not cease to be one.

We don't expect you to move your factory to Des Moines, or to establish a branch, or to begin business on your own account, until we have thoroughly satisfied you that we have the market at

Des Moines

The City of Certainties

The members of Greater Des Moines Committee are all business men who have built up their enterprises in Des Moines. We know the city, we know its trade territory. We know the market is constantly growing; we know the increasing agricultural wealth of Iowa. The demands upon Des Moines grow faster than our ability to meet them. Des Moines today does not meet over one-third the demand of its trade territory.

Our people buy *good* things. They are discriminating. They want the best. Des Moines is pre-eminently a city for the man with the ability, the capacity and the genius to develop his business and himself. The market for him is ready.

Begin today to acquaint yourself with Des Moines. Your letters will have frank, personal treatment. Either write us fully your desires, or fill the coupon below and mail it now.

Greater Des Moines Committee

131 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Certainty Coupon

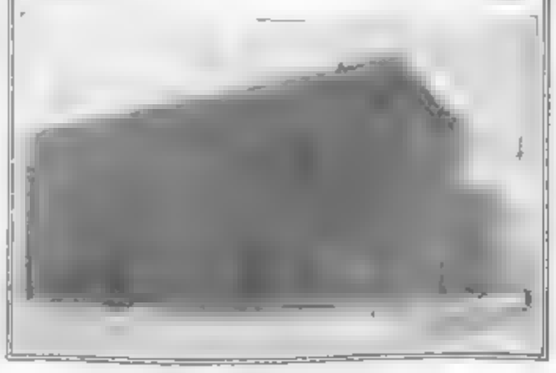
Greater Des Moines Committee,
131 Coliseum Building, Des Moines, Iowa

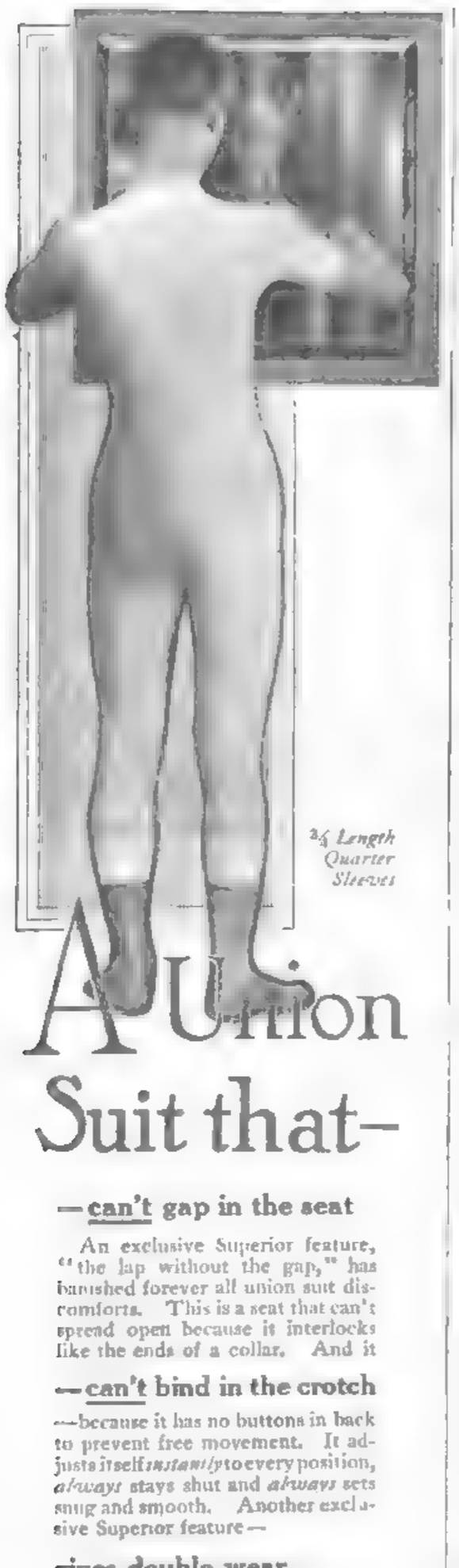
Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My business is

Name

Address





¾ Length Quarter Sleeves

A Union Suit that—

—can't gap in the seat

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever all union suit discomforts. This is a seat that can't spread open because it interlocks like the ends of a collar. And it

—can't bind in the crotch

—because it has no buttons in back to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, *always* stays shut and *always* sets snug and smooth. Another exclusive Superior feature—

gives double wear where the wear is hardest

This is a *reinforced crotch* that takes all strain off the front buttons, crotch and leg seams, and makes impossible the ripping, tearing stretching so common there. And the Superior—*always fits perfectly*. Its fabric is so elastic it gives entire freedom of action, yet never loses its figure-knit design. Cuffs and ankles are fashioned so they *never* "creep." And there is a Superior size for *every* man.

All sizes, styles and fabrics $1 to $5. In Canada $1.50 to $7.

Most good dealers have it—Get it today for Summer comfort.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
DEPT. F, PIQUA, OHIO

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Write now for handsome free book of styles and fabric samples.

The Bonnie Blue Flag. Grieved inwardly that so few in such a large assemblage should know the words and music of that famous Southern warsong, Miss Sasseen rose and joined in lustily. She was halfway through the first verse when the master of ceremonies tapped her timidly on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but this was intended for a duet!"

An Excellent Reason

HENRY CLAY MINER, the New York theatrical magnate, had a bad attack of grippe in the winter and went South to recuperate. He stopped a few days at a small town in South Carolina. When he got ready to leave for the North he found the official bus had already started for the station. There was no conveyance, public or private, to be had; and in order to catch his train Mr. Miner was compelled to labor afoot over a mile and a half of dusty road, with a valise in each hand.

When he staggered up to the tiny station there was no one in sight except an old darky, who was sitting on the platform.

"Uncle," inquired Mr. Miner, "why in the name of goodness did they build this depot so far from the town?"

The old man scratched his head.

"I don't know, boss," he said—"onless it wuz because dey wanted to git it closer to de railroad!"

Abie Ben Adhem

Abie Ben Adhem, boss of old Swilkoot,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of loot,
In which he saw himself a favored son,
With honors crowned, with praise for work well done.
Then forthwith Abie burst the bonds of old—
Unpunished wrong had made him wondrous bold—
And said: "I'll oil afresh my good machine
And strip the toga from old Isaac Green;
A six-years' run in rich, broad clover fields
A statesman makes and—golden harvests yields."
So Abie laid his wires à la the plan
That worked so well when others like him ran.
By means corrupt he rounded up the mob
And boldly cried: "It's done! I've cinched the job!"
Again he'd dreamed. Alas, for human aims!
Election night the wires flashed wide the names
Of those who "also ran"—of the distressed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—*J. L. Sherard.*

A Natural Desire

MIKE CUNNINGHAM, a Chicago character, got a job as stagehand at one of the Chicago vaudeville theaters. In his first week it fell to him to don a policeman's uniform, and at the conclusion of one of the scenes in a comedy sketch he had to chase a comedy tramp across the stage, meanwhile brandishing a big club.

On Wednesday night he went to the dressing room of the comedian and said:

"Say, do me a favor—will you?"

"What is it?" asked the actor.

"When I chase you acrost the stage tonight let me ketch you and beat you up," said Mike. "My mother's out front in the audience!"

A Strange Custom

SMITTY is a character in Park Row, New York. He was born on Manhattan Island and, until the last holidays, he had never been outside the confines of Greater New York. Then he went to spend Christmas with a cousin over in New Jersey. When he returned one of his friends asked him what he thought of the country at large.

"I don't care fur it," said Smitty. "Dat Joisey is sure a funny place! Why, all de towns over there is got different names!"

Christmas Spirits

ALABAMA is a prohibition state. Early last December a gentleman from the rural district, who was preparing for a "big Christmas," went to the postmaster at Jacksonville and said he wanted to get a money order. The postmaster, while assisting him in making out the application, inquired to whom the order was to be made payable. The applicant told him. The postmaster then asked him: "For how much?"

"One gallon!" was the answer.

You can dress well at $10 to $25 and be absolutely sure of satisfactory service.

THIS thing of awaiting the test of time for your clothes is needless. When you buy Clothcraft Clothes at $10 to $25 you can be sure they'll give the right service.

Take your pick from many good styles and patterns. See how well the suit fits, the minute you try it on. Then you can buy with absolute safety, as service and satisfaction are guaranteed.

For Thrifty Men & Young Men
CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES All Wool At $10 to $25

The Clothcraft guarantee, backed by dealer and maker, assures things you usually have to take on faith—absolutely pure wool cloth; first-class trimmings and workmanship; permanent shape; satisfactory wear and service.

Thus your investment is protected before you spend a cent.

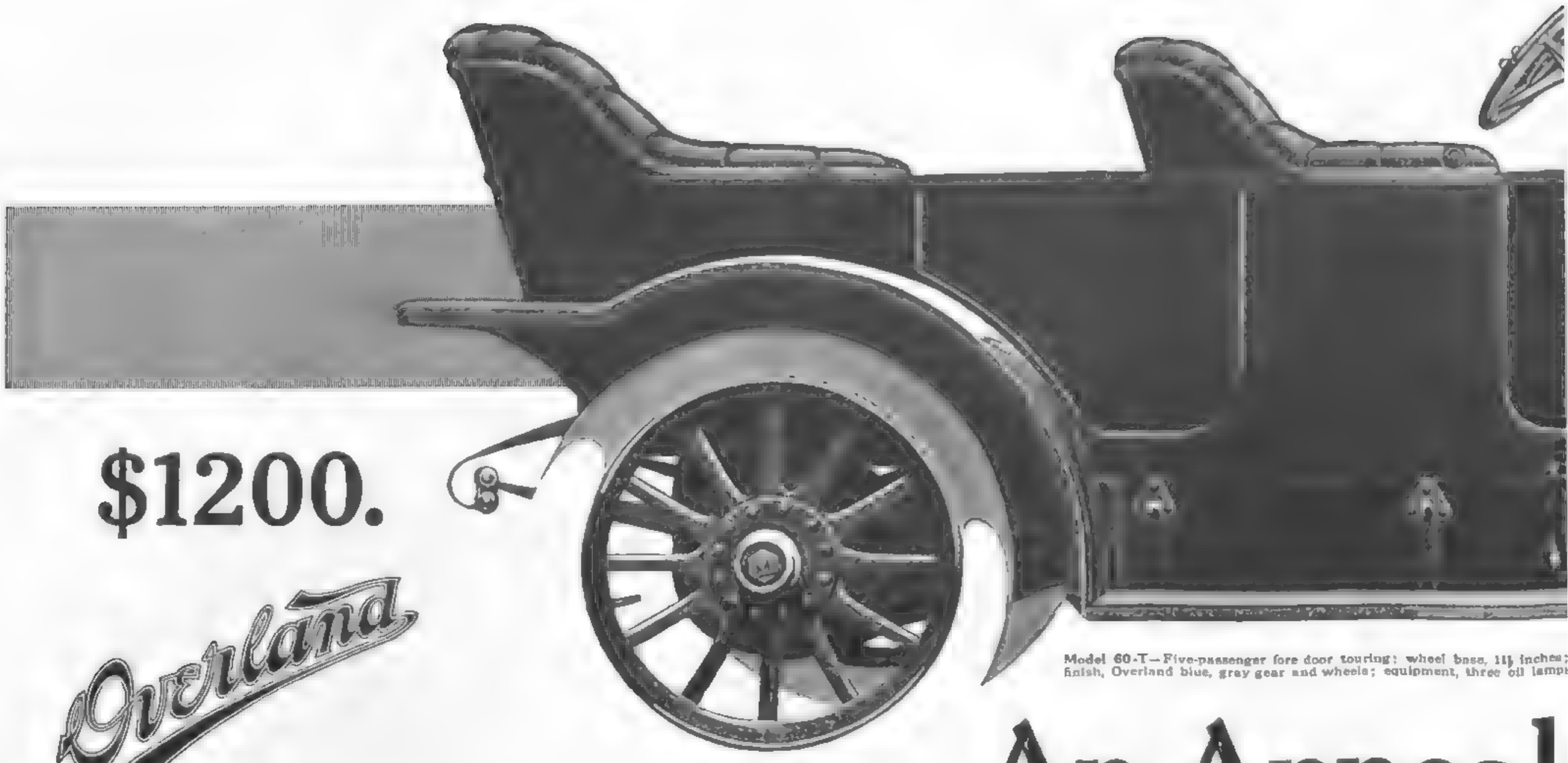
Style and workmanship are fully up to the standard set by the Clothcraft guarantee. The styles are determined by a corps of master designers in touch with the world's fashion-centers; and Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring produces workmanship that would not otherwise be possible at the price.

Go to The Clothcraft Store. See the good-looking, good-feeling fabrics. Notice how well the clothes fit—especially how the coat-collar sets in close at the back of the neck.

Ask the dealer particularly to show you the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special, No. 5130, at $15. It's the result of a new idea in clothes-making that permits us to add to other Clothcraft advantages the best blue serge we've ever put into a $15 suit.

If you don't know a Clothcraft Store, write us today for the address of the nearest one. With it we'll send you a Spring Style-Book and a sample of the 5130 serge.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY
Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes
620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.
Cleveland



Model 60-T—Five-passenger fore door touring; wheel base, 11½ inches; finish, Overland blue, gray gear and wheels; equipment, three oil lamps

$1200.

Overland

An Appeal

THIS is to be a page of sense, facts and comparisons, to aid, guide and help you get the most for your money in an automobile: and to show you what we sincerely believe to be the most exceptional popular priced automobile value on the market today—our $1200 thirty-five horsepower touring car.

You have eyes to see with, ears to hear with and a head to do your deciding and we are willing to rely on your own good judgment.

Choosing your first car seems like a great problem. What car to get and why? What price to pay? What to expect for that price? and many other perplexing questions clog your head. You seem to be unable to arrive at any satisfactory or definite decision.

You see so many of them. And each one seems to be about the same as the other. They all look good, ride good, run good and sound good. All the fascinating literature is well written, attractive and more or less convincing. The salesmen you talk to have an air of earnestness about them as they carelessly toy with such words as efficiency, economy, dependability, reliability, silence, power, etc. You can talk to fifty such men selling fifty different popular priced cars and you will come away with a good impression of each one. *But one thing that you will be unable to account for is the wide difference in price.*

You will distinctly remember that the main specifications of each car—that is, the power, size of the motor, wheel base, seating capacity, size of tires and wheels, construction, general finish, etc.—were all about the same, *but why the great variation in price?* One car was priced at $1400—another at $1600—another $1500—still another at $1350, etc. "Why this great difference in price for cars that are all practically identical?" keeps running through your brain.

Here is the answer:

The greatest difference in popular priced cars today is the difference in price.

And this difference is due to the great difference in the plants that produce them.

The facilities of an automobile plant absolutely govern the selling price of each car; thus, the greater the facilities, the lower the selling price of the car. Therefore, the plant with the best and largest equipment can give you more car for les with a much smaller equipme

The Willys-Overland pla their kind in the industry. 25,000 cars. We claim to em the largest and most complete machinery in the industry.

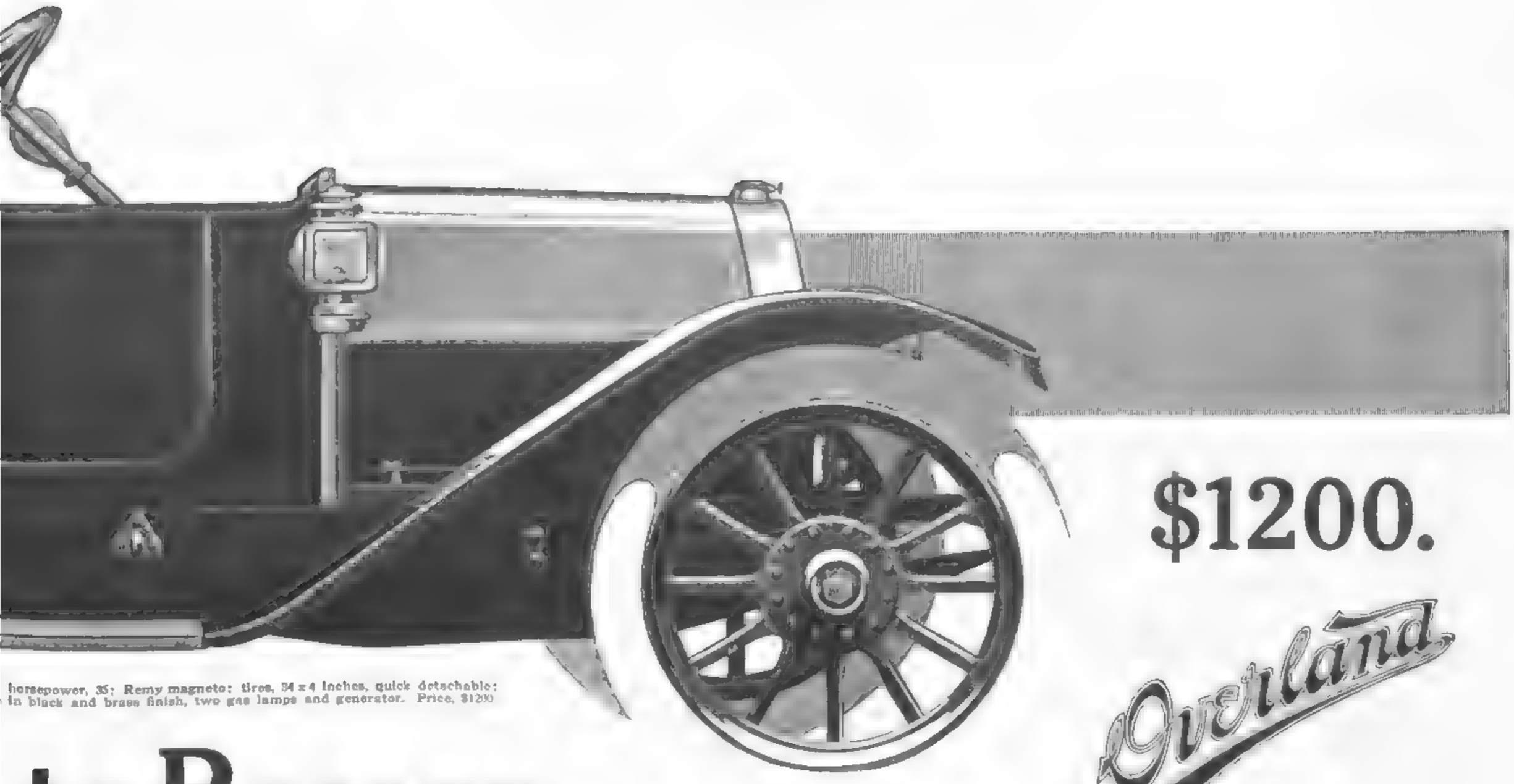
All of which explains our and a better car for less mone

Now, we will draw a na facts and values, and show y for our $1200 value.

Among all the thirty to thi you have seen, the average pr borhood of $1500. Why pay get a big, powerful 35 horsepo ing car like our Model 60, sh Do you get any additional pra priced cars to make it reall money?

You are seeking the bes pocketbook, for the least am

The Willys-Overland Co



horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inches, quick detachable;
in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator. Price, $1200

$1200.

Overland

to Reason

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For 1912 we will make
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ar for your purpose and
nt of money. You want

power, speed, comfort, service, wear and appearance.

Here are all of these fundamentals for $1200—practically as you get them in any $1500 car made.

Here is a car with a powerful, silent, smooth, thirty-five horsepower motor — the most modernly designed four cylinder motor made. Here is a car that seats five large passengers comfortably; for it has a wheel base of one hundred and eleven inches. The upholstery is of good leather, hand stuffed with fine hair. All the comfort you want. The body is finished in our famous dark Overland blue and the wheels in battleship gray. The body lines are graceful, pleasing and simple. The transmission is of the selective type, three speeds and reverse — fitted with the fine F. & S. annular bearings which are used on the most expensive cars in the world. The frame is of pressed steel and has a single drop. The crank and gear casings are of aluminum. You get a standard magneto. The front axle is a one piece drop forged I section fitted with the famous Timken bearings. The operating levers are in the center of the car where they should be. Not on the outside or tacked to the inside of the fore door, but in the center where they belong, so that you can have free use of both fore doors. All other methods are obsolete. The tires are 34 x 4. The handsome lamps are finished in solid black with brilliant heavy brass trimmings which set off the lamps to splendid advantage.

Do you find more than this in any $1500 car?

And bear in mind that this car is made by the most modern methods in the greatest automobile plant of its kind in the world.

Compare the facts. That's all we ask.

Just as soon as you get down to brass tacks, and make a careful comparison of the facts in each case, you will realize that in this car for $1200 you get what practically any $1500 car can offer you.

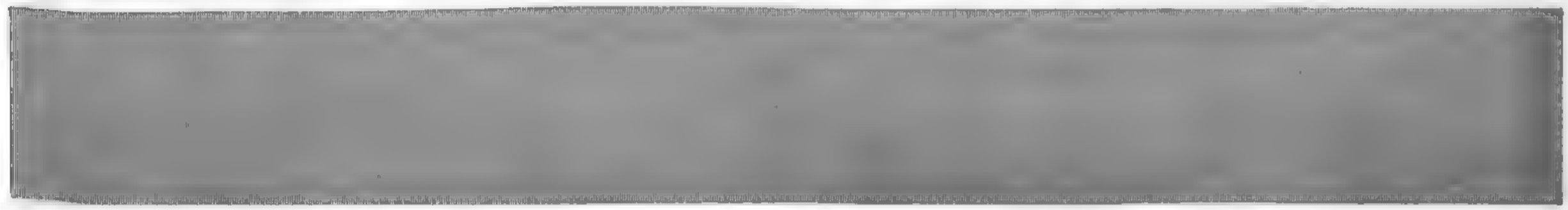
And why should you pay the difference?

If $1200 can get you about as much as $1500 why pay $1500?

Ask yourself this question. Make your comparisons. And then we know you will decide, of your own free will, in favor of this Model 60 — which is, probably, the greatest automobile value in the world to-day.

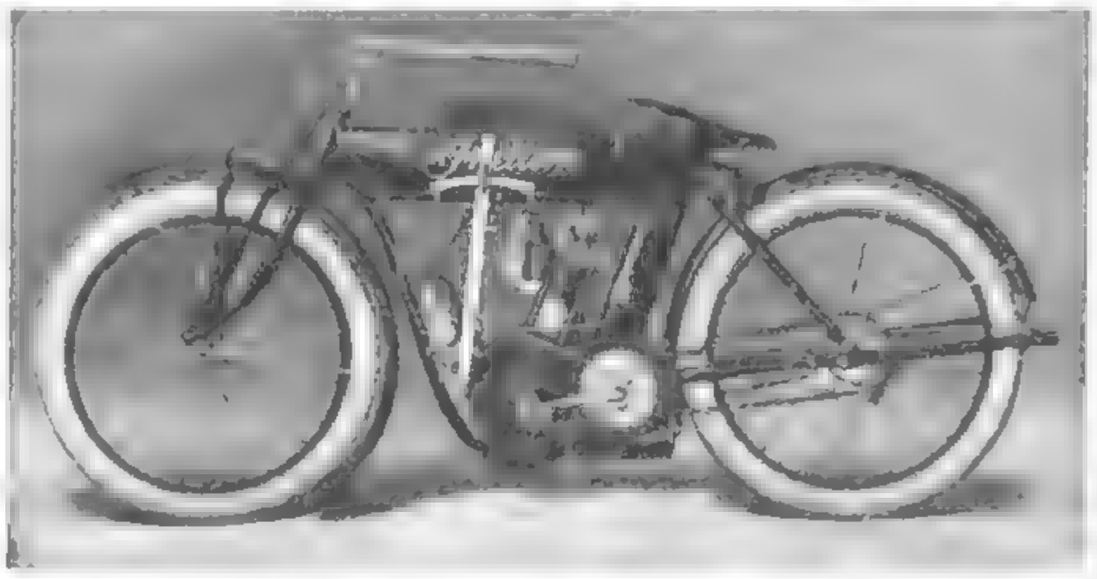
Our catalogue will give you all the detailed facts. When you write, please ask for book A24.

mpany, Toledo, Ohio



Popularity and Economy of Upkeep

The Indian Motocycle

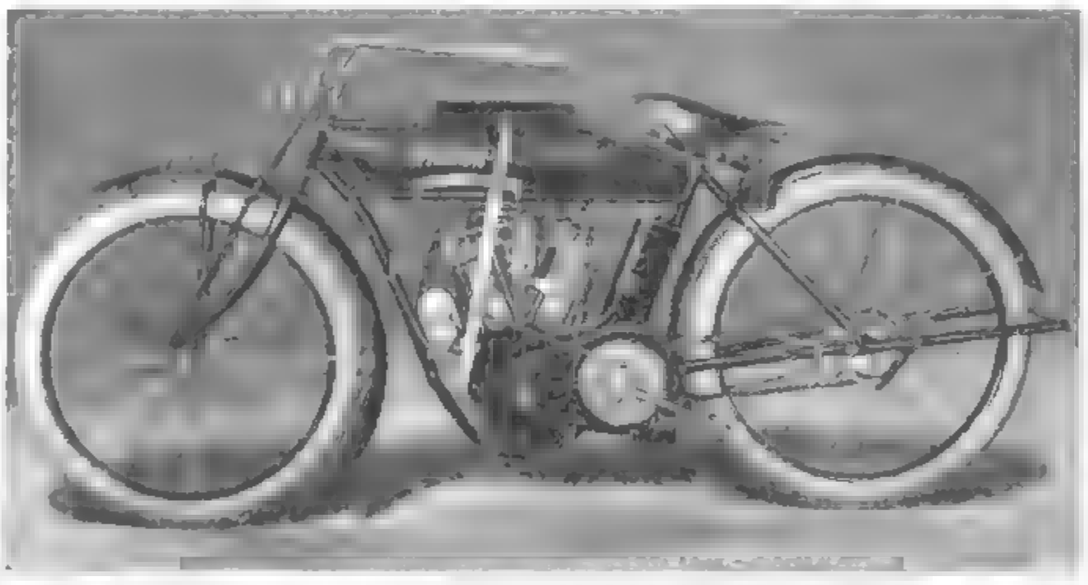


4 H. P., Single Cylinder, 1912 Model Indian: Price, $200.

POPULARITY

Of all motorcycles registered in those States requiring registration by law, 33% are Indians. The next make has 13.9%; the next 11.84%; and the balance is divided among over 30 other concerns.

The Indian's popularity is due simply to the fact that the majority of riders consider it the best "all around" motorcycle in the world today. The Indian's records, officially confirmed by the Federation of American Motorcyclists, leave no room for doubt as to its supremacy—no matter what the contest, Endurance, Reliability, Economy, Hill-climbing, Speed, Touring Efficiency.



7 H. P., Twin Cylinder, 1912 Model Indian: Price, $250.

ECONOMY

The extraordinary economy of the Indian has rapidly made it known as the tourist's motorcycle. 31¾ miles on 1 pint of gasolene is officially recorded as one of the Indian's achievements. The official upkeep figures of the Detroit, Mich., Police Department, and its half dozen twin-cylinder Indians, are worthy of study. From May 12th, 1911, to January 1st, 1912, these six machines covered an aggregate of 30,000 miles with a combined total upkeep cost of $13.13, or an average of $2.18 per machine. These machines have proved so thoroughly efficient and so economical to maintain that the Detroit Police Department has placed an order for six additional Indians, 1912 model.

Free Engine Clutch and Magneto supplied with all 1912 model Indians without extra charge.

Other reasons why you should select the Indian for your Summer tours or week-end trips will be found in our free catalog. Or any of our 1,200 Indian agents will gladly demonstrate the machine. Drop us a postal for free, illustrated catalog, describing all 1912 models and improvements.

"Count the Indians on the Road!"

The Hendee Manufacturing Company

839 State Street Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Chicago Branch	Pacific Coast Branch	Denver Branch	London Depot
1251 Michigan Avenue	235 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco	138 16th Street	184 Gt. Portland Street

Sonnets of a Suffragette

By Berton Braley

I

I READ a lot about the Suffrage Cause.
In nearly every paper that I get
There's something said about the Suffragette
And Woman's Rights and "brutal, man-made laws."
It's funny, but this "Votes for Women" draws
Its leaders from the very smartest set.
I don't know what it's all about; and yet
I think I'd like to join it—well—because!

Why should I be a frivolous young thing,
Thinking of gowns and dances—and of men—
When I might help to make the welkin ring
With "Votes for Women!" like the Upper Ten?
My sheltered life has been too calm and quiet;
The Movement calls me—and I guess I'll try it.

II

It was a lovely meeting—yes, indeed;
Perfectly dear! And there was such a crowd—
Lots of my friends; I simply bowed and bowed.
I tell you men had better start to heed
The warning we have given them to read.
The leader was delightful—but a dowd!
My gown was stunning, and I felt so proud—
For being nicely dressed is half my creed.

The speeches that I heard were simply grand;
And I met Mrs. Harry Van der Groat—
One of the social leaders of the land.
I wonder why she cares about the vote!
If I had all her money I'd—but there!
The meeting was a dandy, I declare.

III

I have decided. I am going to be
A leader in the cause of Woman's Rights.
Though lots of well-known Suffragettes are frights
And hardly seem to know the A, B, C
Of wearing clothes, that needn't frighten me.
My speeches may not be a great success,
But I *look* pretty well and I can dress;
And Yellow quite becomes me—luckily.

I have a simply stunning yellow gown
To wear tomorrow night at our bazar.
We're going to show the women of this town
What poor, downtrodden slaves they really are!
And, as a little cash is very handy,
We hold a fair—and I shall sell the candy.

IV

He had the finest eyes; and such a chin—
A firm, determined chin; a lovely smile;
And wore His suit in such distinguished style.
Of course I noticed Him when He came in.
And when He sauntered over to my booth
And asked how much my candy was a pound
I couldn't say a word or make a sound—
I guess I must have blushed, to tell the truth.

I don't know why He made me feel that way—
I'm not afraid of men; for I'm enrolled
In Woman's Cause and armored for the fray,
And we who join the fight must needs be bold—
His eyes were brown; His hair was tinged with gray—
I don't know how much candy 'twas I sold.

V

The legislature met and we were there—
A small committee and the president—
And hours and hours and hours we vainly spent
Getting the pitying smile, the wooden stare,
From men who didn't seem to know or care
What we were after. All about we went,
Explaining what we wished and what we meant,
While Solons listened with a weary air.

I wore the best I had and looked my best;
But even that seemed not to help our bill.
Our views were surely clear and well expressed;
Yet we had failed most dismally, until
We made our little pilgrimage to see
The Speaker of the House—and it was He!

VI

I didn't know a thing to say or do—
To find Him there just took away my breath!
My poise all left me; I was scared to death!
It really made me very angry too—

Saves "fussing with the fire"

When we are gaining our freedom from the reign of blustering, capricious old King Winter to enjoy the smiles and frowns of coquette Spring, our homes and other buildings must be warm enough—but not too warm. In your bedroom, or any room, the

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

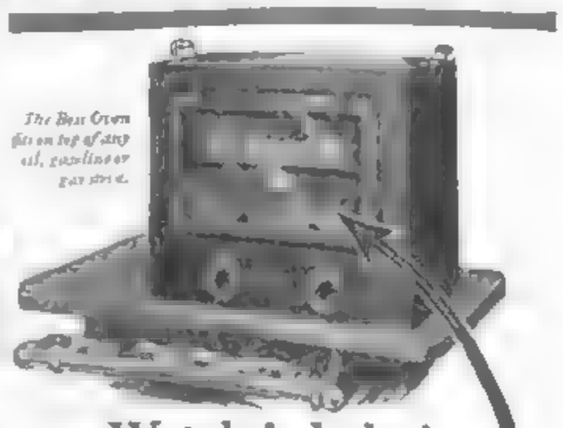
can be set to keep all rooms warmed by steam or hot water just comfortable—say 60° all night, 70° all day; or, as you like it. You set an indicator hand on the REGITHERM at just the degree of warmth you want *all over* the house. Then the Sylphon brass bellows inside the regulator box expands and contracts automatically—imparts motion by a chain to the draft and check dampers of the boiler or furnace. Results: no cold rooms, nor over-heating on windy days—no waste of fuel. There is no clock-work, no electricity, nor anything about the REGITHERM to wear out.

The REGITHERM is also valuable for stores, dry kilns, Turkish baths, etc., and it controls steam or water heating valves in factories where painting, gluing or drying work demand uniform temperature day and night. You should have "New Heating Aids" booklet (free) which tells about the REGITHERM, Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves, Norwall Air Valves for increasing heating results and cutting off coal wastes and caretaking. Shall we [illegible]

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department R CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.



The Boss Oven fits on top of any oil, gasoline or gas stove.

Watch it bake!

The Boss Oven is made in three sizes and fits on top of any oil, gasoline or gas stove. You can watch your baking through the glass [illegible] to steam up. Be sure you see "Boss" on the front. 260,000 now in use.

Write today for the free illustrated Boss Recipe Book, which shows all the new [illegible] Address The Hunsicker Co., 2509 Straight St., Cincinnati, O.

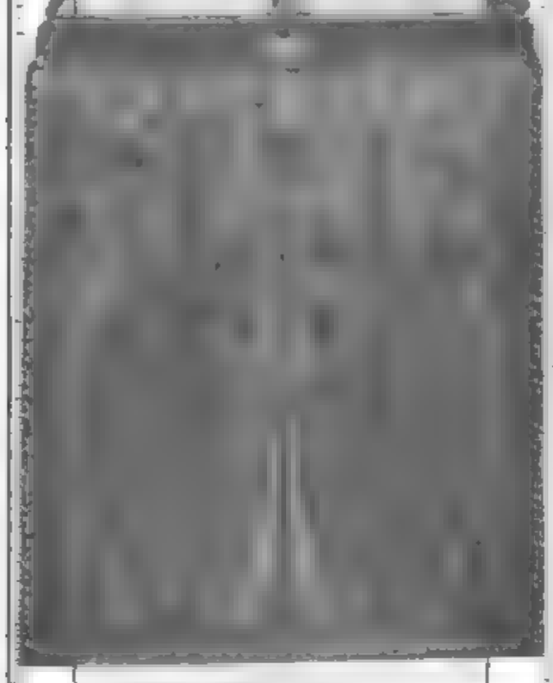
For sale by all good dealers

BOSS OVEN

The Oven with the Window

Cordova Hand Bags

The breath of the early Spring woods is in these motifs. The soft, subtle shades keep pace. The shapes are original, exclusive and command instant approval. The leather—Spanish cowhide—is the most durable that can be used in a bag. There are many other motifs and shapes.



No. 319-16. Arrow Head Motif. Width 7½ in., length 8½ in. Equipped with Coin Purse, Card Case and Mirror

The prices are moderate. There are over one thousand Cordova articles of equal beauty.

Send for booklet.

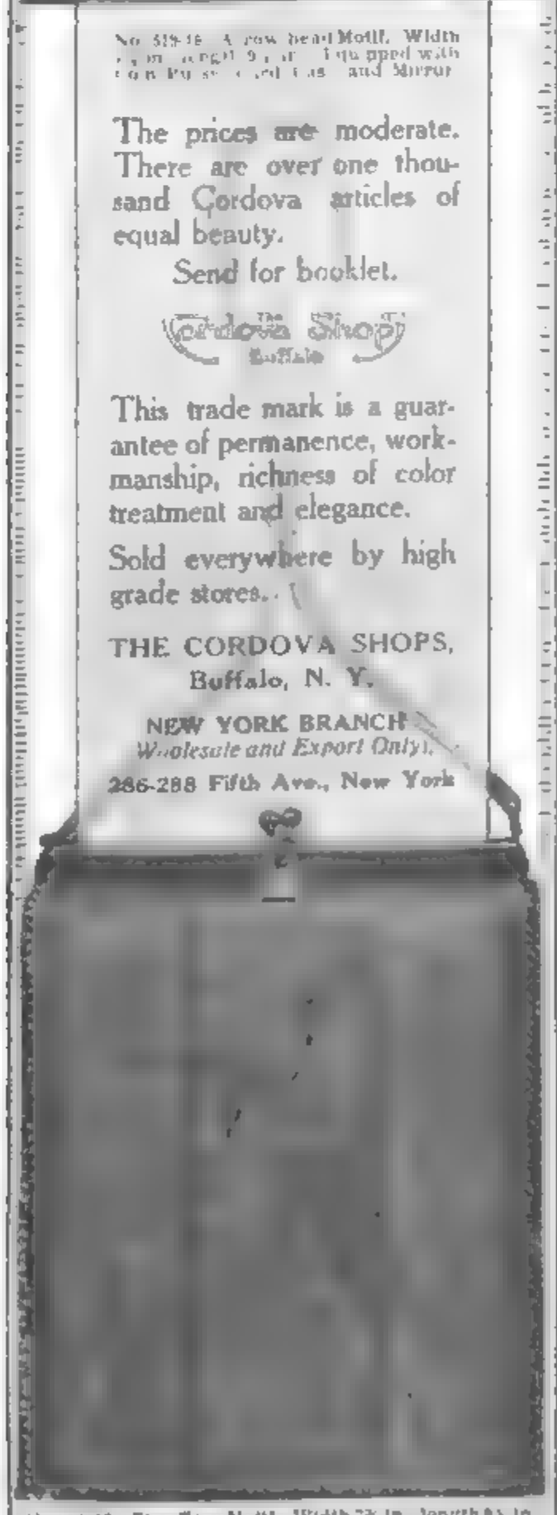
The Cordova Shop
Buffalo

This trade mark is a guarantee of permanence, workmanship, richness of color treatment and elegance.

Sold everywhere by high grade stores.

THE CORDOVA SHOPS,
Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK BRANCH
Wholesale and Export Only
286-288 Fifth Ave., New York



No. 319-19. Pine Cone Motif. Width 7½ in., length 8½ in. Equipped with Coin Purse, Card Case and Mirror

To think a man I scarcely even knew
Should make me act like any bashful child!
And, though I didn't show it, I was *wild*
Until we'd finished with that interview.

Oh, He was very nice and heard it all—
The little speech our clever leader made—
And asked us to repeat sometime our call
And thanked us for the visit we had paid,
And bowed us out, as gracious as a king—
Although He hadn't promised anything.

VII

Today I had a *terrible* surprise:
One of the legislators acted rude
And leered at me and made some horrid, crude,
Familiar speech—the sort that I despise.
The Speaker heard it; and with blazing eyes
He crossed the floor and grabbed the fellow's arm,
And told him He would make things good and warm
Unless the person would apologize.

And so he did—the masher was abject;
He almost groveled as he said his piece
And promised he would be more circumspect
And that familiarities should cease.
The Speaker left soon after this began;
But, oh, I think He is the grandest man!

VIII

We marched in a procession on the street
To give the Cause publicity; and I
Carried a Votes-for-Women banner high,
Despite the stares of many men we'd meet.
I didn't care, because the most elite,
The smartest women in the town, were by,
Tramping along with all us smaller fry—
(My gown, in spite of mud, was rather neat)

But all at once I saw Him on the curb
Lifting His hat and giving me a smile.
And, though I didn't let it much disturb
My peace of mind, I worried quite a while;
In fact, last night I hardly slept a wink,
Thinking: "What will He think? What will He think?"

IX

My dear, I hate to knock; but, just the same,
I don't see why some orators will go
Dowdy and shabby, looking like a show
And wearing things you simply couldn't name.
The one we heard last night is known to fame
For eloquence—and she spoke well, I know;
But by her looks I think her maid must throw
Her garments at her—really, it's a shame!

Of course we're trodden down and all of that—
She put that very well and made it clear;
But, my! she wore the most outlandish hat—
And such a waist!—and such a skirt, my dear!
Man is, I know, our tyrant and our jailer;
But let us not forget our ladies' tailor.

X

There are *some* dowdy women on our list,
But most of us are pretty neatly gowned;
Yet all the cartoon pictures I have found
Show us as Frights too frowsy to exist;
I don't object to any other twist
The artists give their pencils—let 'em gibe
In any way they like to suit the tribe;
But when it comes to clothes we must insist

On being shown in gowns more up to date,
And hats of vintages since nineteen-four.
For if there's one thing well-dressed women hate
It's being caught in styles that are no more;
We are not sensitive—no, not a bit!
But, please, dear artists, make our dresses fit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Goggle-Eye

THE rock-bass, or goggle-eye, is a fish that will now and then furnish good amusement to the fly-rod. Sometimes it lies under old milldams; sometimes along reedy bars at the edge of lakes, or again in sluggish creeks of considerable depth of water. It is not absolutely squeamish as to the brand of fly it likes, though a white fly in the evening or after dark is perhaps best for it. This and other fishes feed to some extent on crickets, grasshoppers and the like, which fall from the overhanging grasses on the water and are swept down by the wind or in the current.

The dragonfly is another insect much coveted by bass, rock-bass and other fish. For this reason, the artificial fly is sometimes unexpectedly deadly in waters where no one has ever given it a trial. Of course the rock-bass is not very sporty after it is hooked, but it is mighty good to eat when properly caught and properly fried.

A·B·Kirschbaum & Co.
True Blue Serge

There is but one "True Blue" serge.

In no other clothes, made anywhere by anybody, will you see the same character of serge as in Kirschbaum "True Blue" suits.

No other with the same depth of lustre and richness of finish; the same *Quality* look.

Because—expressly to gain distinctiveness, every piece of this serge is REFINISHED by the Kirschbaum process, in the Kirschbaum factory.

Each "True Blue" suit is hand-tailored. All of the little tailoring touches are there, giving the garments the refinement of exclusive custom making.

In "True Blue" you will be "different" from the average serge-clad man. Here is the label to look for, when you buy your serge suit.

The illustration shows the *Kirschbaum $18 Special* in "True Blue" serges; one of ten models at prices ranging up to $35.

Ask at better-class stores for Kirschbaum Guaranteed Hand-tailored All-wool Suits and Top-coats, $15 to $35.

Dealer's name sent on request.

Art Calendar Free

Beautifully done in colors, showing Americans in Rome, wearing the approved styles for this season. Sent free on mention of "The Post."

A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

The House With the All-wool Policy

Philadelphia New York Boston
Chicago San Francisco

Copyrighted 1912 by A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

The Kirschbaum
$18 Special
"True Blue" Serge

The serge that CAN'T "fade a shade."

Fine twilled and soft; with a beautiful finish produced alone by the Kirschbaum refinishing process and to be had in suits only under the Kirschbaum label.

Absolutely all-wool, hand-tailored thruout, and with snap that only Kirschbaum Clothes possess.

Look for the "True Blue" label, under inner breast-pocket—the Guaranty of hand-tailoring, all-wool and fast color.

FEDERAL

"Extra Service" Tires

Federal Tires are selected by tire users who demand the limit in mileage and endurance. They are "Extra Service" tires because they are *quality* tires through and through.

The Federal RUGGED TREAD Non-Skid Tire was the sensation of the shows—*Investigate.*

Federal Tires are supplied through leading dealers. Interesting tire book free.

FEDERAL RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE

Branches and Agencies—New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, Portland, Louisville, Indianapolis, etc.

BUSINESS HELPS

"PRETTY nearly any good man can keep a job. He may not be able to advance—may not be able to get much promotion; but that's another matter. Once a man gets his start, he can usually make good enough to hold his place—it's the getting the start that's likely to be so hard!"

It was an old and experienced business man who said this; and, though he spoke lightly and with a certain whimsicalness, it was clear that he meant it to stand for his sincere belief.

"Yes," he went on, "it's usually a hard thing to land a job—and particularly hard for men of diffidence. It's very difficult for most employers to understand that the very man who is most diffident and backward in speaking for himself may be the very freest and frankest in speaking for his employer—in talking up for the house; and therefore many a good man loses his chance. Or perhaps, instead of being too modest, he shows the other kind of manner and strikes the employer as being too egotistical or 'smarty.' Or perhaps he just fails to hit it off, without there being any special reason for it.

"Few employers are mind-readers; only the greatest are judges of capacity in advance of achievement. In considering the buying of steel or cloth or machinery there are certain tests that can be made before the goods are accepted or rejected, but it's hard to make a good advance test of an applicant for a job. Almost every man acts differently toward a possible employer than he does toward anybody else. He is seldom perfectly natural. He cannot even write a perfectly natural letter of application. However, all this isn't any reason why he should not face the situation and try, so far as possible, to see what ought to help him to land the job. Every employer is from Missouri and wants to be shown!"

. . . . . .

Among employers who make it difficult for some good men to please them is one who prides himself hugely upon his system; and, on the whole, the system seems an excellent one. When he wants a salesman he has samples of his goods put before the applicant, and says: "Now just think I'm a customer you want to sell things to. Go right ahead and talk these things to me as if you're going to make me buy." And he leans back and critically listens and watches, every little while putting in something in an effort to disconcert.

Judging by Looks and Manner

Well, he has certainly got some good salesmen that way; but he has just as certainly missed some of the best, for many most excellent men, who would talk with gusto and impressiveness to a real customer, are quite unable to forget that this man is the wished-for employer. In other words, not every good salesman is an actor; and yet the test is not so unreasonable, after all, for the better actor a salesman is the better salesman he will be. The man with imagination enough to see a customer in an employer is likely to see good things in the stock he starts out to sell. The weakness of this employer's system was in his own inability to recognize good material in the type of man who would make an excellent salesman in spite of being unable to take the test as a bit of reality.

Another man who employs many salesmen put it to me this way:

"I always try to have a brief but thoroughly natural talk with any man who wants me to employ him. To get a customer's attention a salesman must be able to please; and if words and manner are such as to impress me pleasantly I take it they are likely to impress most other people pleasantly; if they impress me badly they are likely to impress other people badly. For I think most of us are pretty much alike. A likable, plausible, interesting man is going to please pretty nearly every one; and I lay much more stress on looks and manner than upon words, for words can be learned more easily than good manners and facial expression can be learned."

. . . . . .

Clothes, manner, facial expression—these three are vital; and, in spite of the difficulty of it, it is quite feasible to acquire a desired manner and expression; and few

Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller

Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way

50c

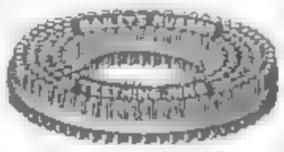
A Sample Jar of Face Cream GIVEN with every Roller

Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush

Clean Hands for Every One by Using

Price 25c., mailed

Always clean and sanitary, [illegible] the whole family. Use with [illegible] water



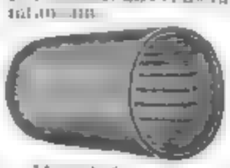
Mailed for price, 10c.

Baby's Teeth

[illegible]

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger [illegible]



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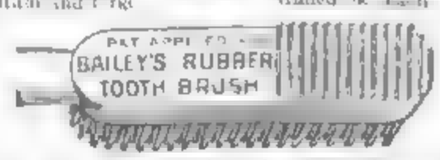


Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. [illegible] Can be had with [illegible] Hard or [illegible] Nos. 1, 2, 3. Mailed for price

LONGEVITY is promoted by [illegible] energy and delay follow decreasing circulation

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush

[illegible] renewed vigor courses through the [illegible]

A rigid handle is furnished to reach every part of the body

Sent on receipt of price

Catalog Free of Everything in Rubber Goods.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston

Spreads a wide or narrow strip—thin, even, quickly

The metal spreader that you get [illegible] ton along with the air-tight, screw [illegible]

LE PAGE'S GLUE

is the neatest little contrivance for applying glue ever devised. You can spread a wide [illegible] own, in the [illegible] or a narrow one [illegible] end of the spreader. Besides, [illegible] the thin blade [illegible] will never [illegible] dry [illegible] 10c everywhere

Send for a free book suggesting [illegible] economies in home and office

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 95 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Library Slip with Every Bottle and Tube

Style is easy to discern, but hard to define. You can point your finger at it, but you can't put your finger on it. Wear

Sincerity Clothes

and have the consciousness of being well-dressed and the confidence that "readies" and steadies a man.

Tailored by

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

For sale at the "serve-you-best" shops. Write for "A Little Journey to the Capitals of Fashion." It's free.

things are more important in impressing the man from whom you hope to obtain a job. Many a man and many a woman has permitted an unhappy or peevish expression to become habitual and has thereby failed to secure a wished-for chance; whereas attention and determination can almost always conquer this particular handicap—always supposing that the person himself recognizes the fault and wants it conquered!

I remember hearing the manager of a great department store say: "A man or a woman in business should always control facial expression."

It was a man who was very, very wise in the ways of the world who long ago wrote:

"There is nothing more certain than that you may form what countenance you please. An open, serene, intelligent countenance, a little brightened by cheerfulness, not wrought into smiles or simpers, will presently become familiar and grow into habit."

After all, then, when even facial expression can be conquered, and when manner may, with care and determination, be conquered, one has a fair chance to become able to make a good impression. And as to clothes, I often think of the experience of an acquaintance who, years ago, shortly after moving into a Western city, found himself very hard up and out of a job. He was a man of unusual ability, but that did not seem to help him; he could not make employers believe it! Desperate, he one day went to the office of a retired man of affairs, widely known as being both wise and kind-hearted.

Good Clothes a Good Investment

"I am a stranger to you, but have come in the hope that you will help me with advice." Thus my acquaintance began. "I am out of work, have a wife to support, have spent my savings, am practically a stranger here and have but fifty dollars in the world.

"The man looked at me as if taking an inventory." Thus the story was told to me. "He looked at me with not unpleasant inspection and certainly not with offensiveness. I had gone to him—a stranger—for advice, and I knew he ought to look me over before giving it; yet I felt myself flush uncomfortably, for as he looked at me I felt a realization of just how worn and almost shabby my clothes were, though they were neat and clean. The man smiled at me with a sort of friendly helpfulness. 'I am going to give you advice just as frankly as you ask for it,' he said; 'and I mean my advice very seriously. If I had only fifty dollars in the world and wanted a job I would spend the fifty dollars on a new suit of clothes!' And I followed his advice and won out."

Well, perhaps this need not be followed literally in every case, but there is so much of sound common-sense in it, and so much knowledge of human nature, that it is worth thinking about whenever one is in a similar situation.

"I may buy a suit of clothes for ten dollars," remarked a wealthy man who had won a reputation for intense economy, "but that doesn't mean that I want to see only ten-dollar suits round me. I can afford to wear a ten-dollar suit—my employees can't!"

Whenever I think of the value of a pleasing manner there comes to me the memory of two sisters who found it necessary to earn their own living and thereupon became excellent at stenography. In looks and in general appearance they seemed identical except—an important exception!—that one had a charming and vivacious expression and the other was almost dour; but for this it was practically impossible to tell one from the other, for they usually dressed alike.

Once upon a time it happened that the dour-looking one was out of a job—could not get a job; whereupon an inspiration came to her sister; for, her pretty face aglow, she responded to an advertisement, giving her sister's name, and secured the place. "I do not think I did wrong," she says; "for we needed the money and I knew my sister was quite as good a stenographer as myself, so there was no taking advantage of the employer. If he wanted a face and not a stenographer he had no business to and deserved to be disappointed!"

Presumably he was disappointed next morning when he found a face changed from glowing charm to an uninteresting coldness; but he never suspected. He must

Barrett Specification Roofs

EVERY roof in the above view of the Kansas City business section, with the exception marked X, is a Barrett Specification type of roof.

Such a preponderance is not unusual.

A bird's-eye view of any American City, Chicago or New York for instance, will show enormous roof areas laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification, testifying to the almost universal approval which such roofs have won.

Barrett Specification Roofs are greatest in durability, and their *net cost per foot per year of service* is far below that of any other roof known. In other words, Barrett Specification Roofs give more protection per dollar of expenditure than any other kind.

Barrett Specification Roofs are suitable for use on flat-roofed buildings of every kind where skilled roofing labor is obtainable.

If you are interested in the proposition and would like further information, we should be pleased to have you write our nearest office.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copy of The Barrett Specification, with diagrams, ready for incorporation into building specifications, free on request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis
New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.

Canadian Offices:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

The Clothes That Experts Choose

IN every trade there is a name which experts consider the best in its especial line. You know what it is in your business; but likely few outsiders know it. It is not always the most-advertised name.

In the field of Fine Clothing the name is *Schloss*. Remember it. It is well-known in the business. For forty years it has stood for the best of materials, workmanship, style and fit. It marks a special excellence very apparent to the practiced eye.

Buy a Schloss-Baltimore Suit this Spring, and choose as an expert would. The added value you will get is well worth asking for. Write, and we will tell you which of our two thousand retailers is nearest you. Remember the name,—*Schloss-Baltimore*.

Schloss Bros. & Co. *Fine Clothes Makers* Baltimore and New York

have supposed that the change was due to deliberate policy, and the girl held on to her place for over a year. Then came the same thing over again; for, after some unsuccessful efforts on the part of the dour-face, the other sister once more successfully personated her long enough to get a position.

I am not holding up this kind of deception for imitation, but merely as an example of the good effect of a pleasing personality; and the experience ought to have set the sister of unfortunate expression to studying how to change her face and her manner—which she certainly could have done. In giving herself a cheerful and attractive appearance she would have gone a long way toward changing her very nature to cheerfulness and charm, and thus kept the desired appearance permanently.

. . . . . .

Any appearance of carelessness is bound to jar an employer and keep him from employing an otherwise capable man. Carelessness is the unpardonable sin in business; for it can never be foreseen when perhaps even a trifling carelessness will have serious results. A mistake in dating the letter of application; a mistake in the name of the business man addressed; a mistake in ordinary spelling—such things are looked upon as vital. I know of a young man who, quite competent to fill a desirable vacancy, applied for it in a well-worded letter in which, referring to his own qualifications, he stated that he was a graduate of a certain well-known business "colledge." He did not get the place.

Recently a big store advertised for a man, and it may be remarked that, contrary to general belief, big houses quite often advertise for help—they do not by any means always have an understudy ready to take a place.

This particular advertisement drew a large number of responses, all of which came by mail; and among them one letter stood preëminent. It was well typewritten, showing that a good typist had been employed—and that showed judgment to begin with. The phrasing was good, showing clear-headedness and the ability to state a case succinctly and with effectiveness; and there was evident a strong desire to have the place. References and experience were irreproachable; and, in fact, the entire letter gave so admirable an impression that there would have been no doubt of the man's getting the job had it not been for one important fact—which was that the letter was unsigned!

Different Tactics for Different Jobs

It might easily have been possible to discover who he was through some of his references, but no effort was made to do this. Instead, the application was completely ignored. It was realized that a man, no matter how competent and able, who could leave his name off a letter—and especially an important letter—could never be fully trusted to have his wits about him.

. . . . . .

I referred to a strongly expressed desire to have the job as one of the factors in influencing an employer favorably; and, indeed, pretty nearly every employer wants to find an applicant in this frame of mind. There are cases in which a man can be coy and hesitant and hold out for better terms, but that is when the employer goes after the man and not when the man goes after the employer! Perhaps it is unreasonable on the part of an employer and perhaps it isn't; but, however that may be, the fact remains that an employer is likely to give little heed to a half-hearted application, for he fears to acquire a half-hearted man—and he is likely to pay little attention to any one who even hints at being above the job. You must want an employer if you want him to want you.

I have been told of one man who, when he learned that a certain corporation wanted an assistant, telephoned personally to each one of the officers and principal stockholders, wrote a dozen or so individual letters, and in addition got a number of friends to speak for him. He got the job—in that case the corporation wanted an aggressive man for a position requiring constant assurance; and so these tactics had a strong appeal, which they might not have had if the desired position had been of a different kind. With some employers, too much assurance in making an application would be as disastrous as too little. All of which points out the advantage of studying each case for its own particular campaign.

Sunshine Wafers Free

Thin wafers made of whole wheat flour, buttered, salted and toasted crisp—they spur the appetite with their delicious nutty flavor.

Sunshine

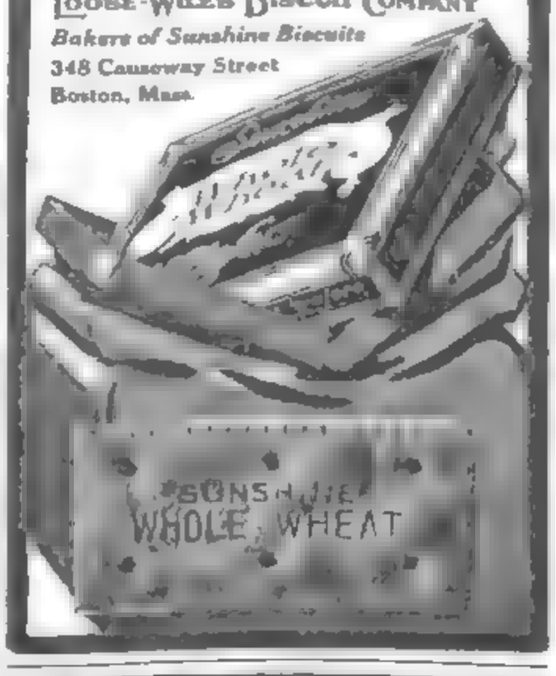
Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers

are as thoroughly wholesome as they are good to eat. Just the things for the evening "bite" and the between-meal lunch, or to put in your grip when you travel. When once you've tasted them you'll think of a score of uses. The one biscuit that is liked as well by men as by women and children.

Send a Postal for Samples

Give your name and address and the name and address of your grocer. Ask your grocer for Sunshine Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers—they are one of the Sunshine Specialties, the Quality Biscuits of America.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
348 Causeway Street
Boston, Mass.



MOORE'S
Modern Methods

A Practical Instruction Book in Loose Leaf Record-Keeping

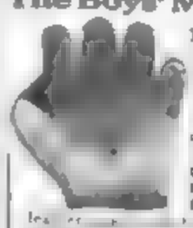
Contains full explanation of the Money and Time Saving method of bookkeeping. Describes and illustrates 40 Record Forms with full explanation of their use.

We will send this book WITHOUT CHARGE to any Business or Professional Man who writes for it.

John C. Moore Corporation
733 Stone Street
Rochester, N.Y.

FREE

BOYS! This Ball Glove and The Boys' Magazine (6 months) 50c



Edited by WALTER CAMP, each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, ta[illegible]

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 446 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

H-7 Guards, properly adjusted make Shur-ons

Surely On To Stay On

H-7 Guards make Shur-ons a source of comfort and satisfaction to those who have never been able to even wear eye-glasses

If your optician will not supply H-7 Shur-on Guards, write us.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Established 1864 Ave. H, Rochester, N.Y.

HARTMANN *Rite-hite*
WARDROBE TRUNKS

are the most practical, trouble-saving Wardrobe Trunks built. They have a capacity guaranteed equal to that of any 10-inch higher trunk in existence—proved by hundreds of packing tests

The "Rite-hite" is fitted with the celebrated Hartmann Simplified Hangers. Complete, yet compact. The arrangement of drawers and other useful compartments for large hats, etc., makes use of every inch of space.

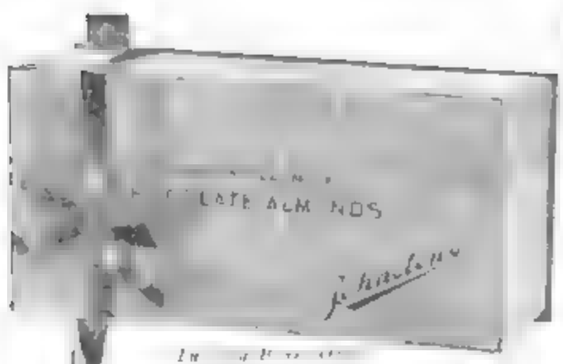
Saves Cost Quick

No waste room—no excess baggage charges and bother—no mussy garments. All saved by the "Rite-hite," which is built of three-ply veneer, reinforced, with heavily brassed and rolled steel trimmings and g[illegible]

Send for [illegible] illustrated booklet and let us give you the name of your nearest dealer.

"Rite-hite" 40 in. and 45 in. high

THE Hartmann Trunk Co.
203 W Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO
602 American Woolen Bldg.
NEW YORK



Milk Chocolate Almonds

Fresh, brittle almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness. Try a box of these *quality* almonds and learn the vast difference between Johnston's and the ordinary kind.

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

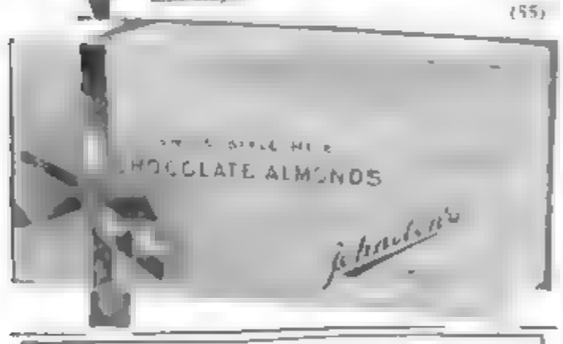
Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address an introductory package. Offered for a limited time only.

(55)



Judging By Appearance—

You'll agree that Notaseme 25c Hosiery favorably compares with expensive hosiery. Judging by comfort and wear you'll agree Notaseme deserves a higher price. Judging by price you'll find it is the greatest quarter hosiery value"—For all the family. Dealers or direct. Notaseme Hosiery Co., Phila. Pa.

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. The best typewriter in the world, as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 99, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

One applicant, talking with the general manager of the company whose employ he wanted to enter, made such a long catalogue of his own virtues that the manager rasped out: "It isn't so blamed important to know how to do a whole lot of things as it is to be able to do the thing right in front of you."

Whereupon came the swift retort: "But the more things a man knows the more likely it is he'll know that particular thing!"

He got the job.

No one can make a greater mistake than to ask in advance about hours of work. Even an employer who in practice wants his employees to have short hours will resent an expressed desire for few hours. He may in this, again, be unreasonable or not; but whether or not he is unreasonable is quite immaterial. That is his position, his feeling; and it will be heeded by any applicant with common-sense. Employers, through the mere fact of being employers, are in a position to have their whims respected; and so the only course is to respect them. When the applicant of today, grumbling at such things, becomes the employer of tomorrow he will be just the same.

Another thing to avoid is too great insistence on the amount of salary. Of course, self-respect and a decent sense of one's own value will make any man reasonably anxious to obtain reasonable pay; but if a man is out of a job altogether, instead of being in the position of trying to get from a poor job to a better one, he had much better snap up almost anything; and in any case he should consider the position and its possibilities more than the immediate return.

A Start at Nothing a Day

Years ago, a young lad, having left his farm home to try his fortunes in a small town, entered a branch office of what is now one of the greatest corporations in the United States. The local manager received him crustily, but let it be known that there was really a possible job.

"I'll work for nothing for six months if you'll let me learn how the work is done," said the lad, at length; whereupon the manager, looking at him with a start of surprise, agreed—and the working and learning were begun.

Outside of business hours it was up to the lad—who had but a few dollars in the world and was too proud to send back home for more—to make his living. He milked a cow and for this was given a quart of milk a day; he earned a few cents a day caring for another man's horse—another few cents for sweeping out a store; a little more by doing any kind of odd jobs he could unearth.

The manager, hard and crusty, was nevertheless fair, and, watching the boy with sympathy and interest, saw to it that he learned the work thoroughly and at the end of the six months secured for him a minor position—but one with real money!—with the same company at a branch in another town. That was half a century ago; and now that man earns a huge salary as president of the company whose service he entered on the terms of nothing a day for six months!

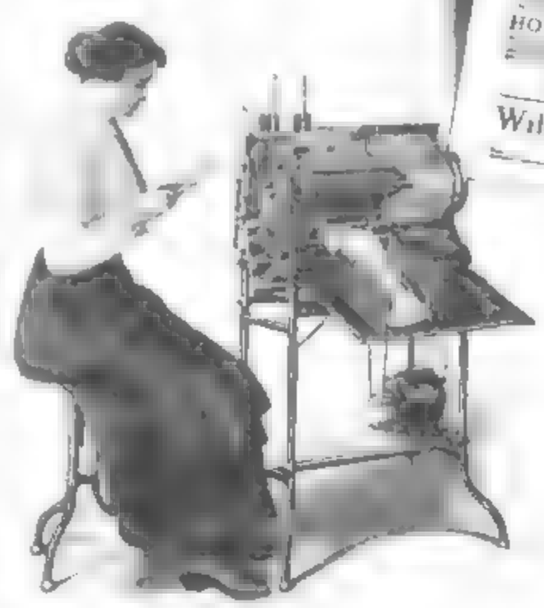
One never knows just what point is going to have its effect on an employer. This reminds me of going into a manager's office one day just as a well-dressed, well-set-up chap, with a chagrined and disappointed look on his face, was coming out.

"I was almost hiring that man," said the manager; "and I would have done so if it hadn't been for his references."

"Yet he looks as if he might have pretty good ones," I suggested.

"That's just it! He has altogether too good ones—or, at least, too many of them! He came to me with a personal introduction from a friend, and after he had talked a little in a sensible, manly sort of way he took out a bunch of letters and began showing them. The letters are from good people and are excellent—you noticed that he's a likable sort of chap; but when I began to realize that every one was from a man who had employed him, and that he is still only twenty-three years old, I got cold feet. You see, it's clear that nobody can keep him; but each man sincerely wishes him well and passes him along. I think it's drink—young as he is, he is beginning to show signs of it—it's almost certainly drink; but in any case he's not the man I want." He paused and smiled. "If he had been wise and had showed only one or two letters I really think I'd have taken him on—and then in a few months I suppose I'd have passed him along."

The form that proved to an incredulous man how he could effect big savings by doing real printers' printing on the Multigraph.



Their saving on one form alone was 52% when they printed it on the Multigraph.

THE Wilbur Stock Food Company, of Milwaukee, had proved the effectiveness of Multigraphed letters in their direct mail campaigns. One after another, they had installed three Multigraphs which they were using successfully.

The time came when they needed a fourth, and they ordered it. By this time we had proved to ourselves, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Multigraph would do real printers' printing—at much less than printers' prices. We knew that the Wilbur Stock Food people could save a lot of money by doing their printing on the Multigraph; so we sent a machine equipped for printing. Then our representative called to explain.

THE MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment

The man in charge of the Multigraph department was incredulous—naturally. He took the Multigraph man to one higher in authority.

"This Multigraph man is making some big claims for Multigraph printing," he said. "What shall we do with him?"

"The Multigraph is fine for circular letters," said the chief. "But when it comes to printing it's no good—can't be."

"Pick out one of your most difficult forms," replied the Multigraph man. "The Multigraph will print it to your satisfaction, and save you a lot of money."

The Wilbur people began to be interested. They selected the circular reproduced above—measuring 5½x8½ inches. Printing two at a time, the Multigraph turned out 150,000 of the circulars at a cost of $72. The printer's charge for the same quantity had been $150, so the Multigraph saving was $78—52%.

The printing equipment *stayed*.

Four days later the chief walked into the Multigraph office.

"You recollect you made some big claims for Multigraph printing? Well, I'm convinced." And he handed over a signed order for another Multigraph—the fifth—equipped for printing.

Today all five Multigraphs are getting business and saving money for the Wilbur Stock Food Company. Chances are ten to one that the Multigraph can do the same for your business—and you're absolutely safe in investigating.

YOU CAN'T BUY A MULTIGRAPH UNLESS YOU NEED IT

We hold to that rule because we wish every Multigraph we sell to stay sold. That's why we insist upon making your business prove its own need of the Multigraph.

To assist you in producing the proof we shall be glad to place the time of our nearest representative at your disposal.

If you wish to inform yourself before requesting us to send a representative, let us send you literature, samples and such data as we may have pertaining to your line of business. Write today. Use the coupon.

Ask us also about the Universal Folding-Machine and the Markoe Envelope-Sealer. They save time and money for any office with large outgoing mails.

The American Multigraph Sales Company

Executive Offices 1800 E. Fortieth Street Cleveland **Branches in Sixty Cities** Look in Your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Kronenstr., 76 Echo Friedrichstr.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, written on your business stationery. We'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing
- Booklets
- Letterheads
- Enclosure Stuffers
- Blank Forms
- Price Lists
- Typewritten Forms
- Factory Headings
- Bills, Statements, Checks, etc.
- Envelopes

Typewriting
- Circular Letters
- Booklets
- Enclosure Stuffers
- Catalogs
- Reports
- Notices
- Bulletins to Employees
- Inside System Forms

An offer of "the 24 best records"

EVERY few days we discover that we have again produced "absolutely the one best record ever made."

First we hear from Mr. Henry Russell, director of the Boston Opera and our Consulting Director of Opera, whose opinion is authoritative; then we open a letter from a Columbia dealer, who judges every record issued—*everybody's* records—by the sales standard. Then the boy brings in a telegram from one of our wholesale branch managers, who is fairly sure to know what he likes, and why. Then we receive an enthusiastic message from our own laboratory superintendent, whose enthusiasm is not at all easily aroused. Then come congratulations from our cold-blooded musical critic, whose business it is to find *faults*. And so on.

Now: We have been quietly filing these testimonials for some time, and we have listed below 24 records that constitute a musical series entirely unique in the opinion of its several sponsors.

Every record buyer is entitled to his own opinion—and we have noticed that the average record buyer would say so, if we didn't. But a series of records with such indorsements to recommend them must have extraordinary interest for you—and we are paying $4000 for this half of this $8000 announcement to suggest that you make it a point to have your dealer play them for you, or send them all—or any one of them—to your home on approval, if he operates that way, as many Columbia dealers do.

Columbia Double-Disc Records

65 cents up to $7.50

(for Columbia Grafonolas and Graphophones; and for all other disc talking machines)

are sold under this GUARANTEE, printed on every envelope:

WE GUARANTEE to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make, regardless of their cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other disc records on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other disc record, under any name, or any price.

The List of 12 Ten-inch Records (24 Selections)

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"HERD GIRL'S DREAM," (Double-Disc No. A587, **65c.** This selection has already had the largest sale of any record in the world). Violin, Flute and Harp Trio, by **STEHL, LUFSKY AND SURTH.** Coupled on the reverse side with "Invincible Eagle March," Banjo Solo by Vess L. Ossman, with orchestra.

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"DICH THEURE HALLE," from Tannhäuser. (Double-Disc No. A5281, **$3.**) Sung by **OLIVE FREMSTAD,** in German, with orchestra. Coupled on the reverse side with "Elsa's Traum," from Lohengrin. Sung by Olive Fremstad in German, with orchestra.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER," (Double-Disc No. A5283, **$3.**) Sung by **ALICE NIELSEN,** in English, with orchestra. Coupled on the reverse side with "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Alice Nielsen, in English, with orchestra.

"HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS," from Il Trovatore. (Double-Disc No. A5370, **$4.**) Duet by **GIOVANNI ZENATELLO** and **MARIA GAY,** in Italian, with orchestra. Coupled on the reverse side with "While Yet in Languishment," from Il Trovatore. Duet by Giovanni Zenatello and Maria Gay. In Italian, with orchestra.

"MARY OF ARGYLE," (Double-Disc No. A5132, **$1.50.**) Sung by **DAVID BISPHAM,** with orchestra. Coupled on the reverse side with "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," sung by David Bispham, with orchestra.

"THOU BRILLIANT BIRD," from Pearl of Brazil. (Double-Disc No. A5350, **$3.**) Sung by **BERNICE DE PASQUALI,** in Italian, with orchestra. Coupled on reverse side with "O Luce di quest' Anima," from Linda Di Chamounix. Sung by Bernice de Pasquali, in Italian, with orchestra.

"EVER OF THEE," (Double-Disc No. A5244, **$1.25.**) Sung by **MARGARET KEYES,** with orchestra. Coupled on the reverse side with "Angel's Serenade," sung by Margaret Keyes, Contralto, with orchestra.

"SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST," (Double-Disc No. A5159, **$1.**) Violin, flute and harp trio, by **STEHL, LUFSKY AND SCHUETZE.** Coupled on the reverse side with the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, played by Prince's Orchestra.

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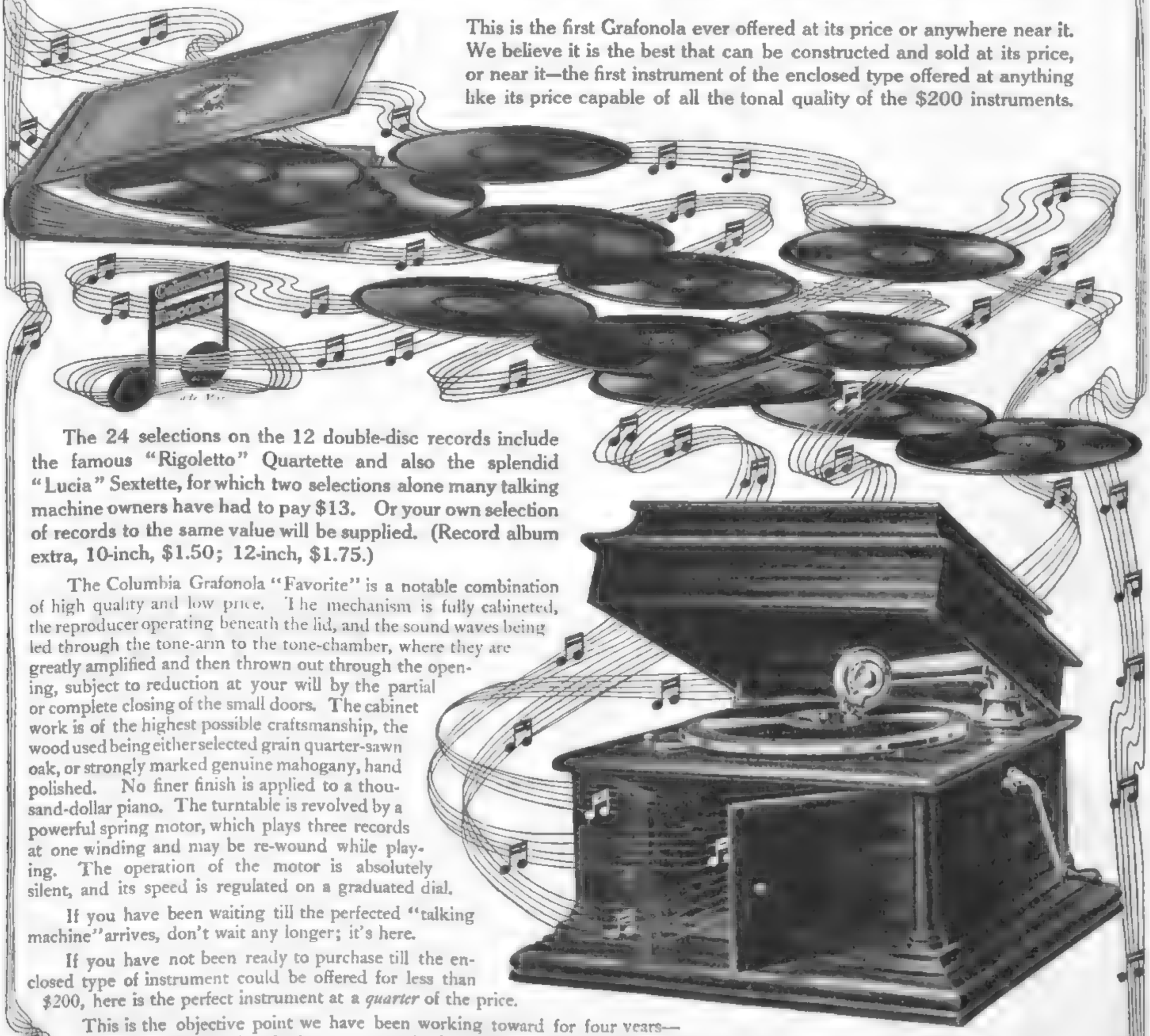

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How Boston Plans to Profit From Panama

(Continued from Page 32)

cause of the decline of the merchant marine, declared it to be the high cost of operation compared to foreign, and "the impossible registry laws—which should be changed to allow Americans to purchase foreign-built ships for the United States flag."

"The registry laws," says the Federal Commissioner of Navigation, "have not compelled American capital to stay at home. They have restrained the increase of American shipping in a very positive manner. Within a year this has prevented the American owners of a fleet of eighteen steamers from transferring their ships from foreign to American registry."

When you come to consider the suggestion of a subsidy as a stimulation to a merchant marine you are in a still worse tangle of utter contradictions. You find shipbuilders like Nixon saying that subsidies will help but little; and you find the entire marine commission saying that subsidies in some form—naval reserve, mail, loan for first cost—are the only remedies for the declining marine.

Briefly as possible, the pros and cons stand thus: Every other maritime nation—Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, the Netherlands, Russia, Portugal, Spain—grants subsidies or bounties in amounts varying from seventy-five thousand to two or three million dollars. Yes, but—retorts the other side—the most successful lines are not supported by a subsidy. The best two German lines have prospered for fifty years without a subsidy and the shipowners of Germany have requested the government not to grant any more subsidies. Government aid, instead of increasing the French marine, has brought it to almost utter decay. Ships are built for the subsidy, not for the trade. In spite of England's generous postal subsidies and practical endowment of one line through advances for the first cost of the steamers, not more than five per cent of England's big tonnage is subsidized.

Suppose subsidies did cost some millions a year, that would be a paltry outlay compared to the saving of three hundred million dollars a year paid to foreign carriers. Free tolls for United States ships would be the best subsidy of all, say the American companies, with lines already running.

Boston's Shipless Pier

Shipping is the one unprotected industry in America, say the advocates. So long as protection prevails as the national policy the marine must be helped or it will decline. Wages at Newport News are fifty to one hundred per cent higher than in Europe, and the rates for white crews on the Pacific Coast are the highest in the world. To be sure, the Dingley Tariff admitted building material for United States ships free; but ships built under that section of the tariff are so hampered by stipulations as to the length of time they may engage in the coastwise trade that the one ship—the Dirigo—built under that section of the law suffered such disadvantage that the experiment will never be repeated. Then—answer opponents to subsidy—if protection be at the root of the decline of the marine better begin at the root rather than pile up more burdens, and make the taxpayer support still another fostered industry.

Look back over the mass of weltering opinion as to the best policy for Panama; you have not really got anywhere, have you? That is what Boston thinks. While Americans have been cross-cutting one another in remedies the foreigners have been getting away with the goods—capturing the carrying trade of the sea. Yet more—industrial centers have been moving from the East to the Middle West and from the West to the Pacific Coast. What if they should take to moving down to the Gulf States?

Wake up, down East! says Boston. We have put ourselves on record for free tolls for the coastwise trade; but stronger treatment than theory is needed in this case. It is almost a case for surgery without an anæsthetic, in order to be quite sure that the patient will wake up.

Now remember that Boston and Salem once ranked second in supremacy on the seas. Look at the harbor-front. One of the best harbor-fronts is controlled by the dead hand of the old estates that used to

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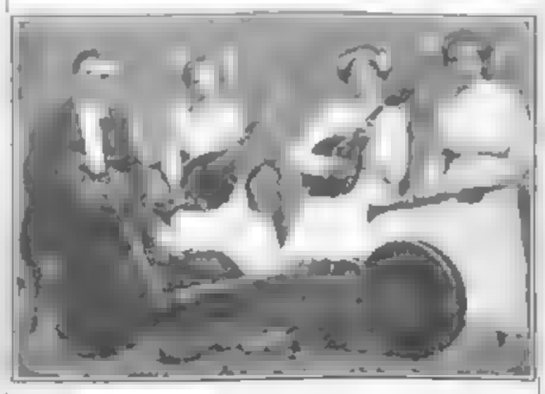

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"Everywhere" on page 75

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have the clipper trade; and the other deepest-draft harbor-front is controlled by a railroad. So Boston waked up in a ponderous sort of fashion and straightway built, at great cost, a magnificent commonwealth public pier. Do you know what happened? Just what will happen to Panama if we don't look out—the fine new pier lay idle and unused for twelve years. No ships!

Was it a conspiracy on the part of the railroads? Not in the least. Not by the longest stretch of the muckraker's imagination! The railroads that bring most of the export trade to Boston come from the North and the West. The railroad that controls the best pier comes from the South. Look where the new pier was placed! About as inconveniently far from the terminals as it could possibly be placed. Why does Montreal, with her disadvantage of half a season, capture so much of the export grain trade? Because the terminals are in such perfect connection with the water-front that grain can be loaded cheaper and quicker there; and where the handling reduces cost an eighth or an eightieth of a cent, there the export trade will go. So Boston sat back rubbing a sore bump of considerable size in her self-esteem; and Boston did some hard thinking.

To regain her old supremacy she must become an industrial and shipping center—that is, she must make herself the cheapest, shortest, best and most convenient shipping point, as she used to be. That meant:

1—Terminals.
2—The best channel near those terminals.
3—Most important of all, it meant ships.

She can easily retain her place as ascendent for the fishing fleet—the second largest fishing fleet in the world—but this matter of Panama traffic and a world marine? Boston got out some maps and did some measuring, and you had better get out maps likewise, or you will not credit the facts of distances on a world which looks flat but is really round.

Some Surprising Comparisons

Suppose Panama really does change the face of the map and bring traffic down to the sea-front on the Atlantic and Pacific and the Gulf, how much traffic will there be to feed a Boston merchant marine running from Boston to, say, Seattle, along the Gulf ports and up and down South America. The traffic would not be likely to come down over the different divides—that is, it would not be likely to come by water; so Boston drew a heavy line on the map down the backbone of the Appalachian system, across the South below St. Louis, and up the backbone of the Rockies. Outside the black line, feeding the rivers and railroads coming down to the sea-front, is the traffic of fifty million people—the bulk of the industrial population of the United States.

Good! That is the principle on which the old clippers did so well—they carried all the ocean-front trade of the country. Now what distances would the traffic of the fifty million people have to traverse to reach the outside world in a Boston marine?

The distances are a surprise when you measure them up:

	MILES
Boston to Panama	2077
Los Angeles to Panama	2035
San Francisco to Panama	3302
Vancouver to Panama	4019
Boston to Rio Janeiro	4708
New York to Rio Janeiro	4778
Philadelphia to Rio Janeiro	4828
Baltimore to Rio Janeiro	4840
New Orleans to Rio Janeiro	5228
Galveston to Rio Janeiro	5348

In other words, according to Boston charts—which may, of course, not be the same as New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore charts—Boston is nearer all Europe, all Africa, all South America and half of Asia than the other leading seaports of the Atlantic. It is one of the cases where the bulge of the coastline and the bulge of the earth throw you out of your calculation.

And about this time, of course, you can guess the story. Boston contracted what is known either as the harbor fever or "the hotair fever," according as it is a friend or an enemy who is speaking. It was the kind of fever that induced the commonwealth to set aside nine million dollars for harbor investigation, harbor commissions, harbor improvements. The harbor fever accomplished yet more. It got through an act for power of public condemnation, which may never need to be invoked; but it went through. Dead hands are not to

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hold the Boston water-front any longer than the commonwealth wishes. The new port directors, under Mr. Bancroft, went vigorously to work. They are like powder touched by a match if you say the words "merchant marine" to them now; and they are likely to have twenty-five million dollars more at their disposal. They are asking for it; and there is every chance it will be granted.

Do not imagine that a policy of wholesale public condemnation and public appropriation is to be undertaken. It isn't! Assessed values will be paid, and the properties taken over will yield a revenue to the city for yet future harbor improvements. One of the first results of this policy will be, not fewer and crippled railroads but a new transcontinental coming in to Boston for its Atlantic harbor; and that railway has one of the finest piers in Seattle and is now building grain freighters for Panama.

Having planned for terminals and water-front under state control, the biggest difficulty of all yet remains: What about ships? Will Boston depend for ships on the railroads that come and use her terminals for steamer lines of their own? Not much! Not if Boston knows it! It was the railroads, financed by her old clipper-owners, that quite unintentionally took away her shipping ascendency. "Steamship lines must have ample financial support if they are to meet all forms of competition," say the port directors in their report. "The directors recommend that they be authorized to guarantee the securities of steamship companies not in excess of their actual cost, up to twenty-five million dollars, upon such conditions as will secure to the port such connections, service and rates as are satisfactory."

Call it subsidy, guarantee, subvention—any name you like. That is "going some," isn't it?—and in marked contrast to the other Eastern harbors that are still wasting time discussing the theory of restoring a marine. If you are going to do a thing—do it! If you want a marine—get to work on plans to build it! If there are difficulties—move 'em! If there are contradictory theories—don't waste time over 'em! Go to work and build! That is Boston.

Boston as a Beacon Light

Twenty-five million dollars is a hefty chunk of money for a careful-minded state to count out. Is it too much? Well, here is Boston's answer: "If Antwerp could spend forty-five million dollars since 1909, and Hamburg one hundred millions since 1880, and Manchester eight-five millions since 1885, and Liverpool one hundred and fifty millions since 1859, surely Boston can spend twenty-five millions to bring the commerce of the world back to her state's doors; but—free tolls, please!"

They tell you down in Philadelphia that a certain mayor, of esteemed memory as to big harbor plans, "bit off more than he could chew." Here is Boston doing more than Philadelphia has yet dreamed of doing!

The trouble with Philadelphia is that the city, as a city, is not yet alive to the possibilities of Panama. They tell you there that Philadelphia has ample docking facilities to take care of all commerce that can possibly come. The trouble is—as Boston has found—marine traffic in large volume doesn't come! It has to be brought! Yet the director of docks and ferries, in his report of 1910, is constrained to confess: "One potent reason that has actuated the Government in making liberal appropriations toward the improvement of Boston, Baltimore and New York is the fact that those cities have been carrying on large works of improvement. Philadelphia has allowed matters to drift and take care of themselves. Therefore much of the commerce of the port has slipped away and gone to other ports where better inducements were offered, while many of our wharves have been permitted to fall into decay. Happily a change is taking place."

Philadelphia, too, feels the new movement. Of the Delaware River frontage—according to the dock report—only eight per cent is controlled by the city, which, says the report, "emphasizes the fact that the city does not own sufficient water-front to control port facilities." According to the report of 1911, Philadelphia, with a population of nearly one million and a half, has spent during the past twenty years four million dollars on her harbor. In the same time Manchester, with a population of half a million, has spent eighty-five million dollars.

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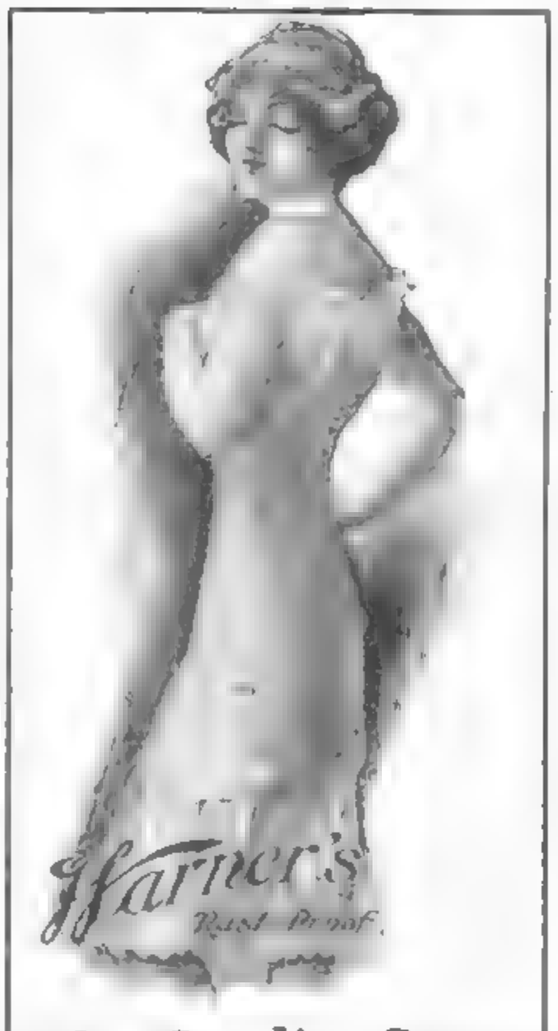

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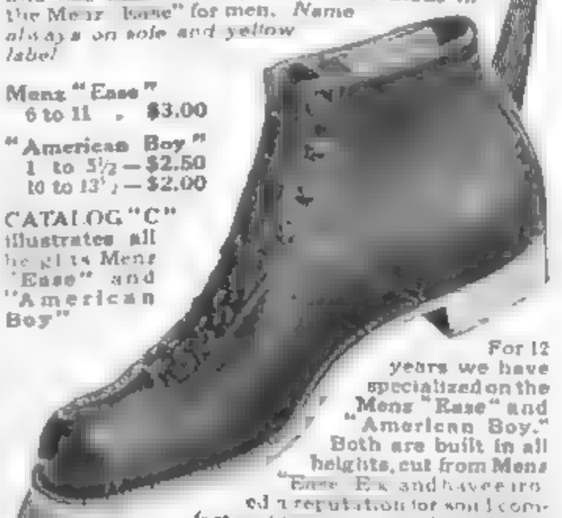

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THE BLISTERED THUMB

(Continued from Page 7)

Monsieur Lamode the salad upon which reposed the discarded cigarette of Georges Beaupetite!

It was then that Jules fled; and, reaching the kitchen, he beheld upon the thumb of Pierre Piquard—that chef so deft that it was the pride of his life that he had not burned himself or an entrée in fifteen years—a huge, white blister!

After that, it was nothing that Jacques, sent in to remove the salad plates, should drop a few of them on the way; it was nothing that the custards had been forgotten to scorch in the oven; it was nothing that the coffee should turn bitter as wormwood—these things were insignificant as compared with the tragedy which had befallen that sacred thumb, and the nervous influence of that palpitating disaster seemed to creep out into the dining room like a deadly miasma.

The very air seemed to be full of the thrill of it—to quiver and tingle and work upon all the unhealed edges of every raw and recent cut in the volatile temperaments congregated there.

Monsieur Lamode suddenly leaned forward to madame, his black brows scowling fiercely.

"However, this is what shall be!" he angrily told her. "Your cousin, Philippe, must never visit our house again!"

"*Voila!*" assented Madame Lamode, with deadly calmness. "Then it is finished! I go back to Paris on the instant—and, with me, my cousin, Philippe!"

. . . . . .

"You ask too much!" indignantly decided Madame Beaupetite. "To walk on the Avenue, to wear a fresh carnation every morning, to buy cigarettes, to play billiards of an afternoon—one does not need more than ten dollars a week. With more, you will entertain who knows what woman!"

"You insult me!" retorted her little Georges, holding his head with an air. "I do not need to entertain who knows what woman with spending money. If it is that they would spend it—gladly."

. . . . . .

"I've changed my mind," scornfully announced the Widow Bonds. "I've decided, General, that the man whom I marry must be something more than merely affable and agreeable."

"True," admitted the general, though reluctantly. "He must be brave, handsome, distinguished. What, then, would you?"

"He must be a man!" snapped the widow, still rankling with the effect her young compatriot had produced on him when she had passed back to inspect the little private dining room.

. . . . . .

"Sir!" shrilled Anatole Exquis. "You have stared too much at my companion! You annoy me!"

The silvery laugh of Désirée Montparnasse rang out, but there was a metallic note in it.

"Sir!" replied the distinguished-looking middle-aged stranger. "My card! I strike you!"

The president of the Versailles Domino Circle looked about the long table with a searching eye.

"There is a spy among us!" he sternly declared. "I have long suspected it!"

. . . . . .

This was but the beginning. Pierre Piquard himself, finding his dinner in confusion, came out to serve, and the mere presence of that huge, excruciatingly jangling bundle of nerves tended to intensify the pulsing personal atmosphere of the little room, until it would have been no surprise to have heard any one of them start shrieking and babbling—with Pierre as the most likely candidate.

That needed explosion, however, was furnished in another way; for just after the bitter coffee was served there was the startling clang of firegongs from every direction. Firemen, brought on an alarm from some one who had seen the dense smoke rolling out of Pierre's kitchen window, poured into the place, with axes and hose, and were only restrained from chopping and flooding on general principles by the opportune appearance of terrible little Madame Piquard!

Meantime the street had filled up with an excited throng and the patrons of the

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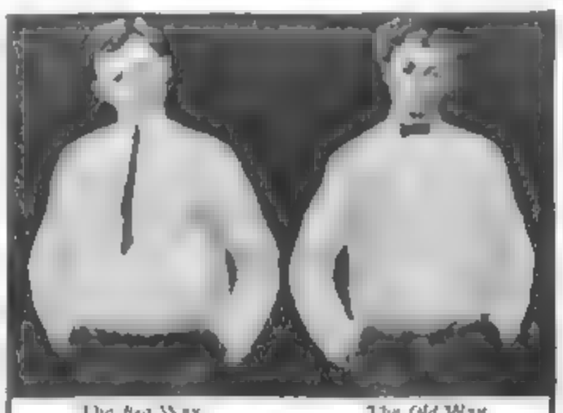

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Lowney's Vesta Creams, all soft centers, 1 lb. at 80c.

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Café Piquard, cocked and primed with quivering desperation, had dispersed into the poisoned night!

It is of record that, because of Pierre Piquard's blistered thumb, Monsieur Lamode, that night, with a large ivory paper-knife in his hand, chased Madame Lamode through the streets of the city to the boarding house of her cousin, Philippe, who crawled down the fire-escape, and sprained his ankle by falling through the skylight of a Chinese laundry in his haste to get away.

Monsieur Rossignol sang the rôle of Radames so far off key that the piano, manipulated by the leader, was the only instrument of the orchestra which followed him through the Celeste Aïda aria. Incensed to the bursting-point, the nightingale walked down to the footlights and, in seven patois, cursed collectively and severally every member of that musical organization, from the piccolo to the kettledrums. First applauded and then hissed for this perfervid oratory, he cursed the audience in a nitro-glycerinous mixture of English, French and Italian, and was decorated with the Order of the Ancient Egg! Three house policemen, attempting to quell the disorder, were first laughed down and then knocked down for their pains. A panic ensued; and the audience, pouring into the street of the stricken city, met the riot call which had been turned in to quell the verbal disorder emanating from the windows of the murderously revolutionary Versailles Domino Circle.

Meantime, in the pale moonlight filtering through the trees of Roosevelt Park, two stealthy figures met, accompanied by the necessary witnesses. These figures were Anatole Exquis and the distinguished-looking stranger, with their seconds, and Doctor Boucher and Monsieur Veneneux, and the intimate friends of both parties—and Park Policeman Jerry Mulhoony, who was the most interested spectator of all.

"I've no authority to pinch yez unless somebody gets hurt," stated Jerry. "So go to it!"

There, in the silent watches of the night, the desperate encounter took place! Steel sparked upon steel, and the wary antagonists circled about each other like lithe panthers, seeking an opening for a deadly thrust—watching lynxlike, with eyes which flamed luminous in the weird darkness.

Presently there was a shriek of horror from Doctor Boucher; and rushing recklessly in between the antagonists, at a moment when they were resting their blades lightly together in a mutual agreement for breath, he thrust upward the deadly steels.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "The button has slipped from the foil of Monsieur Exquis!"

Horrors! So it was! Officer Mulhoony loaned his electric searchlight; and in that moment it was discovered that the brave doctor's hand was violently scratched! Melted to tears by the sight of so much blood, the late antagonists threw themselves into each other's arms and fondly kissed!

Faint, but manful, Doctor Boucher remained conscious while the druggist bound up his hand; and then further displayed his valor by walking unaided to a cab, in the shelter of which he fell into a slight coma while he drove home for the necessary medical attention after his terrific experiences!

He was not permitted to retire, however, for at his office a ghastly call awaited him. His old friend, General le Comte de Valeur, rendered frantic, desperate, desolate by the Widow Bonds' firm and final refusal, had attempted suicide by taking a deliberate overdose of tartar emetic and was expecting soon to be near the point of death.

Gathering his courage anew, Doctor Boucher rushed to the home of his old comrade and, trembling with agitation, wrote an immediate prescription, which, by a mistake in the choice of symbols, called for two ounces of arsenic. This prescription was sent in hot haste to the pharmacy of Monsieur Veneneux, was promptly returned and as promptly swallowed by the groaning and contrite general!

Two minutes later, Monsieur Veneneux rushed into the room, as pale as death.

"*Diable!*" he cried; "I have made a mistake in putting up your prescription!"

"What did you put in it?" demanded the agonized Doctor Boucher.

"*Sacré bleu!*" exclaimed the druggist. "I do not know!"

There was but one thing to do. They sat down and waited!

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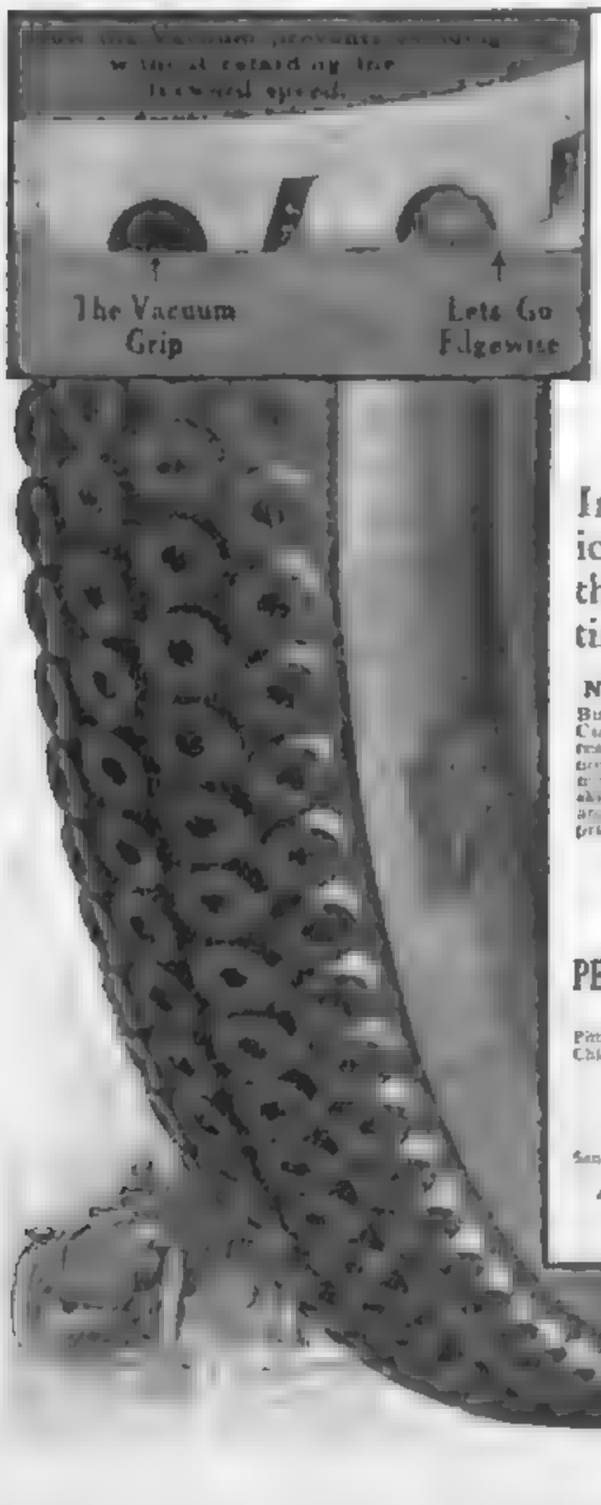

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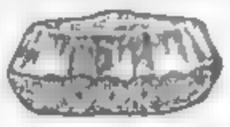

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Not yet, however, was Doctor Brouche to rest from the inflictions brought upon the world by the blistered thumb of Pierre Piquard. While he sat by his sick comrade, doing all that a friend could do with no other means than deep sympathy, a call came from the home of frantic Madame Beaupetite. At the conclusion of a heated dispute between herself and Georges, she had spanked Monsieur Beaupetite with unusual severity and put him to bed without his supper—and her adoring Georges had contracted a violent case of hysteria!

All this was as nothing. On this eventful night, so fraught with tragic episodes, so punctuated with heroic deeds, so packed with thrilling occurrences, Pierre Piquard, maddened by the pain of his blistered thumb, driven distracted by the clang and the clamor of the rabble outside his ordinarily peaceful café, crazed by the unparalleled disorder in his always immaculate kitchen, rushed upstairs with a maniacal gleam in his eye.

From the cupboard at the head of the stairs he seized a clothesline; and armed with this formidable weapon he burst into the front room, where Madame Piquard was leaning out dispersing the populace.

"Pierre!" screeched the parrot commandingly as he entered the room.

The wrongs of years welled up in Pierre's maddened breast. He swung the clothesline round his head and batted that bird of evil across the room, where it landed, with a cackle and a thump, in the open water cooler!

"Nom de Dieu!" it croaked, and shivered violently.

The scrawny figure in the window turned and girt up its voice for the usual evening program.

"Pierre!" it shrilly began—but there it stopped; for the wild and desperate Pierre suddenly grabbed the wife of his bosom and planted her firmly in her stout little sewing chair, and tied her until he had no clothesline left. With the sardonic smile of an utterly lost and heartless and abandoned criminal, he gazed calmly down at her—and lit the lights, and wrapped up his blistered thumb in her best linen handkerchief, and went out and locked the door and tiptoed downstairs.

At eleven-ten, six bubbling American girls, headed by the one who looked like Fanchon, effervesced into the clean and peaceful Café Piquard where, though all the tables were occupied, the leader of the party saw no faces she had seen at dinnertime. The long table, however, was occupied by a traveling class of French students, seeing America for the benefit of *La Patrie;* and these—every single dapper youngster—rose and bowed gallantly and looked pathetically wistful, as if they begged to be adopted, when the six bright-eyed and laughing girls, bold in their numbers, clustered past them.

Pierre Piquard himself met them at the door of the little private dining room and threw it open. It was decorated with all the pink-paper-rose-covered lights from the main dining room, and with the fragrant geranium and the white-throated canary. On the table, twinkling with tall white candles, were the six priceless Louis XV candlesticks; and at each place, flanked by a tiny glass for the rare Haut Delatrelle, stood a cunning thimble glass of the Liqueur Paradis!

A babble of delight rose from the happy birthday party—and the one who had come to Pierre with the nine dollars looked up at him in beaming gratitude.

"How charming!" she exclaimed.

"It is a special occasion," explained the happy Pierre. "It is in honor of a memory, an ideal, a dream—of Fanchon!"

He held the chair for the girl who looked like her. He smiled beatifically. Pierre Piquard was just plumb chockfull of peace!

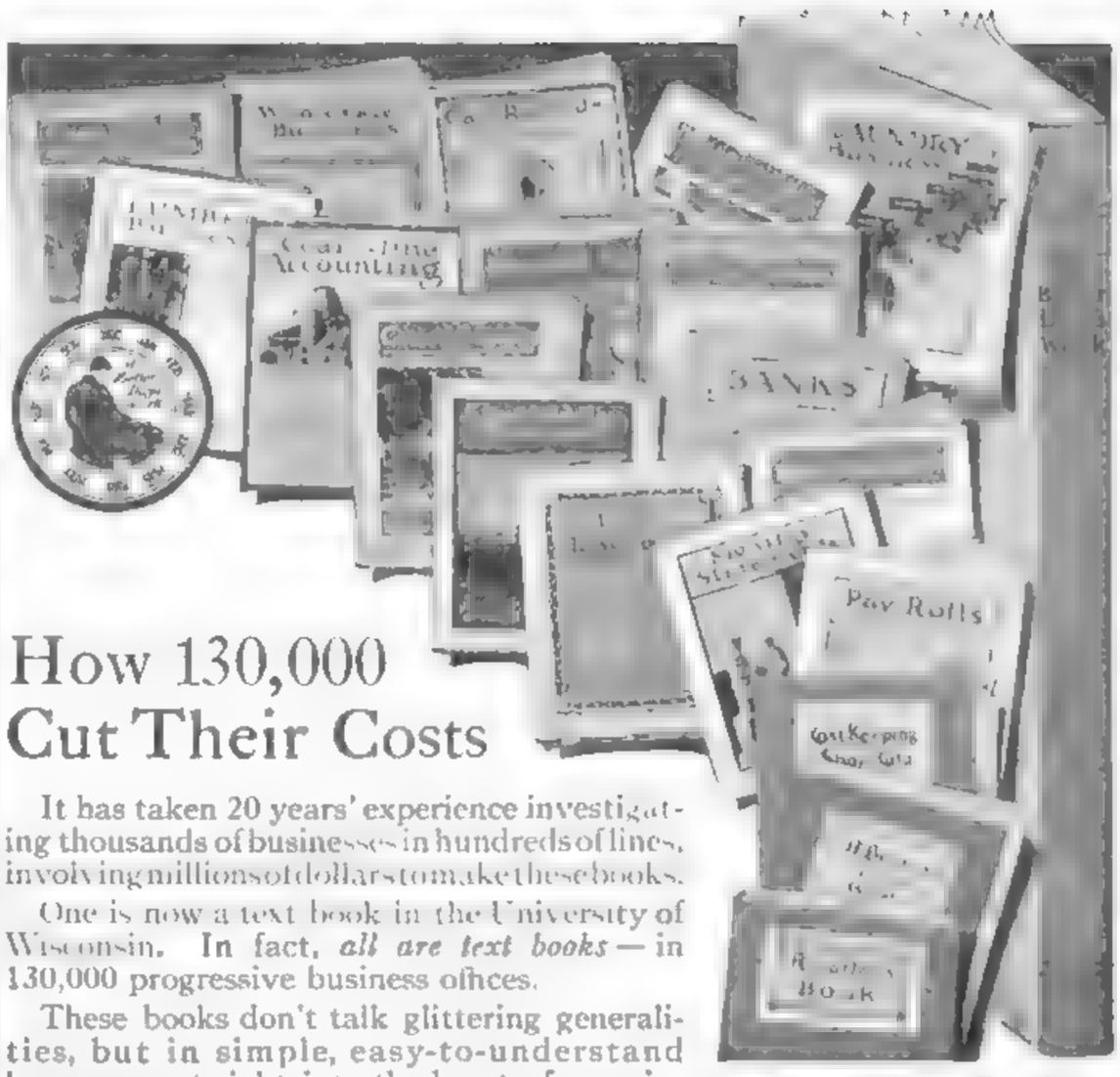
Close-Fisted Courtesy

A GROUP of St. Louis men were discussing a banker in that city who has the reputation of hard-bargaining close-fistedness, and who invariably gets his pound of flesh.

"Oh, well," said a man present who hadn't taken part in the general hammerfest, "he isn't so bad. I went in to see him the other day to get a loan of ten thousand dollars and he treated me very courteously."

"Did he lend you the money?"

"No, he didn't lend it to me; but he hesitated before he refused!"



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These books don't talk glittering generalities, but in simple, easy-to-understand language, get right into the heart of your individual problems, and help answer the question "How can I do business at less cost?" For instance, they show how, with a

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a storekeeper can get in a few minutes the sales and expense figures by clerks and by departments. You can show up your business so you see just where you are strong and where weak, and, therefore, how to build your profits. Select the book that fits your business, jot it down on the coupon and mail it today. If you will mention any special difficulties, we will try to help you solve them—without cost or obligation.

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Makers of adding and listing machines, listing and non-listing calculating machines—86 different models by 892 combinations of features—$150 to $950, easy payments if desired

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Unless this coupon is filled out, it will be necessary to enclose 50 cents for each book desired.

Years of close study to the requirements of those who know the best stationery at the right price has resulted in the production of the

WARDWOVE WRITING PAPER

It meets the needs of the most fastidious correspondents. Ask your dealer for it. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you samples free. Write for package No. 3.

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New Typewriter $18

A Remarkable Typewriter. Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does All that Higher Priced Machines Do. Over 24,000 in Daily Use. Bennett Portable Typewriter has less than 250 parts, against 1700 to 3700 in others.

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A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure and writing of the Short Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.

Dr. Esenwein

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A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain* Compartment

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "Monroe"—The one refrigerator [illegible] The one refrigerator [illegible] one refrigerator [illegible] The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days trial. We pay the freight and guarantee full satisfaction or money back. LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED

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The "Monroe"
The Lifetime Refrigerator

Sold Direct

Those old Daguerreotypes of grandfather and grandmother and Aunt Mary and then the quaint pictures of father and mother taken just after the war—money couldn't buy them from *you*.

Are you forgetful of the fact that future generations would cherish just such pictures of you?

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Clean, sound teeth are an asset. Keep them so and secure increased dividends in good digestion—good health—good appearance.

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Be certain of the safety and efficiency of the dentifrice you use.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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is a safe dentifrice—thorough in its cleansing efficiency without harmful grit—thorough in its antiseptic action without over-medication.

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Address: Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.

Established 1806

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

(Continued from Page 5)

was "railroads, undertakers and morgue." That meant that I was expected, in addition to any other assignments the city editor might wish me to cover, to visit all the railroad offices; go to the station when the big trains were due; go to the big undertakers and copy the death certificates; visit the morgue twice a day to see if any bodies were there and where they came from. It meant, also, a walk of six or seven miles each afternoon, for no reporter could use a street car, except at his own expense, on a routine assignment.

The city wasn't much of a railroad center; so my duties consisted in visiting the railroad offices, where the agents invariably tried to hand out advertisements about excursions and such in the guise of news—and rarely had any real news—and visiting the stations and talking to the station master and dispatchers and other officials. These visits usually resulted in the exciting information that "Mr. McGuffin's special car, Lotus, went east on Number Seventeen last night," though every time the brakeman or engineers or anybody else gave an excursion or a picnic I was expected to boom it for days. Then, after the little grist of local railroad items—occasionally there was a good story—I read the exchanges and clipped a dozen or so railroad items of general interest, which were pasted up and followed the local news under a headline like "Clicks from the Rails," or some other nifty caption.

Unless the death certificate was of some important person, when it was necessary to hunt up facts for an obituary, the news secured at the undertaker's shop was written in stereotyped form, giving the name, age, time of death and place of funeral of the deceased. These were run under a standing headline: "The Dead." There were about twenty undertakers who must be visited each day, in widely separated sections of the city. If you took a chance and skipped one it was always certain the opposition railroad, undertakers-and-morgue man would visit that identical place that day and get a prominent death good for a spread obituary. After I had been on this run for a week I nearly lost my job by writing an obituary of some esteemed person and leaving out his name. It got into the paper that way and the scholarly managing editor threw fits and profanity all over the office.

My Copy Taken for Music

It was before the days of typewriters or linotype machines and my writing was bad. How I envied one of our reporters who wrote a perfect hand and turned in copper-plate copy! He was a great favorite with the printers and used to go up to the composing room and swap stories with them; while, whenever I went through those sacred precincts, the printers used to rap with their composing sticks on their cases, an emphatic and disconcerting sign of typographical disapproval. One day the foreman reported in the local room that Shorty Anderson, a printer, had thrown a "take" of my copy back on his desk, contemptuously saying: "I can't set that junk! It ain't copy. It's music—and I ain't got no music characters in my case." And another time the chapel held a meeting to protest against my copy; but here Shorty Anderson was my friend. I had supplied him with a convivial Latin motto for the saloon of a friend of his, and he came to the rescue, urging that the young fellow be given a chance. So I wasn't discharged.

Presently a new man came on and the city editor passed the railroads, undertakers and morgue and the local notices to him. I was given police and soon was on terms of easy familiarity with the chief—whom I called "Jim"—the captains, the lieutenants and the detectives. We discussed crime learnedly—but I soon learned that the idea of the police was to print nothing about what happened in a criminal way until they had "investigated"; and as I broke this rule several times they came to look on me with suspicion, and it was necessary to get another reporter to do "police." I had become reasonably expert at proof-reading and could write my own headlines. Our biggest head, except on a most sensational story, was what we called a four-head—a line, a pyramid, another line and

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Milady
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So thoroughly delight and satisfy that all who have tasted them wonder how it is possible to produce such lumps of enjoyment in a single piece of Milady Chocolates. The package is surpassed in beauty only by "Class" as written on your vision when you behold it.
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You want this book. You want it because it describes a wonderful new selling method which enables us to offer garments to you at *wholesale prices.* You want it because it is the key to New York's latest and most modish styles and best tailoring. Every stylish woman, economically inclined, should have this beautiful fashion book. You can have it FREE. A post-card will bring it. Write for it today—now, before you forget.
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We want Ladies to represent our interests in every locality. Big money making opportunity. Write for particulars.
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Try this method of washing your hair tonight and learn the delightful feeling of a thoroughly clean scalp.

First rub the scalp, fully five minutes, to loosen the dead skin. Then apply a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it in thoroughly, using the tips of your fingers. Then rinse in gradually cooler water, leaving the final water really cold. Rub dry with the hands till the hair is dry.

Woodbury's softens the scalp, gently removes the crust and stimulates the pores. Used regularly in this way will soon show a marked improvement in the health of your hair. Get a cake of Woodbury's today.

Write Today for Samples

For a 25c trial size cake, or for 50c we will send sufficient for a week's shampoos. For a 25c trial size cake, or for 50c we will send sufficient for a week's shampoos. Address: Woodbury Facial Soap, 4511 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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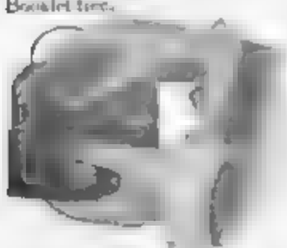

For the Ladies

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a twenty-word pyramid to close it up. The first four-head of which I was really proud was over the story of the death of a telegraph lineman. His name was Finnegan and he fell off a pole. I remember the first two parts of the head and I thought it looked fine in print:

FATAL FOR FINNEGAN

Fearful Fall of Fully
Fifty-Five Feet!

The long watch lasted until four o'clock in the morning, which was the time the presses started. All the rest left about two o'clock, unless there was a penny-ante game going, which there usually was after the proofs were all done. The long-watch man was expected to go over to the central police station twice and see if anything had happened. There was a fire-alarm gong in the office. On snowy or rainy nights we usually took a chance and called up the police station by telephone. On nights when we were very tired, as we usually were, the long-watch man stretched out on the file table along the side of the room and went to sleep, relying on the friendly night man at the station to call up if anything happened. One night when I had the long watch I went to sleep on the files and went home at half-past four thinking all was well. It so happened that shortly after our own presses started that morning one of our pressmen fell off the press and broke his neck. The full story appeared in the opposition paper, but our paper had never a word—and the accident happened in our own building! I never quite understood how I held on to my job after that—but I did. However, I heard a few things about myself from the managing editor.

Naturally, in so small a city, there was not enough purely local news to fill the many columns set aside for local in our paper, and each week each reporter was ordered to write two or three "specials," which were stories of a semi-news nature or on any interesting topic or thing that had come under his attention. If they could be made humorous so much the better. This was great training for young writers. We produced all sorts of yarns and I got to be pretty good at it, having a fertile imagination and being new to the city, where odd things the others passed by attracted me.

The Mystery of Lock Sixty-Six

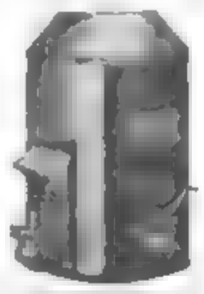
Also, I worked off some of the compositions the rhetoric teacher had commended. We had one star man at this sort of thing, although most of the specials turned in and printed were very fair as newspaper copy, and some were brilliant. I remember my pride in this star man, as the youngest member of the staff, when he put over his famous "Mystery of Lock Sixty-Six" series. He got a hand and arm of a dead man from a medical student he knew and chopped off several fingers and cut the arm in two or three pieces. Then he went out to Lock Sixty-Six on the canal and dropped in a finger, shortly afterward discovering said finger floating in the water. He came back and wrote a masterly story about his discovery. He speculated graphically on the problems of where the finger came from, whose finger it was and why the police had not reported a missing man. The police pooh-poohed the story.

Next day he found two more fingers and whooped it up again. The police were stirred. The other papers took it up. Next day he dropped in and took out a section of an arm; and when his third story appeared the entire police department was running round in circles and the people were excited. I can see him now, writing his story, smoking an old cob pipe, with a section of that dead arm propped up on his desk before him. Then, at the end, he explained it all and made the police ridiculous.

Once a circus came to town on Sunday to show on Monday. On Monday morning we had a sensational story about the escape of a blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, telling how this ferocious animal had broken out of his cage and ravaged the countryside. Most of the town went down to see and hunt the escaped beast and the story made such a hit with the circus proprietor that he took our star man and made a press agent of him. Another Sunday night the striking apparatus of a big clock in a church steeple became disarranged and the bell on which the hours were struck boomed out at irregular intervals all night. This was enough for our star man. He sat

Cut Your Coal Bill in Half THE UNDERFEED *Does It*

THE EFFICIENCY, as well as economy, of UNDERFEED heaters, was emphasized the past winter—the coldest in many years. UNDERFEED users and dealers everywhere so testify.



The Underfeed booklet, sent free on request, clearly explains the Underfeed way of producing clean, even, adequate heat, regardless of weather conditions, at a saving of ½ to ⅔ the usual cost.

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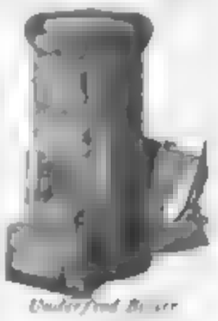

Adapted for all buildings (large or small), residences, offices, institutions, schools, churches, halls, etc. Simple in construction, substantial and durable; is easily operated, and requires less attention than heaters of the ordinary type.

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In the Underfeed, cheaper grades of soft slack coal and pea and buckwheat size of hard and soft coal yield as much clean, even heat as highest priced coal in other heaters. Coal is fed from below—pumped up underneath the fire by an easily operated lever, acting on a plunger. See diagram below showing vertical section of feed device and fire pot, which applies to both furnace and boiler.

Fire is on top and sides, BETWEEN the fresh coal and radiating surfaces of fire pot and dome.

This principle insures greatest heating efficiency. Smoke and gases, wasted in ordinary heaters, pass up through the fire in the Underfeed, are consumed, yielding more heat. Perfect combustion results. No clinkers. The few remaining ashes are easily removed by shaking the grate bar.

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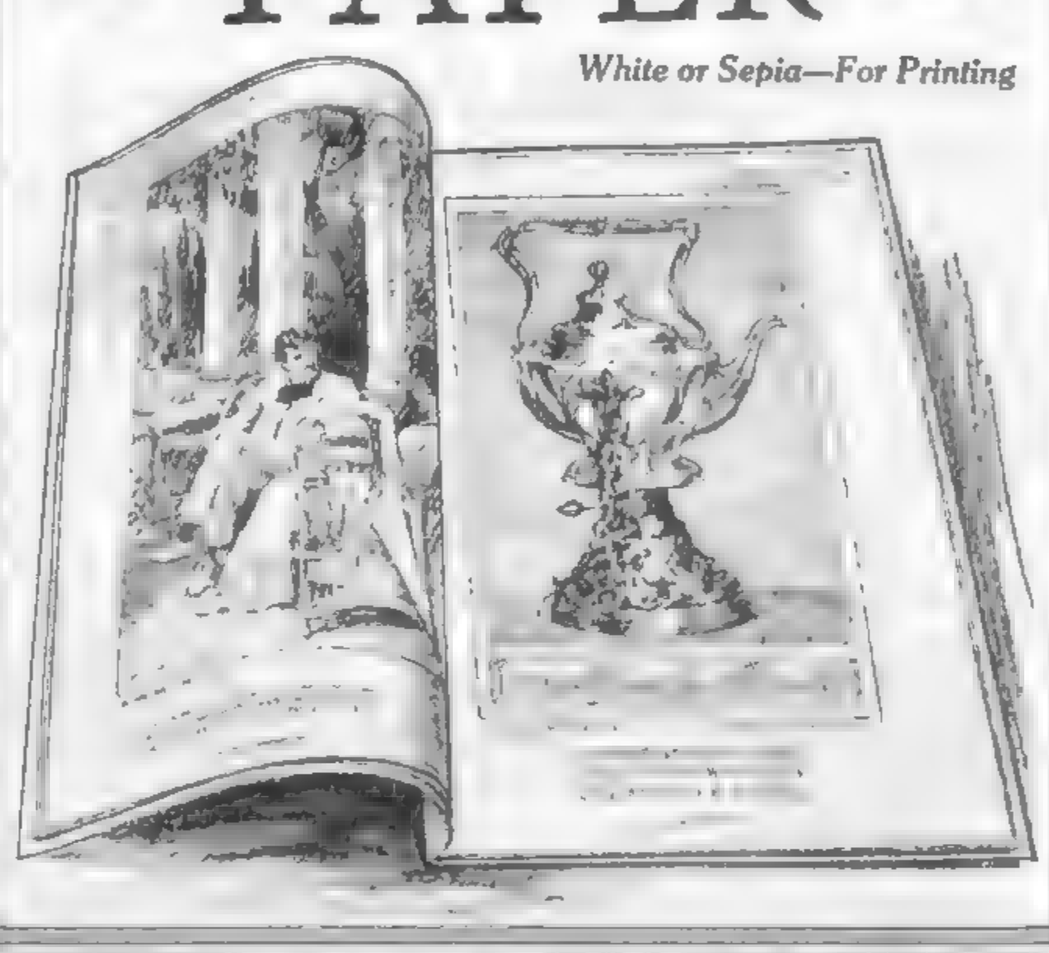

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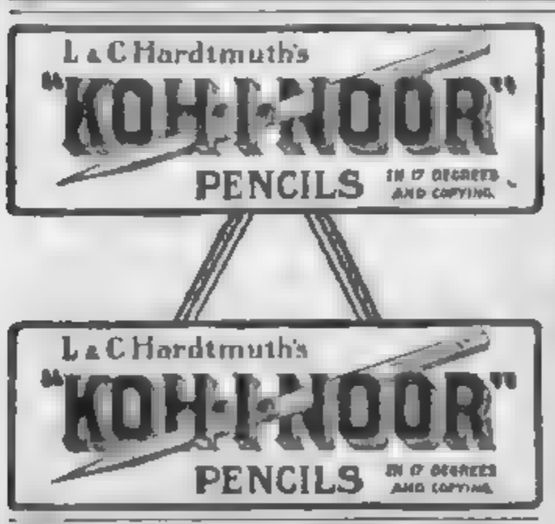

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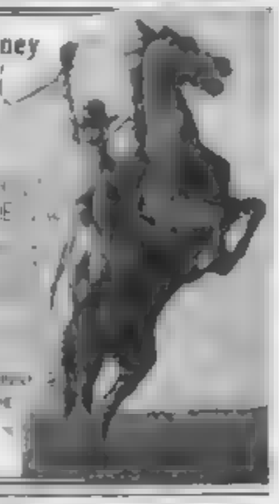

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when things are oiled with HOME OIL. That's because HOME OIL is a *quality* oil—best *every* way—by *every* test. It took years to produce

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down and wrote a thrilling story about an escaped maniac who had climbed up in that steeple and was pounding on the bell; and when the paper came out next morning half the police in the city marched down there to capture the madman.

I went to work in the spring, and early in the fall the shakeup my friend of the Sunday paper had predicted came along. He came in as city editor. His first effort at getting in touch with the staff was to assign each member the task of reading the book on journalism he had written. We all had to read it in order to learn how to be reporters, though we considered ourselves about as good a bunch of reporters as the country boasted outside of New York. I never have known why, but that man, who helped me get my job, took a great apparent dislike to me and made me the most miserable young man in the newspaper business. He loaded impossible work on me and hazed me fiendishly.

Finally he got me. One night at midnight, after the cars had stopped running, when there was three feet of soft snow on the ground and the snow was still falling, he came out into the local room and said: "I am sorry, but I have overlooked a very important meeting at Number 94 Yancey Street. It must be covered and you will have to go and get it."

Number 94 Yancey Street was four miles from the office. I asked if I might have a cab and he refused. I started out about midnight and plowed through the snow for those four miles, wet, cold, cursing him at every step. I didn't get there until nearly three o'clock. I rapped on the door of the house. A man stuck his head out of the window. I asked him for the details of the important meeting.

"What meeting?" he asked.

"The meeting about the new railroad that was held here tonight."

"Why," said the man, "we had no railroad meeting here!"

"Wasn't there some kind of a meeting?" I persisted.

"Not that I know of," he said, and shut the window. As I turned away, burning with rage and resolving to whip that city editor next day if I went to jail for life, the man opened the window and said: "Hi, there, kid! I forgot. We did have a small progressive euchre party here tonight, but I don't think it was very important."

Trouble in the Office

I started back, so tired I could hardly walk. Just then the snowplow came along and the good chap who ran it let me ride up to Main Street with him on it, which was cold and wet, but better than walking.

Next day I went down prepared to club the head off that city editor. I told my closest friend, who had been having it rubbed into him and was willing to help out, but who prudently suggested we wait until after payday, as we might need some money to go to some other town.

That very night, about one o'clock, a fire alarm came in from the lumber-yard district. The city editor rushed out and ordered the short-watch man to go. Then he sent the long-watch man and, at regular two-minute intervals, fired out everybody else. I was about the fifth man out; and I got as far as the first block up the street, where I met a fire-lieutenant I knew, who told me all about it. I came back, wrote the story and turned it in. Meantime the city editor had sent out my chum, who went up to the fire, which was of no account, got the story and walked back. He came in and sat down to write.

"What are you doing?" asked the city editor.

"Writing this fire," he said.

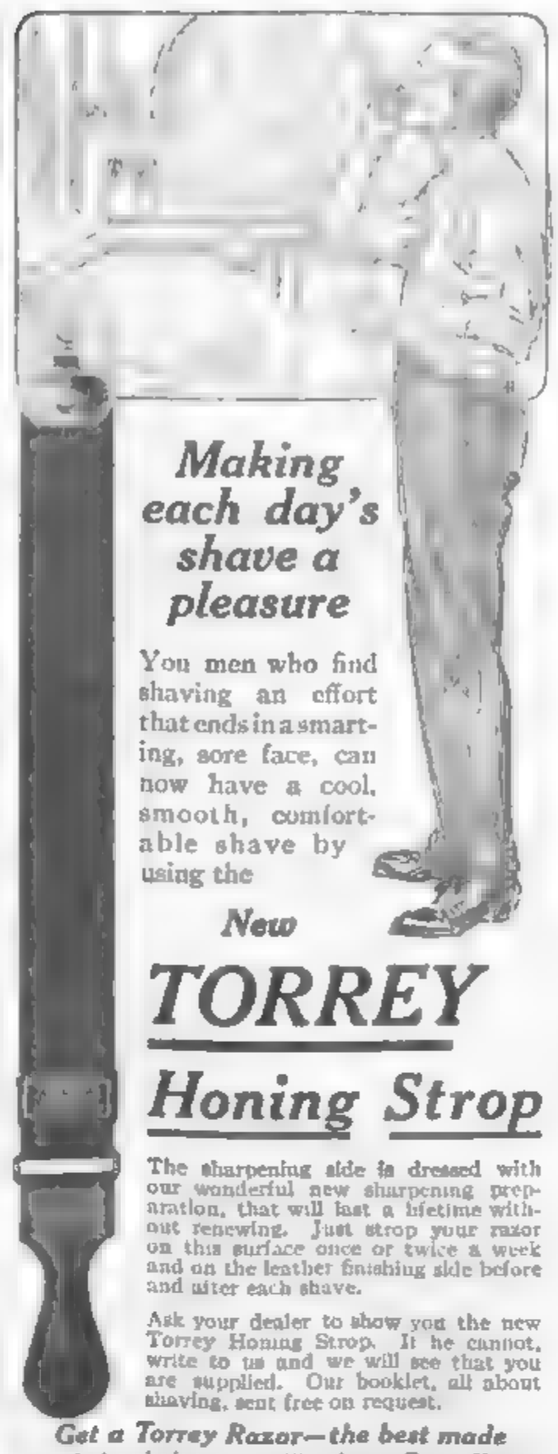
"Huh!" he sneered. "That fire story has been in type half an hour. You didn't seem able to cover it in any decent time and I got another account of it."

"By ———!" shouted my chum. "If this is journalism working here under this man I'll quit now and go and pick gravel with the chickens."

"So will I!" I said.

That night we sat up for hours deciding what we would do. We determined to buy a daily paper for ourselves. We knew where there was a paper for sale in a small Western city. And we bought it. I was not yet nineteen and he was barely twenty-one; but we bought it. Youth is impetuous and we were young!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six articles on The Newspaper Game. The second will appear in an early number.



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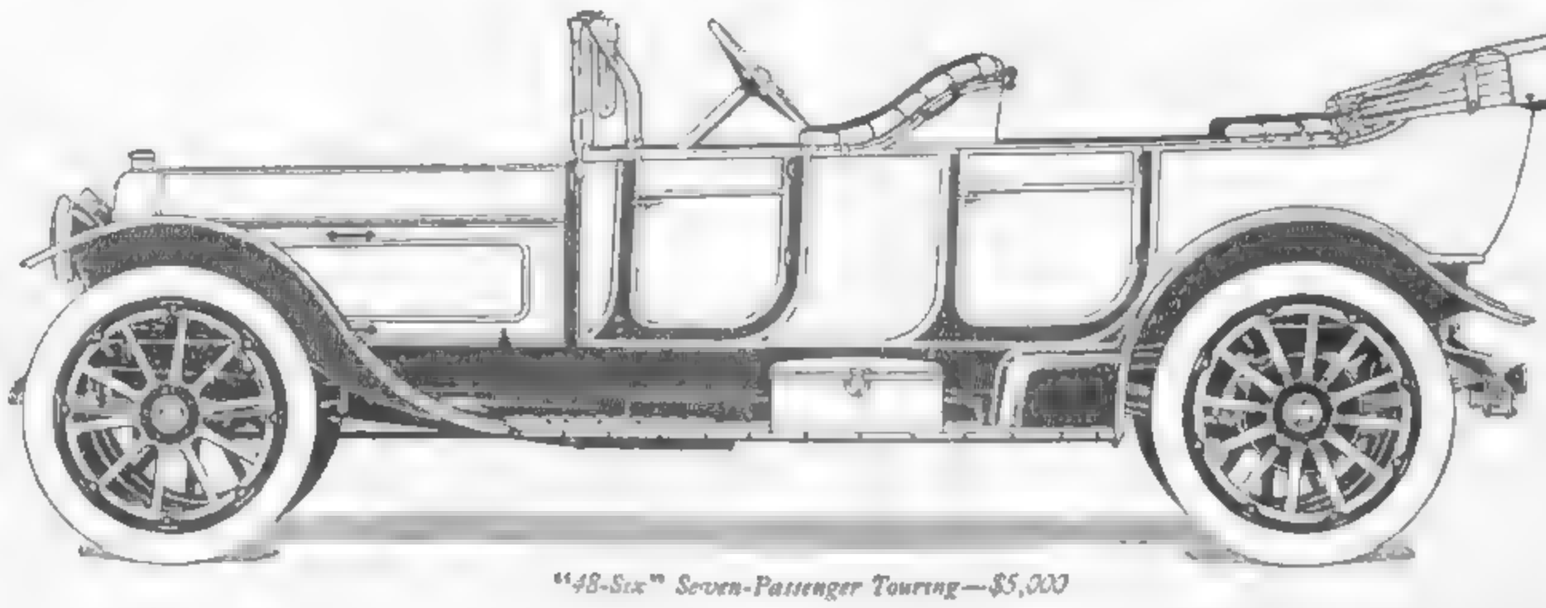

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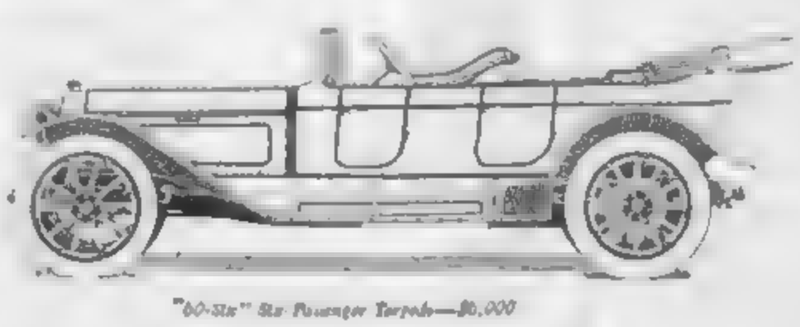

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A PORTRAIT OF MR. LO MEDICO

(Continued from Page 11)

"The boss wants to see the three of yous down to headquarters, Jack," he says, employing the plural form "yous," which I am informed is the characteristic of English as spoken in *Irlanda;* and he then asks us to put on our hats and coats like good fellows and get a move on to us. This we do without delay, and when we again enter the private office of Mr. Fusaroli the agent of police turns to his female companions.

"Now, ladies," he says, "we're ready for you," and as the two females arise, I see that one is a fat one and one a thin one, which as they come into the light further discloses themselves *seriatim* as Miss Gemma Trombetti and Miss Maria Ragione. This circumstance increases the embarrassment of our journey from the Pensione Pellegrino to the *Municipio*, corner of Grand and Center Streets, for the silence which Mr. Pendini maintains as disgruntlement on account of being addressed "Jack" is added to by Miss Trombetti and Miss Ragione, who sit widely apart in the Fourth Avenue car and look at each other like Santuzza and Lola. Indeed they are so disturbed one by the presence of the other that neither is aware of me and makes no sign of recognition.

Only Podeste talks, and remarkable to say he abuses me continuously for my stupidity in bringing in the portrait when the officer of the secret police, Caldarazzo, is there—just as if I had planned it. As for the agent *Irlandese*, he sits through the journey in mastication of tobacco, and from long experience his salivary glands are so little affected that not until we alight in Grand Street does he find it necessary to void the attendant *umore*, which occurs without apology on the skirts of Mr. Pendini's overcoat.

It is then that Mr. Pendini breaks his silence, and well for him that the officer is *Irlandese* and not a renegade Neapolitan like the agent Caldarazzo, in which case murder of a surety befalls him. As it is, however, we proceed without mishap to the second floor of the *Municipio*, where we are told to wait in a small room, and at presently enters the agent Caldarazzo. Fastened to his left wrist by some *manette* of shining metal is a young man, which he is wearing a suit of black clothes much dirty and with wrinkles. His white shirt is stained with blood and one eye is closed and green with bruises, while with the other he weeps. Nevertheless it is plain to see that he closely resembles B. Podeste's portrait of Lo Medico, and is correspondingly an innocent man.

"Well," Caldarazzo says, "here is that Dago, Rocco Lo Medico. Now identify him."

But Mr. Pendini shakes his head.

"*Scusa*," he says, "but this is not Rocco Lo Medico."

Whereupon the fellow weeps aloud.

"My name is Annibale Graziadio," he wails, and Caldarazzo hits him with his open hand.

"Shurrup!" he says, and then he turns to me.

"Is he Lo Medico?" he says.

"I do not know," I reply. "I never saw Lo Medico."

"You're a liar," he says; "you know well he's Lo Medico."

Then he addresses Podeste.

"You," he says in Italian, as Podeste does not comprehend English. "Is this not Lo Medico?"

Podeste looks hard at the felon.

"Kill me if you will," he says, "but this is no more Lo Medico than I am. I don't know who he is."

At this Caldarazzo makes a frown like a *basso profundo* on G one octave below middle C.

"Have you not painted Lo Medico's portrait?" he demanded. Podeste nodded.

"And you don't know him when you see him?" he went on. Again Podeste nodded.

"All right," Caldarazzo said, "I will attend to you presently."

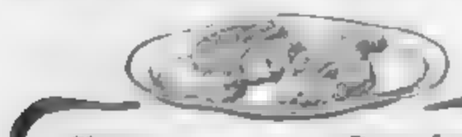
He now turns to Miss Gemma Trombetti.

"You, Missis," he says in English again.

"*Non parlo Inglese*," Miss Trombetti says, and I see that Caldarazzo has *finalmente* received his dues, for it is apparent that Miss Trombetti is afraid not at all.

"*E suoi, Signora*," he repeats to Miss Trombetti, and nods toward the felon.

"*Signora!*" Miss Trombetti shrieks. "I am not *Signora*, I am *Signorina*, you ——"



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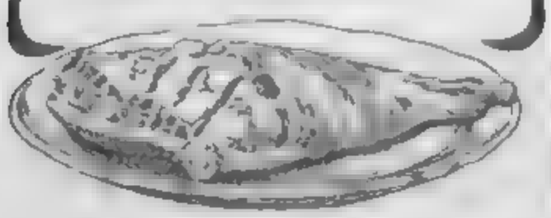

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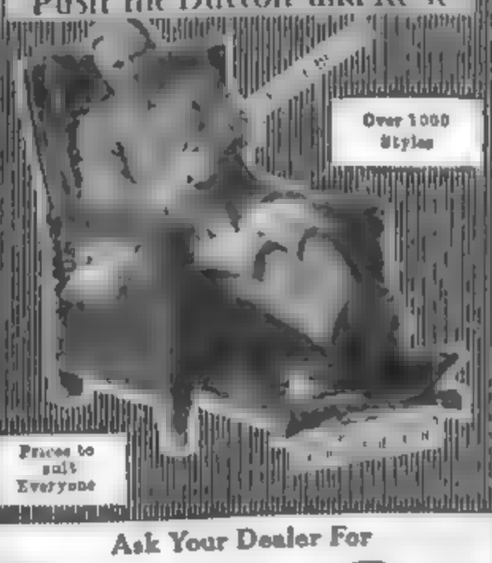

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And then Miss Trombetti uses epithets in reference to the secret police agent which two dashes multiplied by fifty would not even suggest. At last she gets tired.

"Who are you anyhow?" she finally demands.

"I am a detective," Caldarazzo says with meekness, having now the wind out of his sails and quite abashed.

"A detective!" Miss Trombetti says. "You! Why, you couldn't detect a whale in a bathtub, because this poor one here is as much like Lo Medico as you are like a man, which is not at all."

Saying so, she sits down and crosses her legs, while she turns her back on us like one saying: "It is finished for all of me."

Finally Caldarazzo seeks Miss Maria Ragione.

"*E vuoi, cara signorina mia,*" he says in respectful tones. "Is this not the man Lo Medico?"

Miss Ragione rises to her feet. Her thin chest goes up and down like bellows and her leathery cheeks grow dark with blood. Also she is beginning to cry, and then she throws her arms round the felon's neck.

"*Ah carino mio,*" she says. "What have they done to you?"

Then she showers kisses on his bruised cheeks, while he struggles in vain. At length, when Caldarazzo is bestowing on us glances of mixing triumph and hate, the door again opens and the *Irlandese* agent of police leads in another lady. For one, two seconds this lady stands still in the doorway while Miss Ragione continues to kiss the felon, and then the lady utters a cry like Carmen when she is seeing that Don José is laying for her with the stiletto. I can assure you also that just as Don José chases Carmen round the stage, so this lady chases Miss Ragione, and if it would not be that the *Irlandese* at last grasps her firmly in his hands, Miss Ragione surely gets a share in the fate of Carmen; for in her clenched fists the lady holds two hat-pins ten inches long. Moreover, it is necessary for the *Irlandese* to place his hand over this lady's mouth so that Caldarazzo can question Miss Maria Ragione.

"So," he says, "you identify the prisoner then as Rocco Lo Medico?"

Instead she answers, Miss Ragione looks at the lady which the *Irlandese* is holding.

"Who are you that you come between me and him?" she asks.

The lady grows again very much excited.

"Who am I?" she shrieks. "Who am I? I am the wife of that faithless one there, that is who I am."

After this she begins to say some things about Miss Ragione and the prisoner, which it becomes again necessary for the *Irlandese* to stifle her, while Caldarazzo urges Miss Ragione to answer his important questions.

"Tell me," he says again, "do you identify this man to be Lo Medico?"

Miss Ragione makes herself straight with haughtiness.

"I was going to," she said, "but now that I find him to be a married man, I'll have nothing more to do with him."

Allora Caldarazzo takes a keyring from his pocket and unlocks the *manette*, saying as he does so in English: "If you don't beat it quick there'll be a bum-looking bunch of dagos round here."

But I am not to be so easily put off.

"Give us first the picture," I say, "then we will go."

"You'll get the picture tomorrow morning," Caldarazzo says again in English—"and a bat in the eye right now if you don't beat it good and quick."

IV

AS WE are walking down the stairs, the ladies having separately preceded us, B. Podesta asks us what it is the secret police agent says, because he does not to understand English, and Mr. Pendini tells him; whereat B. Podesta shrugs his shoulders.

"The picture could be the Gioconda even," he declared, "and I am not coming to fetch it. I have had enough of this fellow Caldarazzo."

Pendini stares at him with indignation.

"What do you think?" Pendini asks. "I am going to fetch it? Yours is the picture, Podeste, not mine."

"Well," I say, suddenly conceiving an idea, "when it comes to this question I, too, have an interest in the picture, in so much as I am still negotiating its sale."

"All right," Mr. Pendini says, "do you fetch the picture then."

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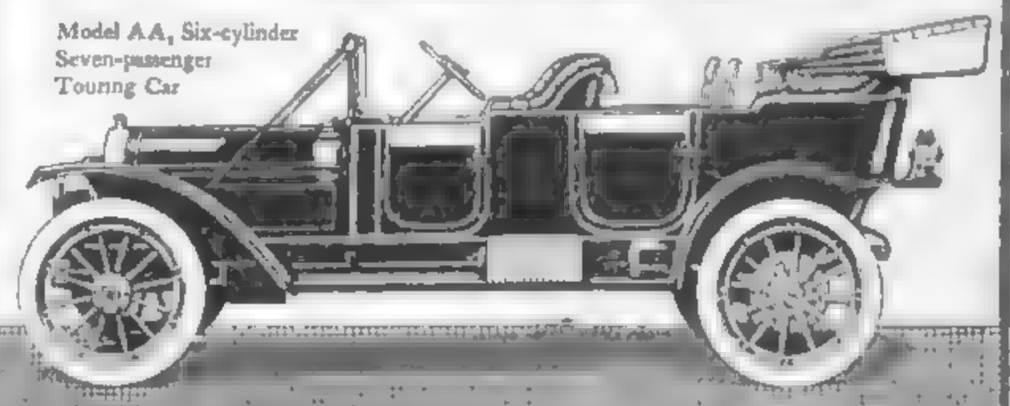

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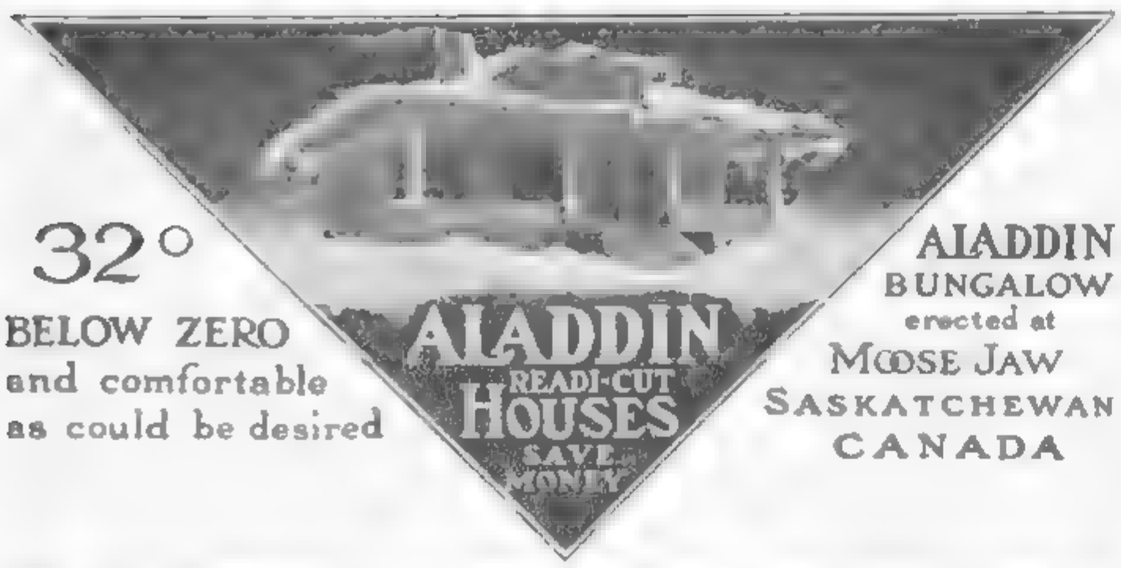

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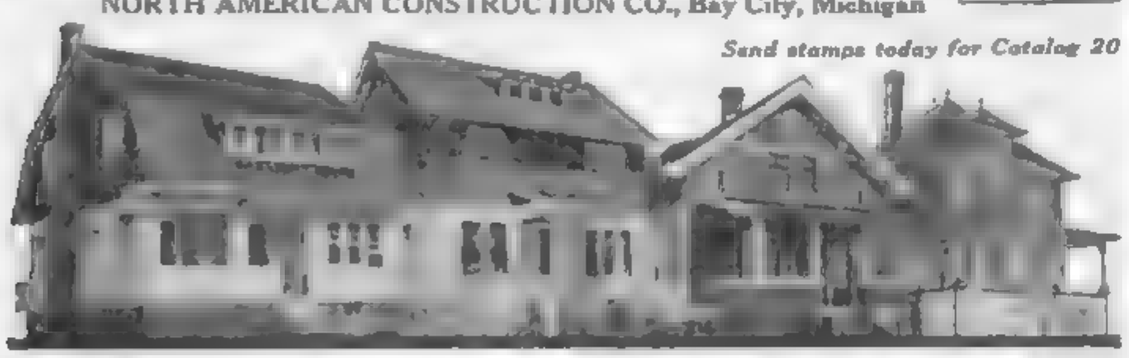

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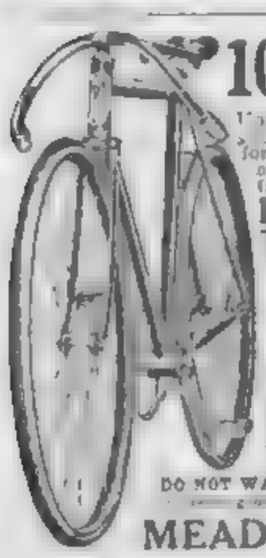

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"That I will," I reply, "but I cannot promise that it will be sold for fifty dollars. The best offer I can anticipate now is thirty."

Again Podeste shrugs.

"Tintoretto sometimes received less for a Saint Sebastian or a Nativity," he remarks, "and the framing and glazing cost only five dollars. What do you say, Pendini?"

"Take it," Pendini says to me, "and we will make good our promise about the dinner."

So the next morning I send word to G. Dagnino, Negri & Company that I am sick, and again I go to the *Municipio* on Grand Street. There I wait one to two hours, and before I get the picture I am to give the *Irlandese* fifty cents and two other men a cigar to each. At last I am to get the picture which by good fortune is uninjured. With another cigar to still a third official I procure some newspaper, and having wrapped up the portrait I walk downstairs to the street.

In front of me I see a familiar female figure accompanied by a man who proceeds feebly, as though affected with *reumatismo*, and then I can congratulate myself, I assure you, because soon I recognize the prisoner Graziadio and his wife. Accordingly I hasten after them, and when I come up to them I discover that Mr. Graziadio is clothed in a new black suit with collar and necktie, and except for the stiffness of his limbs and one very much green and blue eye no trace remains of his late ordeal.

"*Scusate mi, Signore,*" I say. "I am having the honor to address Mr. and Mrs. Graziadio?"

Now is the test, I say to myself, because either he will abuse me as one of the participants in his trouble, or he will be grateful because I did not identify him. So that when they stop walking and turn round, my heart gives a jump I assure you. To my surprise, however, Mr. and Mrs. Graziadio regard me blankly, and it then occurs to me that neither one in the excitement last night noticed me at all. Therefore, I quickly try to make up a story.

"Mr. Graziadio," I say, "I am the emissary of a friend and I would like to speak to you."

Mr. Graziadio shakes his head.

"If it is from that *omicida* Caldarazzo, save your breath," he replies, "because I will pursue him with the law until he is beggared and in prison."

"Besides," Mrs. Graziadio says, "we have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

"That is just it," I declare. "I am emissary of a friend who instructs me to invite you to breakfast at the Ristorante Promessi Sposi across the street."

For a moment Mr. Graziadio hesitates and I seize on to the opportunity.

"We will eat first," I add, "and explain afterward."

So I lead the way to the restaurant, which I see the sign of across the street, and pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Graziadio are *vis-à-vis* with me at a table and drinking coffee by quarts. At last after the edges are off the appetite, Mrs. Graziadio says: "And who is the kind friend?"

That is to me just the point. Who shall this kind friend be? I think hard and then I get a quite happy inspiration.

"Signora Graziadio," I say, and my voice is *tremolo* and sweet like Mimi when she says, "*Marcello date retta è assai buona Musetta.*" "Signora Graziadio, believe me when I tell you something: I am a friend to that unfortunate lady, Miss Maria Ragione, and she is asking me to explain something to you which I beg you will listen."

When I mention the name Ragione Mrs. Graziadio nearly chokes on her coffee, which gives me time to go on without interruption.

"She makes big mistake," I continue, "when she kisses your husband."

"There!" Mr. Graziadio cries. "Did I not tell you for three hours last night and you would not hear me?"

Mrs. Graziadio is now recovered her breath, and she nods skeptically the head, like one who is saying: "*Ben trovato!*"

"She was deceived," I announce, "by this picture."

Whereupon I take the newspaper from B. Podeste's picture, and going to the next table I display it in a good light.

"Would you not yourself be deceived?" I conclude.

It is the first time that Mrs. Graziadio sees the picture, and she gasps with astonishment, for now that Mr. Graziadio is again clothed decently the likeness is more striking."

"This portrait," I go on, "is the property of Miss Ragione. She had it painted of Rocco Lo Medico who was her affianced lover, by my friend B. Podeste, the famous Milanese portrait painter, at a cost of five hundred dollars. It is all that she has to remind her by now, and in her name I crave your forgiveness for what happens last night."

I sit down at the table again, leaving the picture in its exposed position, while I wipe my eyes affectingly with my handkerchief.

"Some more omelet, Mr. Graziadio," I press him. "Remember you are Miss Ragione's guest."

He helps himself with liberality, and then I point out the diamond pin on the portrait.

"Observe what nobility it gives the torso," I say. "Two and a half carats it must weigh."

Mrs. Graziadio, it seems, cannot take her eyes off the portrait, and is just for same like spellbound.

"The gold chain and gold studs in the cuffs are wonderfully lifelike," I observe, "yet I wish you to notice that but for the studs, chain and diamond, the portrait could be of Mr. Graziadio himself."

"Mr. Graziadio owns also gold studs and chain," Mrs. Graziadio says, tossing the head, "and if his bank and passage-ticket business is not ruined by this affair, he will soon buy a diamond pin."

"Have no fear, Signora," I say. "The police are only too glad that they shall hush up their blunder. Mr. Graziadio will not suffer by this."

I look at Mr. Graziadio, who is eating omelet like sixty, as it says in the vernacular.

"Moreover," I persuade, "he will buy the diamond anyway, because a stone of two and a half carats worn in the necktie is, in a manner, a guaranty of his being solvent."

I then become confidential.

"Why, do you know," I say, "it was the intention of Rocco Lo Medico to have hung in his bank a duplicate of the very picture which was made by Podeste, the idea being that the duplicate portrait, with the gold and diamond, would add to Lo Medico's reputation, which up to the time of his embezzlement was excellent."

I say no more for a while, letting the idea, so to speak, take root and deeply sink in.

"And," I continue, "this duplicate picture is now in the artist's possession."

For three minutes or four there is a silence.

"Would he sell it, do you think?" Mrs. Graziadio asks with some timidness.

"I think he would," I say in nonchalant manner.

"But five hundred dollars is tremendous," Graziadio suggests.

"Ah!" I exclaim, "but that was for an original sitting. For the duplicate he is charging Lo Medico very much less."

I then regard absently the excellent portrait again.

"Compare the way the mustache curls with Mr. Graziadio's mustache," I say, and that apparently settles it.

"Do you think he would take two hundred and fifty for it?" Mr. Graziadio asks, and I hope I did not to turn pale. At any rate I blew my nose with my handkerchief before replying.

"Perhaps," I say at last. "Who can tell?"

"But you are a friend of his," Graziadio insists. "Can you not try to negotiate this for us?"

Can I? II and III

. . . . . .

After a decent delay of two days, I send them the picture via P. R. R. freight, and draft for two hundred and fifty dollars with bill of lading annexed. Not only is the draft paid, but there also arrives letter from Mr. Graziadio, saying that the duplicate picture more than equals the original and he is well satisfied. So am I, and so are B. Podeste and Mr. Pendini, who accept with pæans the thirty dollars.

They did not, however, treat me to the dinner after all, but that is the way with these dishonest *Milanesi*. They are indeed *uomini senza fede*, and one can say with Dante:

Ahi, Milanesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pien d'ogni magagna;
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?

Steamed Beans or Baked Beans. Which do You Prefer?

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 19)

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Lanier ——" Mrs. Wilmerding's voice was rather faint. "Of course I believe you. My—mind is rather confused ——" Her head went back against the chair. Lanier, glancing at her, quickly saw that she was very pale.

"Have you told Clare anything of this?" he asked sternly.

"I—yes. Oh—I'm so sorry—so sorry ——" Her voice was tremulous.

"You ought to be!" There was a cut to Lanier's voice, and his intense though suppressed anger was projected by the whole weight of his powerfully intense nature. It pierced Mrs. Wilmerding like a cold blade. Her pallor increased and her eyelids fluttered. Lanier went on, too angry to notice the condition of his guest. "It is through people like yourself that tragedies occur, Mrs. Wilmerding. What's the matter—are you ill?"

For one of Mrs. Wilmerding's arms had dropped limply to her side. Lanier sprang up from his chair, glanced sharply at her face, then stepped to the buffet, where he dashed a little cognac into a tumbler and went quickly to her side. Dropping on his knees, he slipped one arm behind her neck, for her head was swaying to the side, and raised the tumbler to her blanched lips. "There, there! I'm sorry. It's not so bad as all that—come now!"

All the harshness had gone out of his voice. Mrs. Wilmerding's head swayed toward him until her mass of chestnut hair rested against his cheek.

"Don't take it so much to heart," Lanier went on, his voice soothing, almost caressing. "After all there's no great harm done. Come, taste this cognac."

She raised her arm, resting her hand on his shoulder, then swallowed a little of the cognac, shuddering as the strong spirit for an instant stifled her breath.

"I'm so sorry," said Lanier in the same low, comforting voice. "I wouldn't really hurt you for anything. What's that?"

He turned sharply at a peculiar gasping sound from behind him. His eyes fell on the tame raccoon which was fishing about with one paw in the water pitcher. Lanier gave a nervous little laugh. Mrs. Wilmerding raised her head, dropped her arm from his shoulder and moved slightly in her chair.

"How silly of me," said she with a faint smile. "I'm all right now. Oh, Mr. Lanier, I've been such a fool, such a fool! Will you forgive me?"

"Of course. I lost my temper. I'm very nasty sometimes ——"

"I must go back now," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "and try to straighten out the mess I've made."

"Wait until you are feeling a bit more yourself. A little more cognac?"

"No, thanks." She settled herself more comfortably in her chair. Lanier resumed his former seat on the piano bench. Mrs. Wilmerding looked at him thoughtfully. "Tell me," said she presently, "though I know I don't deserve to be told—do you care for Clare?"

Lanier smiled. "A week ago," said he with a sort of boyish frankness, "I never could have believed it possible that I could care for any woman enough to want to marry her. But the miracle has happened. I am crazy about Clare and I want to marry her."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"No. It didn't seem quite right. It was like this——" and Lanier told of their accidental meeting on the sea beach.

"Then you expect to leave tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"If my man has been able to get the tug."

"Oh, I'm so glad Clare didn't tell me that. If she had, I should not have come to see you tonight—and should have gone blundering along in the same horrid error. Really, I'm an awful fool, Mr. Lanier; but I did mean it all for the best. Is your piece finished?"

"Practically. Would you like to see the *décor* of the first act?"

"I ought to be going, but I should like to see it, and to hear that Champagne Chorus that the men were all so enthusiastic about. What time is it?"

"Only ten."

"This is horribly indiscreet."

"My people will not return until after midnight, and I never have callers. See, here's my stage."

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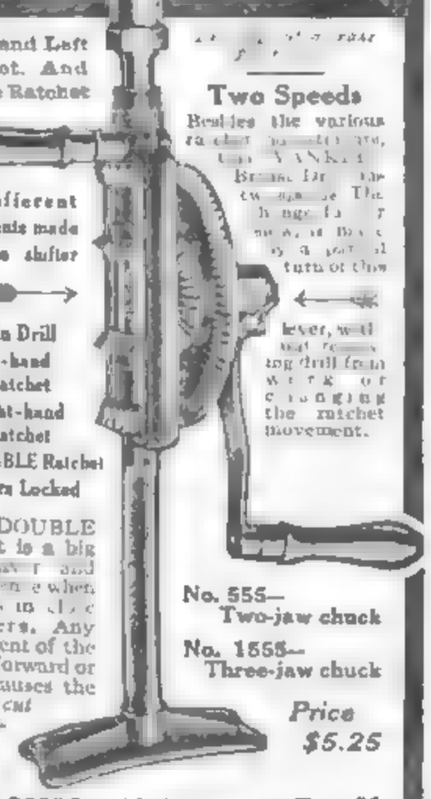

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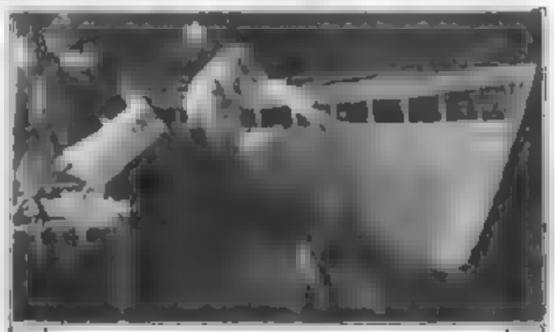

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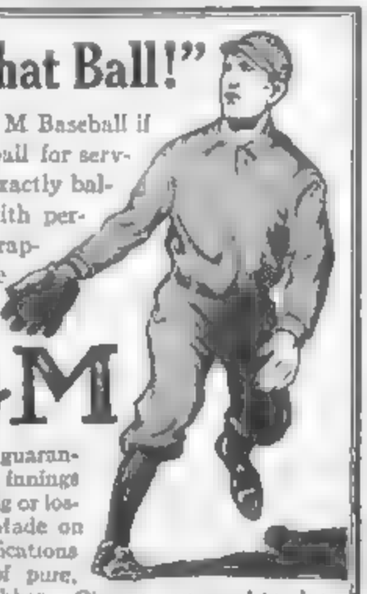

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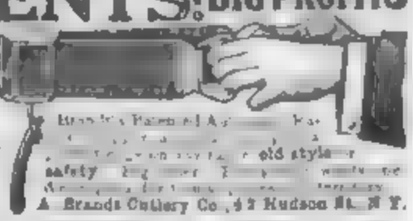

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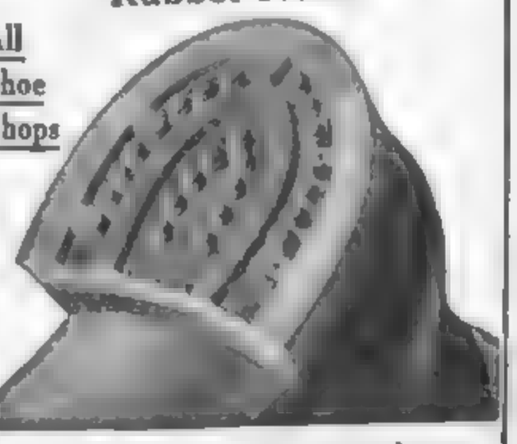

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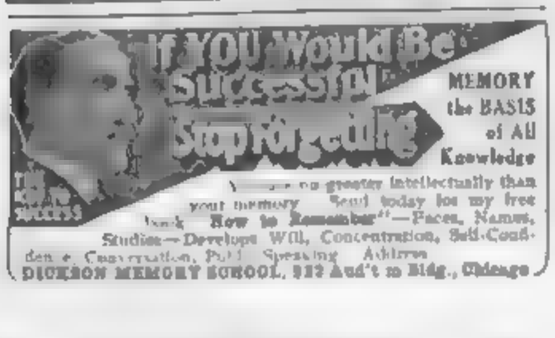

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DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

Lanier lighted the candle footlights and the charming first scene was presented almost as vividly as in a theater. Seating himself at the piano he played the opening chorus. Mrs. Wilmerding, herself a musician of no poor ability, was charmed. Her curious adventure, coming so unexpectedly in a life monotonous for a woman of her active mind, got into her blood, and it was not until a little ship's clock rang sharply six bells that she suddenly realized the extreme unconventionality of her situation. Lanier had been playing one of his songs and as the music stopped there reached the ears of the two a curious humming, swashing sound, and a gust of air striking sharply through the open porthole made the lamps flicker. Lanier started up from his bench.

"My word!" he cried. "I believe it's starting in to blow. Listen to that!"

They looked at each other, startled and alarmed, and in the pause the big hulk took a slow heave to starboard.

"Good heavens!" cried Lanier; "it must be blowing a gale. I've never felt any such motion in here!"

He started for the companionway, Mrs. Wilmerding at his heels. Up they went, and as Lanier thrust his head through the hatch a fierce gust of wind almost drove his breath back into his lungs. He stepped out on to the deck, Mrs. Wilmerding following.

They looked round. On all sides was white, seething water. Far in the distance a few scattered lights sparked out; then suddenly a broad beam swept across the foaming waters and was gone again.

Lanier turned and gripped Mrs. Wilmerding's arm.

"Do you see that?" he cried hoarsely; "it's the light on Otter Point. We're out at sea!"

Had he said "We are sinking!" the shock could have been no greater. Mrs. Wilmerding's knees tottered under her.

"Wait here a second," cried Lanier, and darted away forward. A moment later she saw the flash of a lantern far up in the bow. Two or three minutes passed, then finding the loneliness intolerable she made her way forward, clinging to the rail, for the hulk was rolling with a long, rhythmic swing. She found Lanier hauling in a dripping cable and finding considerable difficulty in doing so. Mrs. Wilmerding watched him.

"Look at that!" he snarled. "Somebody has cut us adrift! Somebody has played me a scurvy trick," he added quietly. "However, we're in no great danger. This northwesterly squall is driving us straight out to sea and tomorrow we'll be sighted and picked up. Nothing can possibly hurt us."

But Mrs. Wilmerding saw it differently. The dangers of the sea were the very least of her cares. It was the possible shipwreck of her reputation that struck through her with an icy chill. Mrs. Wilmerding, the duenna of that exclusive colony, the Chimney Corner, to be found floating round the Atlantic with Calvert Lanier, the playwright—and nobody else!

"But what about me?" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Lanier, you must take me back. Can't you anchor and sail me back?"

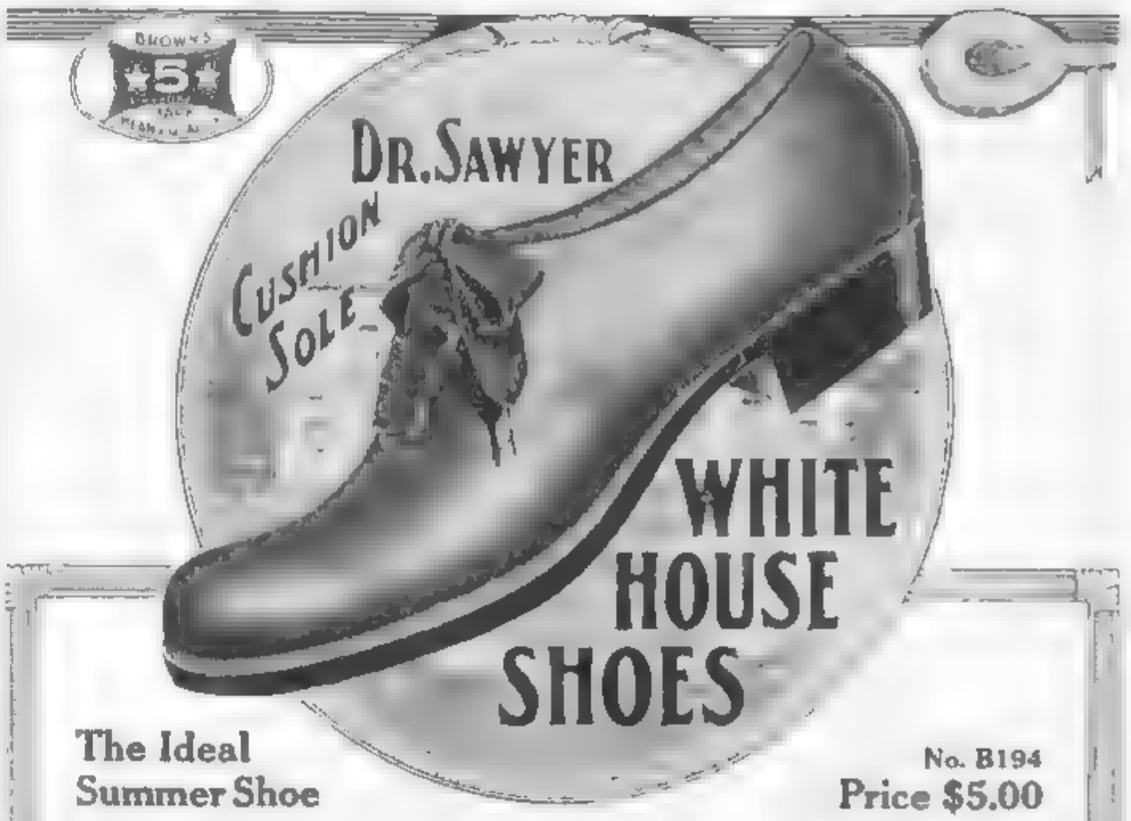
Lanier shook his head. "My other anchor is in the mud off the reading room," said he. "There's a spare kedge in the lazarette, but we haven't the strength to get it up. I'd put off in a boat but for two things. In the first place, I don't believe we could beat back against this wind and in this water—we'd be driven out to sea. Another thing to consider is that this hulk, drifting about alone, is a great danger to navigation. I must stop aboard and tend the lights until she's picked up."

Mrs. Wilmerding wrung her hands. "But what can I ever say?" she wailed. "How can I ever explain my position?"

"We will say that you got caught in the squall while sailing on the bay and were forced to take refuge on the hulk," said Lanier. "In the height of the squall my cable parted and we went adrift. I'll frazzle out the strands. Come, Mrs. Wilmerding, it's not so bad. We are sure to be picked up tomorrow. There's nothing to do but to wait. Come, we've had excitement enough for a little while. Let's go below and get a bite to eat. Who do you suppose cut that cable anyway?" He leaned down and studied her face—"Our jealous friend, young Ravenel?"

"Don't!" groaned Mrs. Wilmerding, and covered her face with her hands.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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The "JOY OF WEARING" Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole WHITE HOUSE SHOES is due to this cooling quality and the velvety feel to the sole of the foot.

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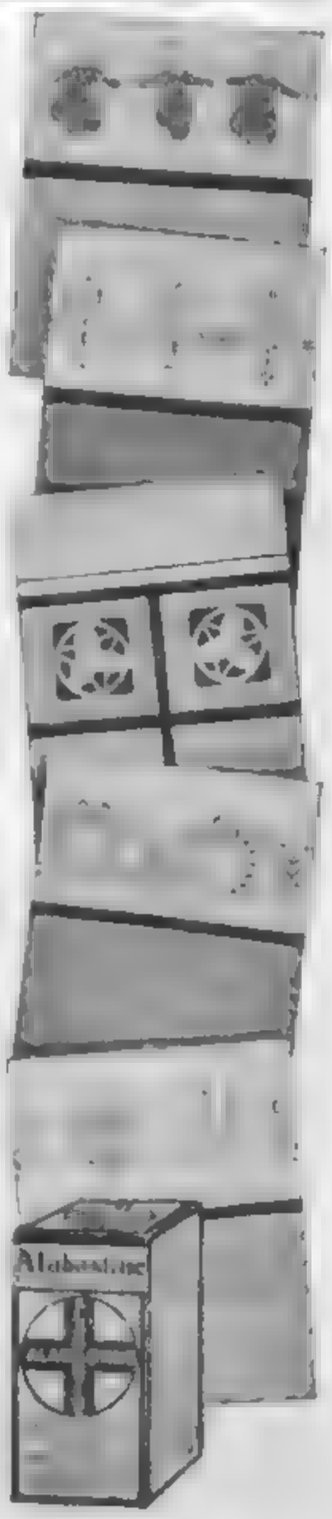
Our artists will send you plans in colors for any rooms you wish to decorate—Free of charge. Write for them!



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Architects specify Alabastine. Put on [illegible] expense and mess of washing off

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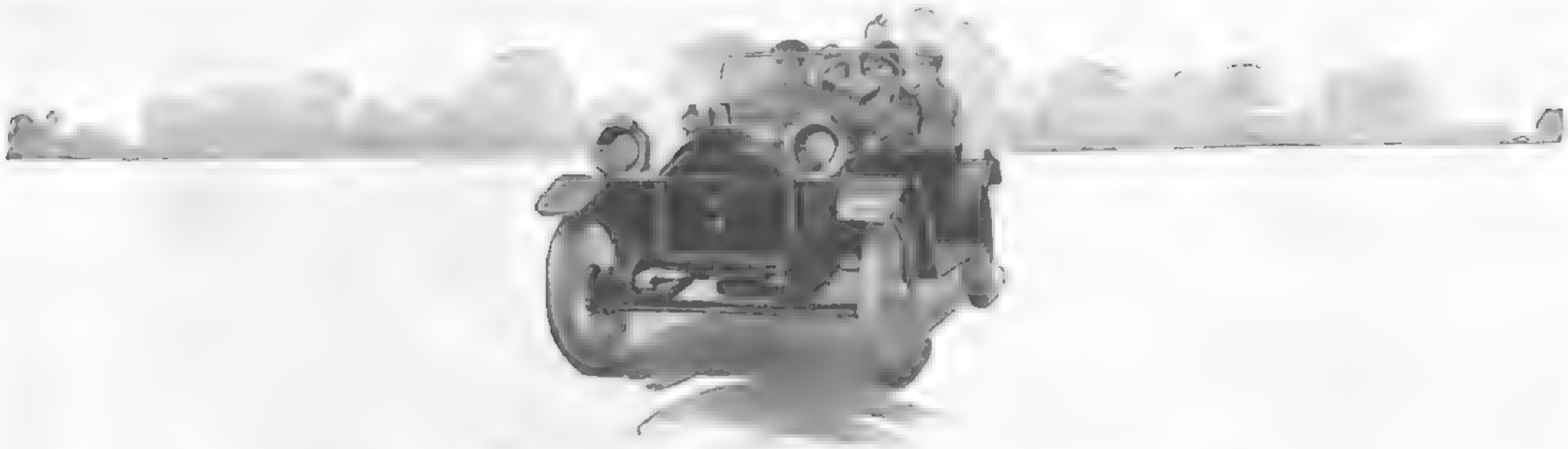
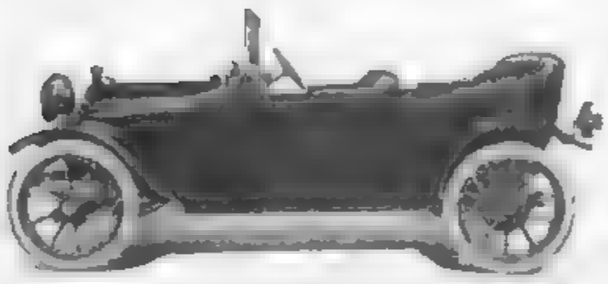
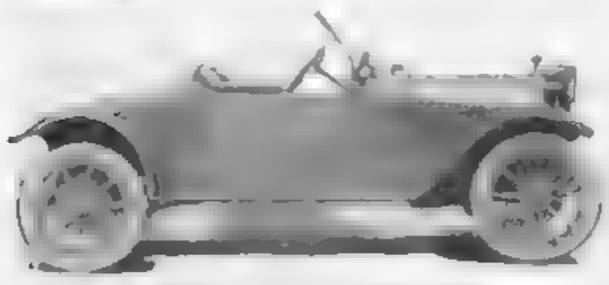


The Secret of the Increased Pulling Power of the Long-Stroke "32" Hupmobile



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinders, 3½ x 5½ inch bore and stroke; Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheelbase; 32 x 3½ inch tires. Color, standard Hupmobile blue.



Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, $900

F. O. B. Detroit. Same chassis and equipment as Touring Car above.

The Unit Power Plant

With cylinders, intake and exhaust manifolds and water jackets cast in one piece, valve mechanism enclosed, bore of 3½ inches and stroke of 5½ inches, the motor is compact, rigid, silent, highly efficient in pulling power, and vibrationless. The cover plate which protects the valve mechanism from dirt, keeps oil in and at the same time admits of ready access. In having three large-size bearings for the crankshaft instead of the usual two in the case of block motors, additional strength and steadiness are imparted. The crankshaft bearings are Babbitt metal cast in bronze shells—well-nigh indestructible through wear if properly adjusted and lubricated. The upper part of the crank case and the entire clutch and transmission housing are one piece of highest grade aluminum alloy. The lower half is pressed steel, supporting the motor unit and forming a dust-tight pan. Thus engine, clutch and transmission are a compact unit, with no working parts exposed.

The Large-Size Clutch

In design and size the clutch compares favorably with that of a 60 horsepower car—so large that the car may be started on high gear without noise or jerk. Multiple discs, 13 inch diameter, running in an oil-bath. Clutch brake to stop whirling and facilitate gear-shifting.

Transmission of 40 H. P. Size

Selective sliding gears, affording three forward speeds and reverse, large enough for a 40 h. p. car. Mounted on Hyatt high-duty roller bearings. Large gears are of acid open hearth steel, smaller ones of electric alloy steel—both hard and long-wearing. Imported F & S Annular roller bearings end thrusts throughout.

Fly-wheel Pumps Oil

Instead of a small pump—liable to stoppage and breakage—the flywheel, by pressure, pumps the oil to all parts of motor, clutch and transmission. Grit is segregated in sediment chambers. This system is not only highly efficient and automatic, but economical, as the oil is used and circulated over and over again.

Full-Floating Rear Axle

Here [illegible] in the full floating rear axle [illegible] that no [illegible] are allowed. While [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] to the [illegible] from the wheels but [illegible] weight. The [illegible] drop forged [illegible] strong for the severest service.

A motor car's ability to get over the road—to make the grades—to haul the load—is truly defined by its *pulling* power, and by nothing else.

Thus, because rated power is merely a mathematical computation, based on the motor's bore and stroke, it cannot be an accurate indication of what the Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32," or any other car, can actually do.

On the other hand, pulling power is increased or decreased by these most important factors:—

1—Relation of piston stroke to cylinder bore.
2—Motor design.
3—Efficiency of the carburetor.
4—The degree of simplicity attained in the general chassis construction.
5—The degree to which friction is reduced in the working parts.
6—Weight of the car.

Let us see how and why it is greater in the Long-Stroke "32"

Hupmobile

1—A stroke neither too long nor too short, but in ratio to the bore as 1.7 to 1—the mean average of the most widely used European practice.

2—A motor with cylinders cast en bloc; valves at the side, protected from dust and dirt. The adaptation of the best European designs to American conditions. The Long-Stroke "32" goes a step farther by providing three liberal crankshaft bearings—instead of the two usual in unit cylinder construction—shutting out the possibility of undue crankshaft strains.

3—Absolutely automatic carburetion—assuring correct mixture at all speeds *and under all loads*, without resort to adjustments.

4—A chassis stripped clean of every complication. Motor, clutch and transmission a compact, space- and weight-saving unit, permanently aligned and dispensing with a shaft and universal joints between clutch and transmission.

5—Friction reduced to the last limit by the finest domestic and imported ball and roller bearings at all important points outside of the motor. One universal joint between transmission and full-floating rear axle, instead of two. Practically straight line drive.

6—Weight 200 to 300 pounds under that of many cars of equal size and rating. That much less dead weight to dissipate power.

Each of these is a distinct and unusual advantage in itself.

Collectively, and because they enable a greater proportion of the engine's power to do its real work—they set the Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" apart from and above cars of its price.

Their incorporation in the $900 Long Stroke "32" Hupmobile is the result of the work of a homogeneous engineering and factory organization, held intact since the inception of the company; and the designs of E. A. Nelson, who designed the original Hupmobile and all succeeding models.

Catalog mailed on request.

Hupmobiles are now being built in the new factory, which, in point of equipment and facilities, ranks among the finest motor car plants in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

1229 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

15,000 Runabout Owners

The Hupmobile Runabout, from the very first, was considered the standard of the runabout type; and it still retains that distinction. It has the enthusiastic friendship of 15,000 owners in all parts of the world. It is Mr. Nelson's first Hupmobile; and today is manufactured, in all essentials, on his original designs. In fact, economy of operation and efficiency of service have never shown it necessary to make radical changes in those designs.

The Famous Runabout Power Plant

Every Runabout motor is the duplicate of that which drove the Hupmobile World-Touring Car on its notable globe-girdling tour. It is one of the simplest, most sturdy and most efficient automobile engines ever designed. Cylinders cast in pairs, valves at the side and three-bearing crankshaft. It is combined with the clutch and transmission into a unit power plant. The clutch is multiple disc, of fine saw-blade steel; the transmission of the sliding gear type, with two speeds forward and reverse.

Ingenious Oiling System

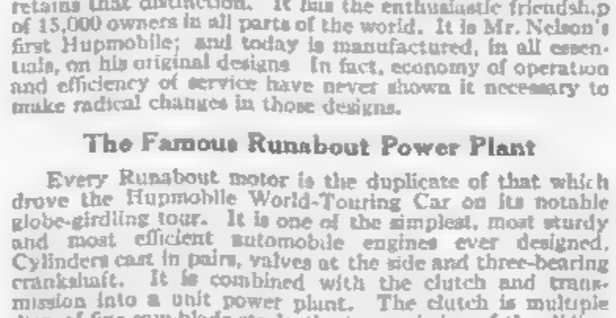
Motor lubrication is by the splash system, which is used in many of the costlier cars. The oil reservoir is at the right of the motor cylinders, where the oil is kept warm and in fluid state, regardless of weather. By an ingenious arrangement, the flow of oil to motor is controlled by the throttle, so that the amount of oil entering the crankcase is regulated by the speed of the motor—high speed, more oil; low speed, less oil.

Bosch High Tension Magneto

The Runabout was the first car of its price to include the world-famous Bosch high tension magneto without extra cost. Control of the car is simplified by the time of the spark being fixed. The spark is so timed that the explosions in the cylinders occur at the point of highest compression—which is not always the case when the driver has control of a variable spark. Many of the leading European cars employ the fixed spark, and the practice is growing in America, since the Hupmobile Runabout initiated it.

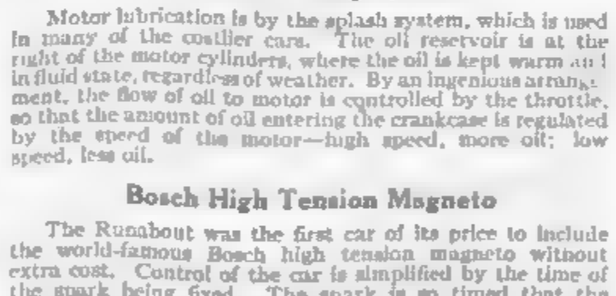
Timken and Hyatt Roller Bearings

In rear axle and wheels and in the front wheels, Timken and Hyatt roller bearings are employed. The front wheels run on the former; the rear wheels on the latter. The differential gears and pinion at the rear of the drive shaft are also fitted with Hyatt and Timken rollers. The front axle, like the rear, is more than amply strong to bear the weight of the car and withstand road shocks, being a drop forging of high carbon steel.



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car [illegible] Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn.



20 H. P. Roadster, $850

F. O. B. Detroit, with same chassis as Runabout above, except wheelbase of 110 inches, and same equipment; also highly finished steel box on rear deck.

STRATAGEM AND SPOILS

(Continued from Page 16)

a pattern that had been fashionable perhaps twenty years ago and would be fashionable again, no doubt, twenty years hence; there were gray trousers that had never been pressed apparently; and, to finish off with, there was a pair of square-toed, high-heeled boots of a kind now seen mostly in faded full-length photographs of gentlemen taken in the late seventies—boots with wrinkled tops that showed for four inches or more and shined clear up to the trouser-line with some sort of blacking that put a dull bluish iridescent blush upon the leather, almost like the colors on a dove's breast feathers.

"Thanks for the tip, Mac," said Malley, and he made off after the old man, who by now had turned and was maneuvering down the corridor toward where a revolving door turned unceasingly, like a wheel in a squirrel's cage. "Oh, colonel!" called out Malley on a venture, dodging through the human currents and trying to overtake the stout, broad figure ahead of him. An exceedingly young, exceedingly important person, who looked as though he might be prominent in the national guard or on some governor's staff, half rose from a leather lounge and glanced about inquiringly, but the old man in the cape and boots kept on.

"Major!" tried Malley vainly. "Major! Just a minute, please." And then, "Judge! Oh, judge!" he called as a last resort, and at that his quarry swung about on his heels and stopped, eying him with whimsical, mild blue eyes under wrinkly lids.

"Son," he said in a high, whiny voice which instantly appealed to Malley's sense of picturesque values, "was it me that you've been yellin' at?"

Malley answered, telling his name and that he was a reporter for the Sun. A moment later he was surprised to find himself shaking hands warmly with the older man.

"Malley, did you say?" the judge was inquiring almost eagerly. "Well, now, son, I'm glad to meet up with you. Malley is a fairly familiar name and a highly honored one down in our part of the country. There was a captain in Forrest's command of your name—Captain Malley—a mighty gallant soldier and a splendid gentleman! You put me right sharply in mind of him too—seem to favor him considerably round the eyes. Are you closely related to the Southern branch of the family, suh?"

Malley caught himself wishing that he could say "Yes." The old judge showed almost a personal disappointment when Malley confessed that none of his kinspeople, so far as he knew, ever resided south of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"No doubt a distant connection," amended the judge, as though consoling both himself and Malley; "the family resemblance is there shorely." He laid a pudgy pink hand on Malley's arm. "You'll pardon me for presumin' on such short acquaintance, but down where I come from it is customary, when two gentlemen meet up together at about this hour of the evenin'"—it was then three o'clock P.M., Eastern time, as Malley noted—"it is customary for them to take a dram. Will you join me?"

Scenting his story, Malley fell into step by the old judge's side; but at the door of the café the judge halted him.

"Son," he said confidentially, "I like this tavern mightily all but the grocery here. I must admit that I don't much care for the bottled goods they're carryin' in stock. I sampled 'em and I didn't enthuse over 'em. I wish you'd go up to my chamber with me and give me the benefit of your best judgment on a small vial of liquor I brought with me in my valise. It's an eighteen-year-old sour mash, mellowed in the wood, and I feel that I can recommend it to your no doubt discriminatin' palate. Will you give me the pleasure of your company, suh?"

As Malley, smiling to himself, went with the judge, it struck him with emphasis that, for a newly arrived transient, this old man seemed to have an astonishingly wide acquaintance among the house staff of the Hotel Royal. A page-boy, all buttons and self-importance, sidestepped them, smiling and ducking at the old judge's nod; and the elevator attendant, a little, middle-aged Irishman, showed unalloyed pleasure when the judge, after blinking slightly and catching his breath as the car started upward with a dart like a scared swallow, inquired whether he'd had any more news yet of the little girl who was in the hospital. Plainly the old judge and the elevator man had already been exchanging domestic confidences.

Into his small room on the seventeenth floor Judge Priest ushered the reporter with the air of one dispensing the hospitalities of a private establishment to an honored guest, made him rest his hat and overcoat—"rest" was the word the judge used—and sit down in the easiest chair and make himself comfortable. In response to a conversation which the judge had over the telephone with some young person of the feminine gender, whom he insisted on addressing as Miss Exchange, there presently came knocking at the door a grinning negro boy bearing the cracked ice, the lump sugar and the glasses the old judge had ordered. Him the judge addressed direct.

"Look here," asked the judge, looking up from where he was rummaging out a flat quart flask from the depths of an ancient and much-seamed valise, "ain't you the same boy that I was talkin' to this mornin'?"

"Yas, suh," said the boy, snickering, "Horace."

"Where you came from they didn't call you Horace, did they?" inquired the old man.

"Naw, suh, that they didn't," admitted Horace, showing all his teeth except the extremely rearmost ones.

"What was it they called you—Smoke or Rabbit?"

"Ginger," owned up Horace delightedly, and vanished, still snickering. Malley noticed that the coin which the old man had extracted from the depths of a deep pocket and tossed to the darky was a much smaller coin than guests in a big New York hotel customarily bestowed upon bellboys for such services as this; yet Horace had accepted it with every outward evidence of a deep and abiding satisfaction.

With infinite pains and a manner almost reverential, as though he were handling sacred vessels, the old judge compiled two dark reddish portions which he denominated toddies. Malley, sipping his, found it to be a most smooth and tasty mixture. And as he sipped, the old judge, smiling blandly, bestowed himself in a chair, which he widely overflowed, and balancing his own drink on the chair arm he crossed his booted feet and was ready, he said, to hear what his young friend might have to say.

As it turned out, Malley didn't have much to say, except to put the questions by which a skilled reporter leads on the man he wants to talk. And the old judge was willing enough to talk. It was his first visit to New York; he had come reluctantly, at the behest of certain friends, upon business of a more or less private nature; he had taken a walk and a ride already; he had seen a stretch of Broadway and seen some of Fifth Avenue, and he was full of impressions and observations that tickled Malley clear down to the core of his reportorial soul.

So Malley, like the wise newspaper man he was, threw away his notes on the Brazilian rubber magnate and the merchant prince of Sandusky; and at dark he went back to the office and wrote the story of old Judge Priest, of Kentucky, for a full column and a quarter. Boss Clark, the night city editor, saw the humor value of the story before he had run through the first paragraph; and he played it up hard on the second page of the Sun, with a regular Sun head over it.

It was by way of being a dull time for news in New York. None of the wealthiest families were marrying or giving in marriage; more remarkable still, none of them were divorcing or giving in divorce. No subway scandal was emerging drippingly from the bowels of the earth; no aviator was descending abruptly from aloft with a dull and lethal thud. Malley's story, with the personality of the old judge deftly set forward as a foil for his homely simplicity and small-town philosophy, arched across the purview of divers saddened city editors like a rainbow spanning a leadish sky. The craft, in the vernacular of the craft, saw the story and went to it. Inside of twenty-four hours Judge Priest, of Kentucky, was Broadway's reigning favorite, for publicity purposes anyhow.

The judge kept open house all that next day in his room at the Hotel Royal, receiving regular and special members of various

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PEANUT BUTTER

"MY boy got *me* eating it. He's crazy about it in sandwiches, on bread, crackers, toast. Now we eat it together, for luncheon, 'tween meals—any hungry time.

"It's good to taste, and good for you, too. Just peanuts, roasted, salted, ground to creamy butter. And those Beech-Nut glass jars keep any of the fragrance and tantalizing taste from escaping."

Get a 15c jar from your grocer today. Insist on Beech-Nut Brand. It's never sold in bulk, always airtight-sealed in glass jars

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They give satisfying rest to the tired, because the body is gently supported in the most comfortable and healthful position. They never sag or get out of shape. There is no rolling to the center, even with persons of unequal weight. They are light and strong, made of the best material, guaranteed for life, and sold everywhere on Thirty Nights' Free Trial. Money back if you are the least bit disappointed. Made plain or upholstered, for wood or metal bedsteads.

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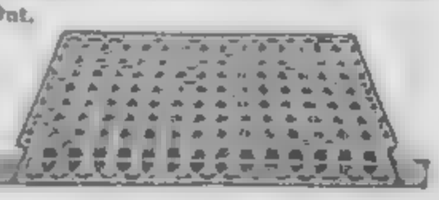

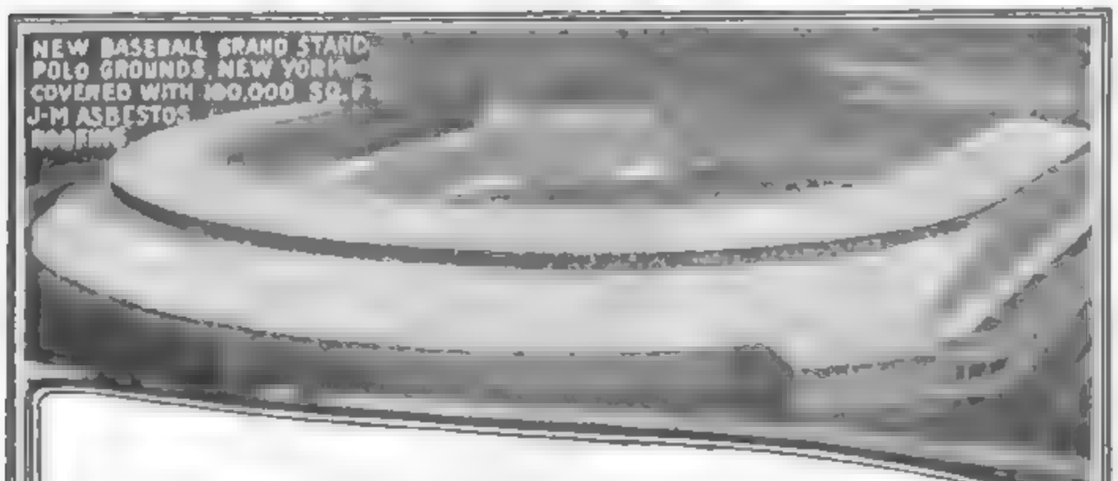

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The importance of *fire-proof* construction was so vividly demonstrated to the owners of the baseball grandstand at the Polo Grounds in New York by the disastrous fire which destroyed their $200,000.00 structure last year that they decided to take no chances of a repetition. They therefore built the new grandstand, shown above, of materials approved by the highest authorities on fire-proof construction—steel, concrete and J-M Asbestos Roofing.

Being made from Asbestos rock fibres and Trinidad Lake Asphalt, J-M Asbestos Roofing is *all* mineral all the way through—nothing in it to rust, melt, crack or deteriorate with age. It will ordinarily last as long as the building it covers.

And it is the cheapest-per-year roofing because it is the one ready-to-lay roofing which never needs coating. Its *first* cost is the *only* cost.

The grandstands and pavilions at Cleveland, Detroit, Washington and Toronto are also covered with J-M Asbestos Roofing. And the new grandstand and pavilion now being built at American League Park, Boston, will be covered with this practically indestructible roofing.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is suitable for any type of building, anywhere. Sold by most hardware and lumber dealers—or shipped direct from our nearest branch where we have no dealer.

Write for free sample of the curious Asbestos Rock from which this roofing is made and illustrated Book No. 1249 Address nearest Branch.

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city staffs. Margaret Movine, the star lady writer of the Evening Journal, had a full-page interview, in which the judge, using the Southern accent as it is spoken in New York exclusively, was made to discuss, among other things, the suffragette movement, women smoking in public, Fifth Avenue, hobble skirts, Morgan's raid, and the iniquity of putting sugar in corn bread. The dialect was the talented Miss Margaret Movine's, but the thoughts and the words were the judge's, faithfully set forth. The Times gave him a set of jingles on its editorial page and the Evening Mail followed up with a couple of humorous paragraphs; but it was the Sunday World that scored heaviest.

McCartwell, of the Sunday, went up and secured from the judge his own private recipe for mint juleps—a recipe which the judge said had been in his family for three generations—and he thought possibly longer, it having been brought over the mountains and through the Gap from Virginia by a grandsire who didn't bring much of anything else of great value; and the World, printing this recipe and using it as a starter, conducted through its correspondents southward a telegraphic symposium of mint-julep recipes. Private John Allen, of Mississippi; Colonel Bill Sterritt, of Texas; Marse Henry Watterson and General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky; Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, and others, contributed. A dispute at once arose in the South concerning the relative merits of crushing the mint and merely bruising it. An old gentleman in Virginia wrote an indignant letter to the Richmond Times-Dispatch. He said it should be bruised only—and a personal misunderstanding between two veteran members of the Pendennis Club, of Louisville, was with difficulty averted by bystanders. For the American, Tom Powers drew a cartoon showing the old judge, with a julep in his hand, marching through the Prohibition belt of the South, accompanied by a procession of jubilant Joys, while hordes of disconcerted Glooms fled ahead of them across the map. In short, for the better half of a week Judge Priest was a celebrity. And on the fourth day the judge, sitting in the privacy of his chamber and contemplating his sudden prominence, had an idea—and this idea was the answer to a question he had been asking himself many times since he left home. He spent half an hour and seventy cents telephoning to various newspaper offices. When finally he hung up the receiver and wriggled into his caped overcoat a benevolent smile illumined his broad, pink face. The smile still lingered there as he climbed into a cab at the curb and gave the driver a certain Wall Street address, which was the address of one J. Hayden Witherbee.

. . . . . .

J. Hayden Witherbee, composing the firm of Witherbee & Company, brokers and bankers, had a cozy flytrap or office suite in one of the tallest and most ornate of the office buildings or spider-webs in the downtown financial district. This location was but a natural one, seeing that Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee's interests were widely scattered and diversified, including as they did the formation and construction—on paper and with paper—of trolley lines; the floating of various enterprises, which floated the more easily by reason of the fact that water was their native element; and the sale of what are known in the West as holes in the ground and in the East as permanent mining investments. He had in his employ a competent staff, including a grayish gentleman of a grim and stolid aspect, named Betts.

Being a man of affairs, and many of them, Mr. Witherbee had but small time for general newspaper reading, save and except only the market quotations, the baseball scores in season and the notices of new shows for tired business men, though keeping a weather eye ever out for stories touching on the pernicious activities of the Federal Grand Jury, with its indictments and summonses and warrants, and for the United States Post-Office Department, with its nasty habit of issuing fraud orders and tying up valuable private mail. Nevertheless, on a certain wintry afternoon about two o'clock or half-past two, when his office boy brought to him a small card, engraved—no, not engraved; printed—smudgily printed with the name of William Pitman Priest and the general address of Kentucky, the sight of the card seemed to awaken within him certain amusing stories which had lately fallen under his attention in the

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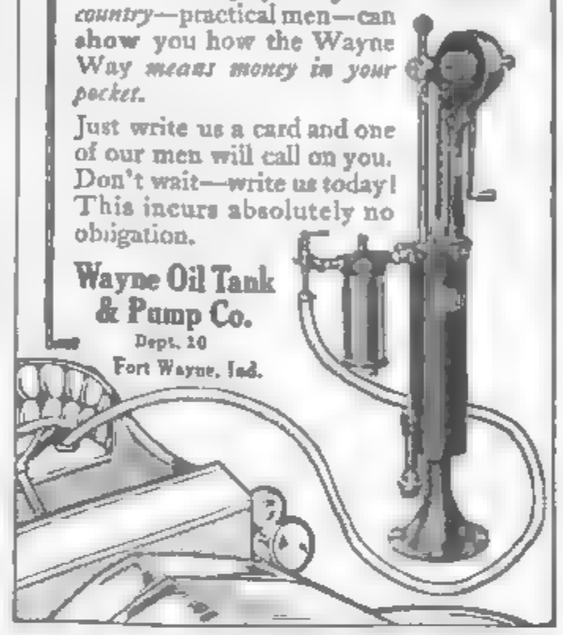

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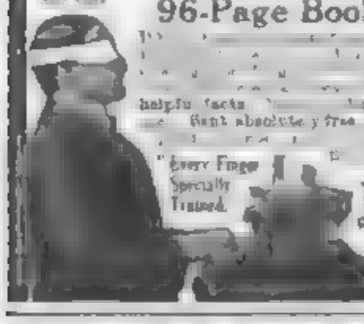

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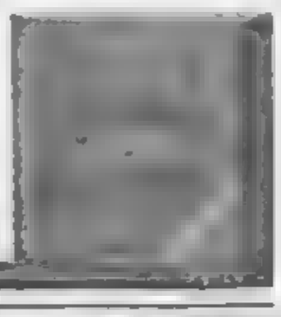

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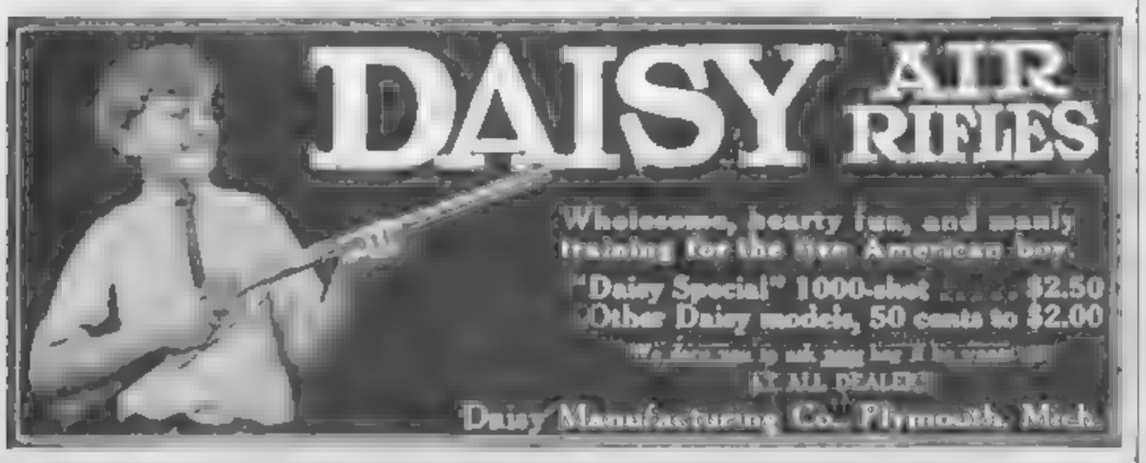

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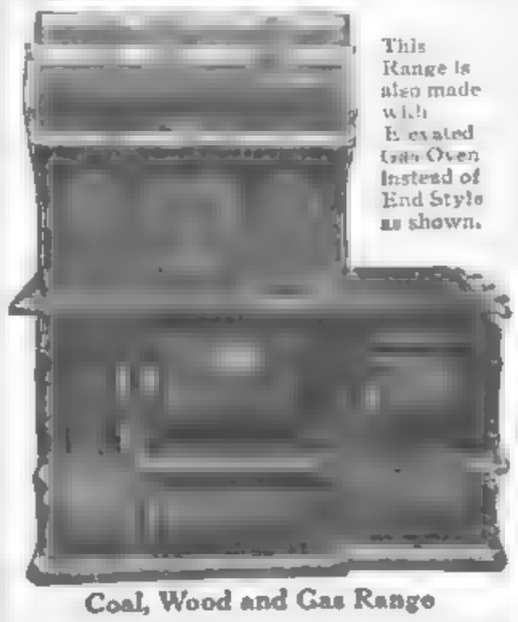

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printed columns; and, since he never overlooked any bets—even the small ones—he told the boy to show the gentleman in.

The reader, I take it, being already acquainted with the widely varying conversational characteristics of Judge Priest and Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee, it would be but a waste of space and time for me to undertake to describe in detail the manner of their meeting on this occasion. Suffice it to say that the judge was ushered into Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee's private office; that he introduced himself, shook hands with Mr. Witherbee, and in response to an invitation took a seat; after which he complimented Mr. Witherbee upon the luxury and good taste of his surroundings, and remarked that it was seasonable weather, considering the Northern climate and the time of the year. And then, being requested to state the nature of his business, he told Mr. Witherbee he had called in the hope of interesting him in an industrial property located in the South. It was at this juncture that Mr. Witherbee pressed a large, dark cigar upon his visitor.

"Yes," said Mr. Witherbee, "we have been operating somewhat extensively in the South of late, and we are always on the lookout for desirable properties of almost any character. Er—where is this particular property you speak of located and what is its nature?"

When Judge Priest named the town Mr. Witherbee gave a perceptible start, and when Judge Priest followed up this disclosure by stating that the property in question was a gasworks plant which he, holding power of attorney and full authority to act, desired to sell to Mr. Witherbee, complete with equipment, accounts, franchise and good will, Mr. Witherbee showed a degree of heat and excitement entirely out of keeping with the calmness and deliberation of Judge Priest's remarks. He asked Judge Priest what he—the judge—took him—Witherbee—for anyhow? Judge Priest, still speaking slowly and choosing his words with care, then told him—and that only seemed to add to Mr. Witherbee's state of warmth. However, Judge Priest drawled right on.

"Yes, suh," he continued placidly, "accordin' to the best of my knowledge and belief, you are in the business of buyin' and sellin' such things as gasworks, and so I've come to you to sell you this here one. You have personal knowledge of the plant, I believe, havin' been on the ground recently."

"Say," demanded Mr. Witherbee with a forced grin—a grin that would have reminded you of a man drawing a knife—"say, what do you think you're trying to slip over on me? I did go to your measly little one-horse town and I spent more than a week there; and I did look over your broken-down little old gashouse, and I concluded that I didn't want it; and then I came away. That's the kind of a man I am—when I'm through with a thing I'm through with it! Huh! What would I do with those gasworks if I bought 'em?"

"That, suh, is a most pertinent point," said Judge Priest, "and I'm glad you brought it up early. In case, after buyin' this property, you do not seem to care greatly for it, I am empowered to buy it back from you at a suitable figure. For example, I am willin' to sell it to you for sixty thousand dollars; and then, providin' you should want to sell it back to me, I stand prepared to take it off your hands at twenty-six thousand five hundred. I name those figures, suh, because those are the figures that were lately employed in connection with the proposition."

"Blackmail—huh!" sneered Mr. Witherbee. "Cheap blackmail and nothing else. Well, I took you for a doddering old pappy guy; but you're a bigger rube even than I thought. Now you get out of here before you get thrown out—see?"

"Now there you go, son—fixin' to lose your temper already," counseled the old judge reprovingly.

Mr. Witherbee had already lost it, however—completely lost it. He jumped up from his desk as though contemplating acts of violence upon the limbs and body of the broad, stoutish old man sitting in front of him; but he sheered off. Though old Judge Priest's lips kept right on smiling, his eyelids puckered down into a disconcerting little squint; and between them little menacing blue gleams flickered. Anyway, personal brawls, even in the sanctity of one's office, were very bad form and sometimes led to that publicity which is so distasteful to one engaged in large private enterprises. Mr. Witherbee had known the truth of this

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The Only Fireless Cook Stove Made With Steam Valve and Porcelain Lining

It is the most *solidly built, most durable, best looking and best cooking* Fireless.

Its porcelain lining is like the porcelain lining of a bath tub—*permanently* white, [illegible]

It is practically *indestructible*. No wear out. No rust out.

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Any good fireless cooker will save you money. But the Caloric Cook Stove saves you *most* money, because its specially prepared soapstone radiators soak up the heat [illegible]

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Because of this degree of heat you can *bake* and *roast* as well as boil and *stew* and steam. You can roast a chicken to a turn. You can make a pie with the flakiest of crusts. You can bake an Angel Cake that will melt in your mouth. *And you can cook from three to nine different dishes at a time.*

Our Steam Valve Exclusive

This is an exclusive Caloric patent. It permits the excess of steam to escape, while retaining all necessary heat.

No other Fireless Cooker has this valve.

Yet it is the *one big factor* in securing perfect results in *baking and roasting.*

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Teaches you the *wasteless* method of Caloric cooking. No experimenting, no lost time. Just follow directions and produce a perfect dish.

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These are especially designed and adapted to Caloric cooking. They increase the utility of the Caloric many times. Yet they are supplied *without extra charge* with every Caloric.

Think about a *Caloric Cook Stove now.*

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We will gladly send you our complete Catalog, showing every size and style of Porcelain-Lined Caloric Cook Stoves. This will tell about the aluminum cover lining and the solid wood work.

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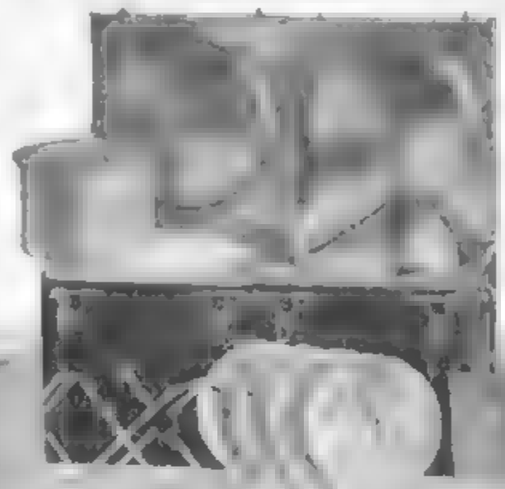
(Note the steam valves, of which only the *under side* is visible—one in the center of each lid.)



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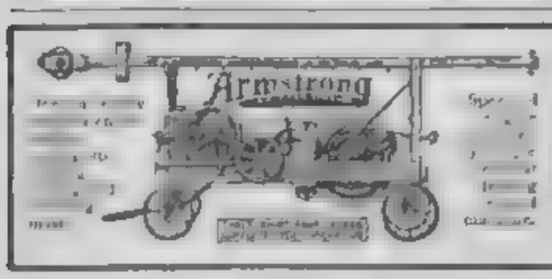

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when his name had been Watkins and when it had been the Bland Brothers' Investment Company, Limited; and he knew it now when he was Witherbee & Company. So, as aforesaid, he sheered off. Retreating to his desk, he felt for a button. A buzzer whirred dimly in the wall like a rattlesnake's tail. An officeboy poked his head in instantly.

"Herman," ordered Mr. Witherbee, trembling with his passion, "you go down to the superintendent's office and tell him to send a special building officer here to me right away!"

The boy's head vanished, and Mr. Witherbee swung back again on the judge, wagging a threatening forefinger at him.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he asked. "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I'm going to have you chucked out of here bodily—that's what!"

"Now, son," said Judge Priest, who hadn't moved, "I wouldn't do that if I was you. It might not be so healthy for you."

"Oh, you needn't be trying any of your cheap Southern gunplays round here," warned Mr. Witherbee; but, in spite of his best efforts at control, his voice rose quivering at the suggestion.

"Bless your heart, son!" said the judge soothingly, "I wouldn't think of using a gun on you any more'n I'd think of takin' a Winchester rifle to kill one of these here cockroaches! Son," he said, rising now for the first time, "you come along here with me a minute—I want to show you something you ain't seen yet."

He walked to the door and opened it part way. Witherbee, wondering and apprehensive, followed him and looked over the old judge's shoulder into the anteroom.

For J. Hayden Witherbee, one quick glance was enough. Four—no, five—five alert-looking young men, all plainly marked with the signs of a craft abhorrent to Mr. Witherbee, sat in a row of chairs beyond a railing; and beyond them was a sixth person, a young woman with a tiptilted nose and a pair of inquisitive, expectant gray eyes. Mr. Witherbee would have known them anywhere by their backs—jackals of the press, muckrakers, sworn enemies to Mr. Witherbee and all his kith and kind!

It was Mr. Witherbee who slammed the door shut, drawing Judge Priest back into the shelter of the closed room; and it was Mr. Witherbee who made inquiry, tremulously, almost humbly:

"What does this mean? What are these people doing there? What game is this?"

"Son," said Judge Priest, "you seem flustered. Ca'm yourself. This is no game as I know of. These are merely friends of mine—representatives of the daily press of your city."

"But how did they come to be here?"

"Oh!" said the judge. "Why, I telephoned 'em. I telephoned 'em that I was comin' down here on a matter of business, and that maybe there might be a sort of an item for them if they'd come too. I've been makin' what they call copy for them, and we're all mighty sociable and friendly; and so they came right along. To tell you the truth, we all arrived practically together. You see, if I was sort of shoved out of here against my will and maybe mussed up a little those boys and that there young lady there—her name is Miss Margaret Movine—they'd be sure to put pieces in their papers about it; and if it should come out incidentally that the cause of the row was a certain gasworks transaction, in a certain town down in Kentucky, they'd probably print that too. Why, those young fellows would print anything almost if I wanted them to. You'd be surprised!"

As Mr. Witherbee listened, Mr. Witherbee perspired freely. At this very moment there were certain transactions pending throughout the country—he had a telegram in his desk now from Betts, sent from a small town in Alabama—and newspaper publicity of an unpleasant and intimate nature might be fatal in the extreme. Mr. Witherbee had a mind trained to act quickly.

"Wait a minute!" he said, mopping his brow and wetting his lips, they being the only dry things about him. "Wait a minute, please. If we could settle this—this matter—just between ourselves, quietly and peaceably—there wouldn't be anything to print—would there?"

"As I understand the ethics of your Eastern journalism, there wouldn't be anything to print," said Judge Priest. "The price of them gasworks, accordin' to the latest quotations, was sixty thousand—but liable to advance without notice."

"And what—what did you say you'd buy 'em back at?"

"Twenty-six thousand five hundred was the last price," said the judge, "but subject to further shrinkage almost any minute."

"I'll trade," said Mr. Witherbee.

"Much obliged to you, son," said Judge Priest gratefully, and he began fumbling in his breast pocket. "I've got the papers all made out."

Mr. Witherbee regained his desk and reached for a checkbook just as the office boy poked his head in again.

"Special officer's comin' right away, sir," he said.

"Tell him to go away and keep away," snarled the flurried Mr. Witherbee; "and you keep that door shut—tight! Shall I make the check out to you?" he asked the judge.

"Well, now, I wouldn't care to bother with checks," said the judge. "All the recent transactions involvin' this here gashouse property was by the medium of the common currency of the country, and I wouldn't care to undertake on my own responsibility to interfere with a system that has worked heretofore with such satisfaction. I'll take the difference in cash—if you don't mind."

"But I can't raise that much cash now," whined Witherbee. "I haven't that much in my safe. I doubt if I could get it at my bank on such short notice."

"I know of a larger sum bein' gathered together in a much smaller community than this—once!" said the judge reminiscently. "I would suggest that you try."

"I'll try," said Mr. Witherbee desperately. "I'll send out for it—on second thought, I guess I can raise it."

"I'll wait," said the judge; and he took his seat again, but immediately got up and started for the door. "I'll ask the boys and Miss Margaret Movine to wait too," he explained. "You see, I'm leavin' for my home tomorrow and we're all goin' to have a little farewell blowout together tonight."

. . . . . .

Upon Malley, who in confidence had heard enough from the judge to put two and two together and guess something of the rest, there was beginning to dawn a conviction that behind Judge William Pitman Priest's dovelike simplicity there lurked something of the wisdom that has been commonly attributed to the serpent of old. His reporter's instinct sensed out a good story in it, too, but his pleadings with the old judge to stay over for one more day, anyhow, were not altogether based on a professional foundation. They were in large part personal.

Judge Priest, however, caressing a certificate of deposit in a New York bank doing a large Southern business, insisted that he had to go. So Malley went with him to the ferry and together they stood on the deck of the ferryboat, saying goodby. For the twentieth time Malley was promising the old man that in the spring he would surely come to Kentucky and visit him.

"Son," the judge was saying, "I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more than this here little visit, and I'm beholden to you boys for a lot. It's been pleasant and it's been profitable, and I'm proud that I met up with all of you."

"When will you be coming back, judge?" asked Malley.

"Well, that I don't know," admitted the old judge. "You see, son, I'm gittin' on in years considerably; and it's sort of a hard trip from away down where I live plum' up here to New York. As a matter of fact," he went on, "this was the third time in my life that I started for this section of the country. The first time I started with General Albert Sidney Johnston and a lot of others; but, owin' to meetin' up with your General Grant at a place called Pittsburg Landing by our people and Shiloh by yours, we sort of altered our plans. Later on I started again, bein' then temporarily in the company of General John Morgan, of my own state; and that time we got as far as the southern part of the state of Ohio before we run into certain insurmountable obstacles; but this time I managed to git through. I was forty-odd years doin' it—but I done it! And, son," he called out as the ferryboat began to quiver and Malley stepped ashore, "I don't mind tellin' you in strict confidence that, though the third Confederate invasion of the North was a long time gittin' under way, it proved a most complete success in every detail and particular when it did. Give my best regards to Miss Margaret Movine."

The Genuine has this Label

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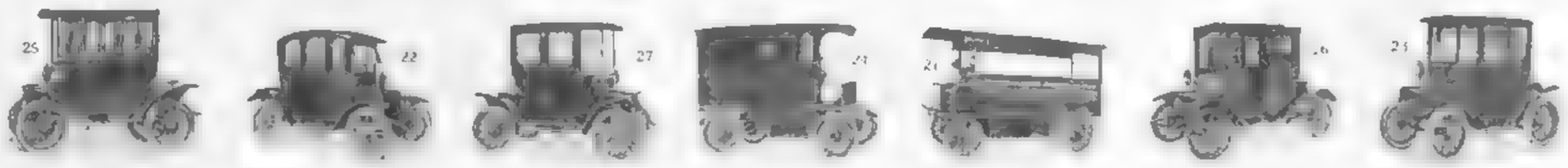

THE buyer of a 1912 electric vehicle is getting more in tried out and proven experience and less in experimental theory than the purchaser of any other form of motor car.

Back of the electric car of today is over a score of years experience in the various phases of the electric transportation business. The Westinghouse Vehicle Motor is designed and built by an organization recognized as pioneers in the development of electric transportation. Twenty-five years actual practice is back of the motor.

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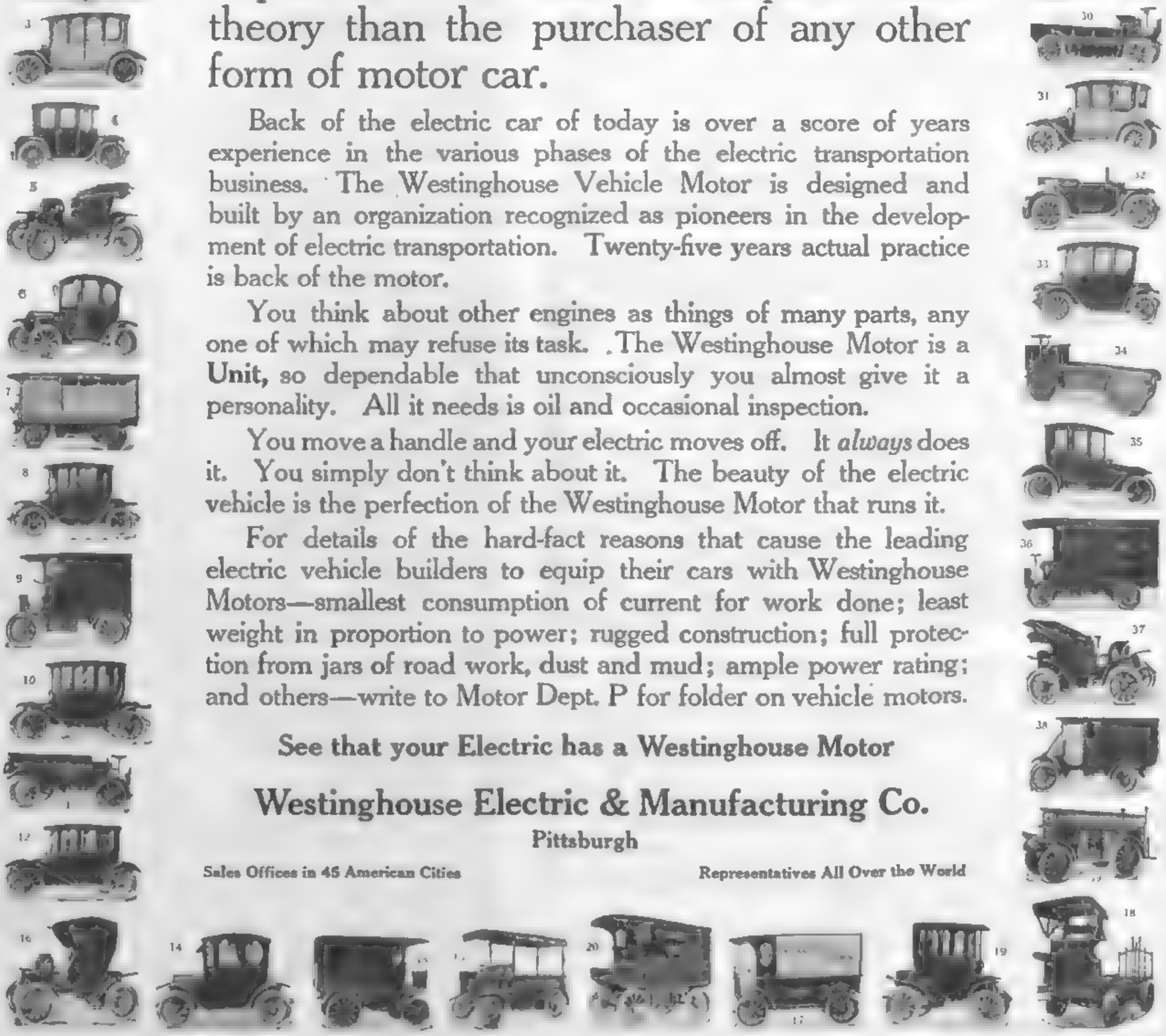

Thirty-nine Representative Electrics Equipped with Westinghouse Motors. Write for Names of Makers

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 26)

her whelpishness as the ancient Athenians must have been at the cavorting of young Alcibiades.

The title of her work—she persisted in calling it that—was Young Animals I Have Known. The young animals were the little girls she had taught. Never, perhaps, had the embryo frailties of femininity in all its forty phases of the forty girls been so keenly delineated. If Miss Bell had cut the cuticle on their little backs and skinned them after the manner of dressing rabbits she could not have left less of it on them. And it is a fact that the book has since made her famous. The only thing to set down here is that she immediately resigned her position as lady principal, packed her things, and left for the East with the air of one who at least is free from the envy and littleness of small people. From time to time during the next year wonderful accounts of her appeared in the Eastern papers. Ruckersville was positively pop-eyed at the biographical exaggerations in these interviews. They pitied Leonora because the reporters lied so about her, all to suit the Southern atmosphere and her old Southern family, a setting very interesting if one single word of it had been true. Of one thing there could be no doubt—Miss Bell was weeding a wide row in the metropolis of American life. The fact that it was mostly weeds was the knowledge Leonora herself got after she ceased to be exploited in the Sunday supplements.

But, coming back to the present November in Ruckersville, Mary, I have said, had relaxed her vigilance upon Colonel Lark and municipal affairs. This was due in part to the fact that the Woman's Club had been overtaken by a diffidence since the appearance of The Town Testament papers. There had been something embarrassingly accurate in the gentle philosophical explanation of their civic reform activities as interpreted by the Recording Angel. They preferred to wait until the said Angel passed them by. This appeared to be the case now. For, since the first installment of The Town Testament, the bowels of the club's inner life had not been exposed.

But Mary's municipal interests had been interrupted more by the invalidism of Agnes than by the old Angel. From being the gentlest, most self-effacing of all feminine creatures, Agnes had become the most tyrannical and exacting. Your meek woman is a veritable Tartar, once she learns to feel her oats as an invalid. For years she had yielded obedience to the superior will of her elder sister; but suddenly, with the advent of this strange backache and the doctor, Mary found the tables completely turned upon her. She became the slave of Agnes, the Boswell of her complaints in the town, the handmaiden and second-fiddle, in short, to a strong and hysterically dominating personality, such as invalids know so well how to develop.

Now, however, since the cooler weather, things were moving more smoothly. Agnes, having got the distinction of an operation—never before accorded to a woman in Ruckersville—was enjoying it, although she held on to her former symptoms, begrudging herself each pain as it passed. She sat proudly weak in her invalid's chair, frequently with a thermometer in her mouth, hoping to prove a little fever, just enough to have the doctor; or she languidly entertained her friends with accounts of how she felt under her anesthetic.

Thus it happened that Mary had time to resume, in some part, the even tenor of her way. At a meeting of the club, immediately after the departure of Leonora, a report was called for from the committee appointed to wait upon Colonel Lark with a petition against spitting on the streets.

Instantly Mildred Percey arose, showing a delicate primrose coloring in her cheeks.

"Madam President," she murmured, "I want to ask to be relieved from duty upon this committee. It is not that I am no longer interested in the improvements and sanitation of our grand old town, but"—she hesitated, lowered the lids over her eyes, then lifted them and fixed them softly upon vacancy—"but I am so busy now that I can scarcely find time for committee work."

A smile flitted like a winking, winged butterfly from face to face around the room.

"You are excused, Mildred, under the circumstances. We all know how absorbed you must be at present!" said Mrs. Fanning-Rucker in her most complimentary and intimate manner as she passed from Mildred to Mary with an interrogation point in her eye.

"Madam President," responded Miss Yancey, "although left alone upon this committee, I am unwilling that the matter shall fail of attention. I shall take it up with the mayor at once, and hope to report progress at our next meeting."

This was on Monday after Thanksgiving. On Tuesday afternoon Colonel Lark was seated alone in his office. He was not smoking. He was chewing, having just finished a game of checkers with Captain Martin, who had offered him his tobacco, from which Colonel Lark had cut a thick, three-cornered quid of delightful succulence. He was still idly fingering the man on the checkerboard, and utterly unmindful of a frightful predicament that was about to overtake him. Colonel Lark was a man without premonitions, or fate might have warned him. As it was, he lazily fumbled a king in the double corner and rolled his quid from one cheek to the other. He would have expectorated before now, only the cuspidor was on the front side of the desk and he was behind it. This would necessitate his rising and walking around it. He would do so presently, as soon as he had studied out this move, disastrous to a king in the double corner. At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come!" said the colonel. He was expecting the captain back.

The next instant he started to his feet, astonished and desperate. A vision in peacock blue was advancing upon him. Never had Mary looked so well, so nearly pretty, and she was alone.

Colonel Lark was noted for his manners, and he never surpassed in chivalric effect the bow he now swept before Miss Yancey as he attempted to conduct her to the chair he had just vacated. It was all the more impressive because of his silence. But she declined to consider the chair behind the desk.

"Oh, no! That is the mayor's chair. I'll sit here!" she retorted sweetly, composing herself in the one nearest the cuspidor and looking up at the colonel, smiling.

She had outwitted him, but he was not yet beaten. Sweeping her another bow, with a face that expressed every emotion a woman loves in a man, he started for the door, the plain intimation of his manner being:

"Excuse me for a moment, while I stop this racket out here and arrange that we shall not be disturbed!"

But she instantly arose and intercepted him.

"Oh, no! Colonel Lark; if you take any trouble about me I shall be sorry I came, and really the noise does not disturb me!"

As a matter of fact, the passing footsteps had already died away upon the distant staircase in the hall outside. The colonel fell back before her. He could neither reach the cuspidor nor the door. And it was impossible for him to speak. The idea of lowering his head and spitting upon the floor before a lady he refused to contemplate.

Mary lifted her veil till it shrouded her forehead like a band of mist. She drew off first one glove, then the other. Next she unfolded a long foolscap sheet containing a copy of resolution spassed by the Woman's Club, setting forth the dangers to health in permitting persons to spit on the street or in any public place. Learned authorities upon tubercular troubles were quoted to support their contentions. The petition was signed by every member of the club "and other leading citizens."

Mary explained all this as she unfolded the petition, spread it upon the desk, and turned it around in his direction so that he might read for himself. She thought she could not mistake the eloquence, the pleading emotion of that noble face, as he bowed his head over the paper. In her own embarrassment and self-consciousness at being alone and defenseless in a man's office, she had not observed that he had not yet spoken to her in mere words. In fact, he had a countenance so rhetorical in the gallantry of its expression that she might easily have failed to notice the absence of speech.

The colonel, with lips tightly compressed, appeared to study the petition long and

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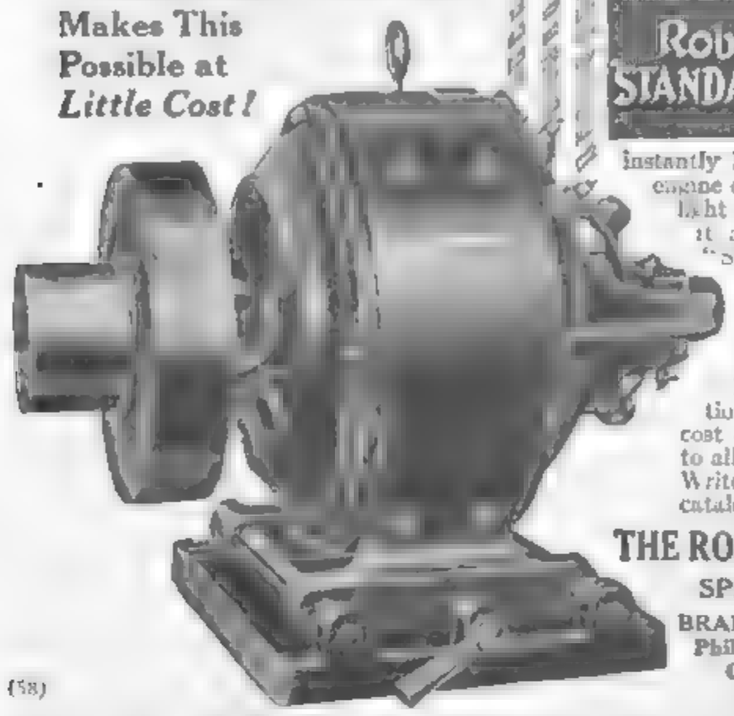

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carefully. As a matter of fact, he saw not a line of it. His mind was like a rabbit running around in him this way and that, seeking a means of escape. Once he looked up stealthily from beneath his brows and measured despairingly the distance between him and his handkerchief, which was a ruffled ball of still unimpeachable linen, quite beyond his reach at the extreme end of the wide desk where he had carelessly tossed it during the game with the captain. He hoped that her attention might have wandered and that he might seize it as a last resort with which to relieve a situation that the ever-increasing size of his quid was fast rendering desperate.

But Miss Yancey was regarding him steadily, with her chin resting in one white hand and with a charming refuse-me-if-you-can smile. And even at such a moment of unparalleled agony he did not fail to register the thought that if Mary was nearing forty her smile was at least ten years younger, and that it became her and interpreted the still coquettish maiden spirit of her youthful nature.

"Really, Colonel Lark, you know you are hard to convince about these new sanitary movements! You have never granted us a single concession," she chirruped.

He wagged his head as if to imply that this should never be said of him again. But he could not return the smile. His cheeks were distended, and he dared not relax his lips the hundredth part of an inch in amiability.

"And," she went on, observing this seriousness as a sign of possible contrition, "you can find no excuse for not using your influence with the council to get this ordinance passed. The masculine habit of expectoration is horrid in itself, and it is conceded by the best authorities as one of the most repulsive and frequent methods of spreading disease."

A dumb man's prayer could never have exceeded in eloquence the countenance that now faced the committee from the Woman's Club.

"All we ask is that you impose a fine of five dollars for every offense; and that this fund be used for purchasing and erecting an iron railing around our soldiers' graves in the new cemetery."

Her victim started and threatened to frown. The women of Ruckersville were crazy about their dead Missionary Ridge heroes, he reflected, but could not voice his jealousy.

"May we not count on you? Oh, do say yes!" She clasped her hands and entreated him with sweet animation.

It had come to it. He'd be damned before he would consent to such graft at the expense of a man's natural privilege with his own mouth! But for once she had the innocent opportunity of enforcing the obnoxious measure. He swallowed bravely.

"Miss Mary," he began, reaching across and imprisoning her fingers between his palms in a manner so tender that a little dim faded pink petal appeared in each cheek beneath the misty veil, "you cannot know how I feel, how ardently I desire to grant any request that you might make, but ——"

Slowly his eyes glazed, the bright fires of love and courage languished in them, his features changed, blanched. Great beads of sweat covered them. His head fell forward upon her hands. The last thing he remembered was seeing her rise and float from her chair, hop up and down beside him like a blue pencil of June sky jumping high waves in his behalf.

How long he remained unconscious he never knew, but till the day of his death, many years later, his devoted wife maintained that if the dear colonel had not had a "stroke" in her very presence, showing how much he needed a woman's care and devoted attention, she never could have brought herself to accept him. The colonel himself would have died rather than reveal the truth. And he enjoyed a toleration and consideration from her accorded to few husbands.

She lived in constant fear of another "stroke," to avoid which she would have suffered her right hand to be cut off or an eye to be plucked out rather than cross him in the slightest matter. Nothing would induce her even to mention again the ordinance against spitting in public places; and to the deep chagrin of the Woman's Club it was never brought before the town council.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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You ought to do equally as well. REMEMBER, if we didn't have a good [illegible] of the highest character, this advertisement would not be in *The Saturday Evening Post*. An [illegible] opportunity presents itself for your recognition, and the [illegible] money are limited only by your individual ability. All I require is the [illegible]. Make big money. [illegible] Everything to help you succeed [illegible] shipments—**absolute square deal.** It costs [illegible] nothing to learn about this opportunity. Don't delay—territory is going fast.

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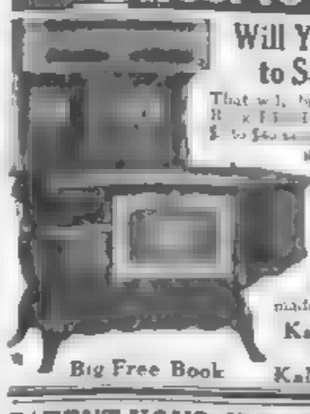

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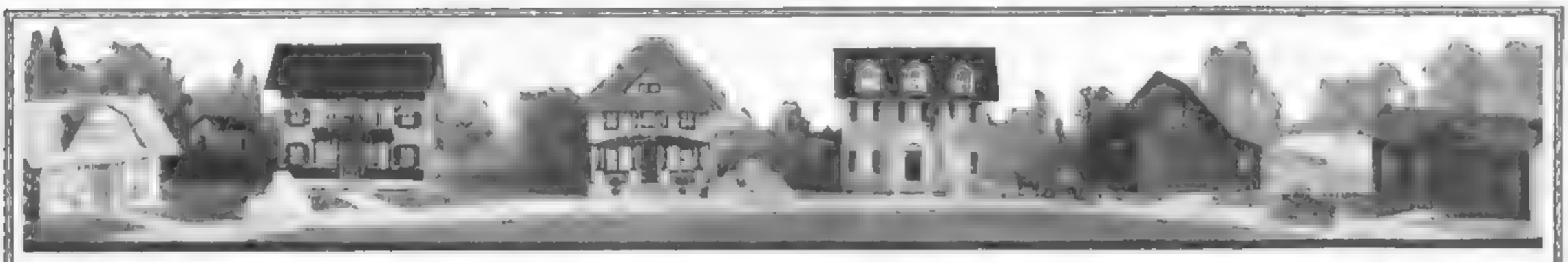

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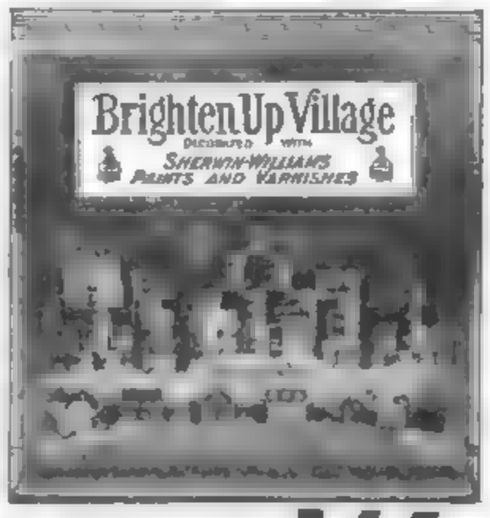

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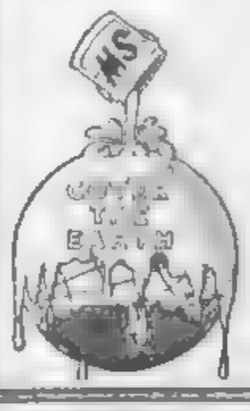

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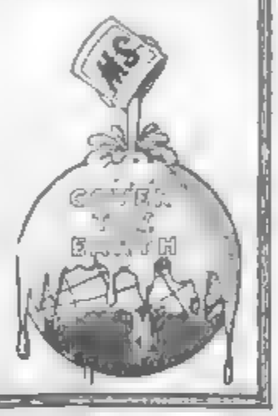

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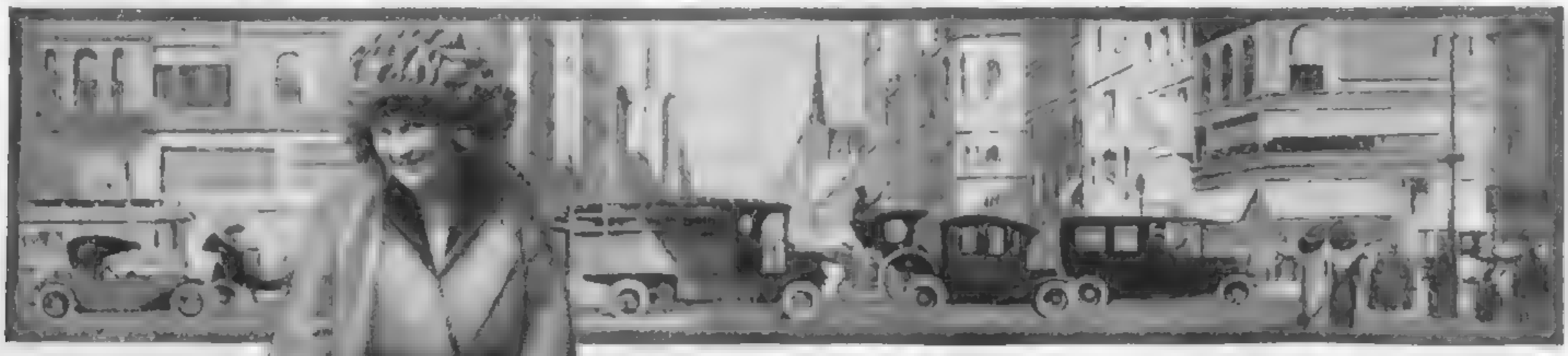

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THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE BOY

(Continued from Page 9)

culture, mental discipline, and upholding-the-standard fetish, and wishing you could give the boy what he needed to help him meet his problem; but if you were diplomatic you held your peace—and your job—and showed to the next newspaper reporter that called a complimentary letter you had received from the registrar of Yale on the excellent record of Reginald Smythe, '13.

The high school is failing to solve its social problem for two reasons: first, because its course is too narrow; second, because the method and scope of its teaching is cramped into the Chinese shoe of tradition. The one thing it is trying hardest to do is to meet the entrance requirements of the colleges. Though the college has broadened its own curriculum so as to meet all the varied demands of our complicated social and industrial order, it is only beginning to accept for preparation anything but the old subjects—language, mathematics, science and history. Until the colleges broaden the scope of their entrance requirements, the high school will be greatly narrowed for hundreds of thousands of pupils who will never see the inside of college halls. The majority of boys do not know whether or not they will go to college when they enter school. It is therefore necessary for them to keep in the beaten track, for fear they will be excluded in the great and terrible day of entrance reckoning.

The broader course that will meet the needs of all classes of boys—from the "footballer" to the bookworm—must place on an equality its foreign languages, mathematics, history, civics, economics, sociology, agriculture, business training and manual arts. Moreover, the content of the courses in each of these lines, and the aims and the methods of instruction, must be determined by the capacity of the students as they are and by social and economic needs, rather than by the foundations required for advanced courses or by professorial theories as to the complete and logical organization of subjects.

The first essential of any program of studies is proper provision for the mother tongue. At present, under the guidance of the college professors, we are dissecting under our pedantic microscope a few of our great literary masterpieces, classifying their qualities of style, writing learned dissertations in schoolboy English on questions about which no schoolboy cares a pegtop, learning some facts about the lives of their authors, and rendering most of our pupils immune to any appeals of noble sentiment in prose or verse they might run across in their journeys in the world. If, on the other hand, we began with the boy who, as Lowell says, is occasionally

known to unbend or to revel once
In base, hockey, marbles, or kick up the devil once,

we should perhaps read Sherlock Holmes first; but we should certainly find a short road to Shakspere and Scott. Then, instead of classifying qualities of style or smothering the author with philological exegesis, we should try to develop in the boy an unfailing appetite for great literature that will prove a moral resource and a continuous means of self-education.

The Danger of a Little Learning

We should train him to express himself orally; to make complete sentences; to arrange his ideas in coherent order; to come to the point. We should try to get him to sound his final consonants, form his vowels, modulate his voice—in other words, to speak like a gentleman. We should insist that he learn to write a letter that cannot be misunderstood; that he give a clear account of his own experiences; that he express his opinions in convincing and forceful English. If he does this we shall forgive him if he never tries to rival Scott's story of the fall of Torquelstone, or if he hasn't a single idea on The Emotional Element in Lycidas.

The high school should provide a wide range of mathematics, from the exacting theory that the engineer must use daily, to the practical business arithmetic, with the aid of tables and short cuts, that the merchant or broker must have at his fingers' ends. And everybody should be permitted to take the kind of mathematics he needs. At present, practically every boy entering the high school is required to take algebra. With thousands this study never gets beyond the stage of a highly organized puzzle. In 1910 thirty-eight and four-tenths per cent of the first-year pupils in the state of New York failed to get a rating of sixty per cent in this subject. Algebra and the foreign languages form a veritable bed of Procrustes, on which is annually sacrificed all opportunity of advanced education for tens of thousands of boys.

Foreign languages—yes, for those who want them. At present, nearly every pupil in an American high school is compelled to study at least one foreign language. Comparatively few ever read or write any of the foreign languages after school days are over, and the present methods of instruction give little facility in speaking them. For the vast majority of boys, therefore, this study is of value only for its contribution to the student's general language sense and to his fundamental grasp of English words. This is a considerable benefit to those who study the language for several years; but it has not been proved that the study of foreign languages is the best possible use of time for all pupils. The absolute prescription of foreign language for everybody rests on the idea of the old "faculty psychology"—that the mind is an aggregation of watertight compartments instead of a central power plant. This notion died when psychology ceased to be mere speculation and became a science. Mental discipline under the new régime means any hard task successfully accomplished. As ex-President Eliot says:

> We have lately become convinced that accurate work with carpenters' tools, or lathe, or hammer and anvil, or violin, or piano, or pencil, or crayon, or camel's-hair brush, trains well the same nerves and ganglia with which we do what is ordinarily called thinking.

In this process the languages must stand on their merits alongside the hammer, the violin and the pencil; and many educators are becoming convinced that, for a considerable proportion of our pupils, foreign-language study is about as indispensable as Paris gloves for the armless wonder.

Experiments on a Half a Hundred

The high-school course should be rich in science. Through this study the boy should understand the world as he sees it—in plant and animal, in wind and weather, in heat, light, mechanics, electricity, chemistry, bacteriology and hygiene. He should become able to read the world's story in hill and valley and stone, and see the Divine hand in the universal rule of immutable law. If the scientific process is to become habitual it must find a point of contact with his life and must deal with problems which he sees are of vital interest to him. Scientific explanations of the curiosities of every-day life and investigation of the reasons for well-known phenomena will do more to establish the habit of careful thinking than any quantity of notebook records of the averages of careful weighing and measuring, and slow, tedious puttering with materials that the pupil will never use again. This is what the high schools are doing today at the dictation of the colleges, in order that the high-school science may form a basis for the advanced courses of the college. On the other hand the valuable asset to the pupil is an understanding of the scientific basis of his environment that will stimulate his mental curiosity and cause him habitually to solve his life problems by scientific methods. Thus he may become useful to society; for the laboratory method of impartial examination, accurate classification and well-founded inference works certain confusion to the demagogue in politics, the swindler in business and the fanatic in religion.

The high school must give every boy some experience in handling material things. Nowhere else in the course is there so great an opportunity to fasten the interest of the motor-minded boy who refuses to sit down and study a book. The writer saw an actual experiment with fifty boys of the typical school-loafer type that was a terrific jolt to his classical pedagogy. These boys had proved absolute failures in the traditional course. There was hardly one who had not repeated Latin, algebra or ancient history—or all of those branches—from once to half a dozen times. They

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Troy, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1912.

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were selected because of their proficiency in failure, and were placed in charge of a good, red-blooded man in a thoroughly equipped woodworking shop. They made working drawings of pieces of furniture that they wanted to build, then went at the job with good quartered oak. Every surface and every joint was inspected by the teacher; and that meant that it must be good enough to pass muster in any first-class shop. The course was no snap, but the shop was busy before and after as well as in school—and it delivered the goods. It was a lotion to the soul of the principal—who had been a Nemesis on the track of these boys and their like for many years—just to watch them work. He would have classified perspiration from one of those foreheads with the proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but—*mirabile dictu!*—he really saw them sweat.

Bill Davis had been in school four years without passing all of the first-term subjects—he had cost the district more in the time of principal and teachers than he ever seemed likely to earn; but Bill put together a tabletop so well that you had to look hard to find where the boards were joined. He decided to abandon his father's plan to make him a Latin professor and become a pianomaker. It is a safe gamble that his pianos will ring truer than his Latin quantities.

Of those fifty boys, the shop failed to reach just one. Their academic work, too, improved—particularly in one subject, of which more hereafter. The old-line course of study had nothing for these boys. The school was teaching them only idleness. Ought they, therefore, to be dumped on the street or ought the school to provide for them as well as for the boys whose tastes conform more nearly to our schoolmasterish ideal?

The school should provide business training based on actual commercial processes. It should give the boy who must go to work next June—because he has lost his father—a preparation that will make him worth more money to his employer. To do this it will make sure that he can write a bill legibly, add it up correctly and know that it is right. It will hammer at his English until he can give an accurate report and read and follow intelligible instructions. It will give him some idea of the social, political, and economic questions of today—in short, it will do all that a school can do to fit the boy to "carry the message to Garcia"; and then neither school nor society will worry if he does not know the occasion of the Third Punic War, the use of the subjunctive in indirect discourse, or the formula for $x + y$ to the nth.

There is one more task for the school more important than any of those already enumerated—that is, training in citizenship. To be sure, we now have courses in history and civics; but as yet practically nothing has been done in training for the everyday duties whose fulfillment makes for righteous community life. As he started from home the other morning, the writer saw a young man empty the tobacco from a tin box into his pipe and throw the box into the street. Teaching which developed community consciousness would have been likely to remove this individual's indifference to public rights.

Our history courses have been based on the idea of a complete chronological survey of the world's progress. Therefore we have begun with the Stone Age, followed with Oriental, Greek, Roman and medieval history, and have brought about one boy in ten down to Taft and his Insurgent tormentors. The rest of the boys have tumbled off into the lava streams that engulfed Pompeii. All the way along, we have taught facts as something in remote and sacred isolation from the present. The result of this process was illustrated recently in a teachers' examination. Fifteen candidates, mostly college graduates, were asked to show a parallel between the free distribution of grain in Rome and certain activities of the Tammany type of politician. Two of the fifteen saw the connection. One knew the meaning of Schedule K. One, in December, 1910, did not know that there had been a recent election! What a fund of information she could have gleaned from any Republican county committeeman! Let us all give thanks for the muckraking magazine. It is a better teacher than the teachers.

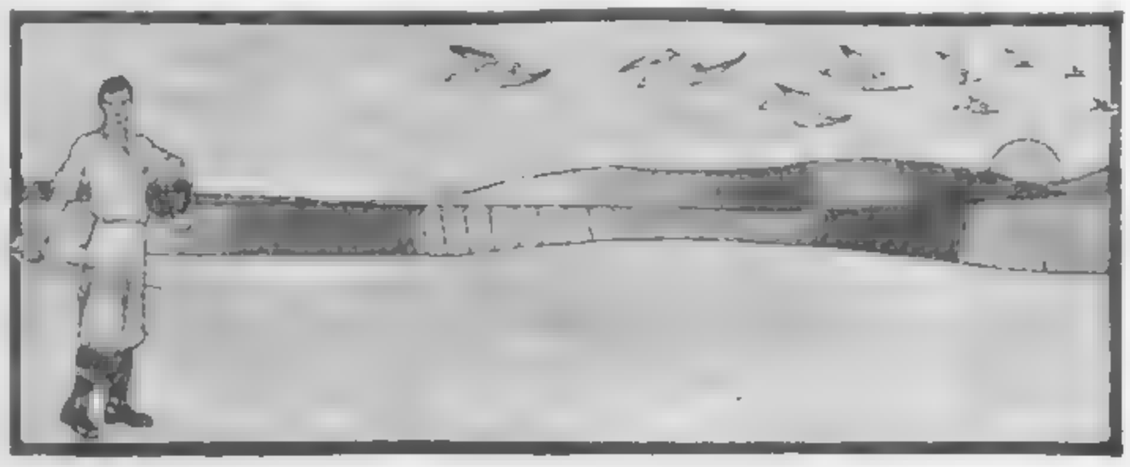
Suppose now we come at our Roman history from a modern viewpoint. Shall we not see in the Gracchi the Roosevelts and La Follettes of today? Shall we not recognize in Julius Cæsar the most consummate of bosses? Shall we not discover in the agrarian troubles the twentieth-century fight for public control of natural monopolies? May we hope to see our servile wars fought and won with the ballot, and a government for and by the people emerge instead of the rule of a Nero of high finance? We have taught civics that began by memorizing "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," and so on. We have been amused by the ingenuity of our fathers in including in their scheme of free government "three-fifths of all other persons"! We have memorized the powers of the General Government in Article 1, Section Eight, the terms of office and the salaries of certain fortunate personages, from president to poundmaster; but somehow our study of civics has not helped us in improving our street-car, express, telegraph, and railroad service, not to mention such irritating trifles as the city tax rate, the mayoralty, the boss, and the awfully common common council.

The fifty boys who went to making furniture were also taught a new type of civics. They tackled the city government first. They dug up the city charter, interviewed the heads of the city departments, found out a lot about policemen, firemen, schoolteachers, ward bosses, the dominant party organization, and the commission form of government. So far as the records of the school revealed, not a boy of the fifty had ever absorbed a schoolbook except through the physical integument; but for once that crowd began to study. Was it worth while for those boys to work in the shop—to investigate the government in which they were to have a voice? At that time—three years ago—there was not a college east of Chicago that would give them a minute's entrance credit on fair terms for any of this work.

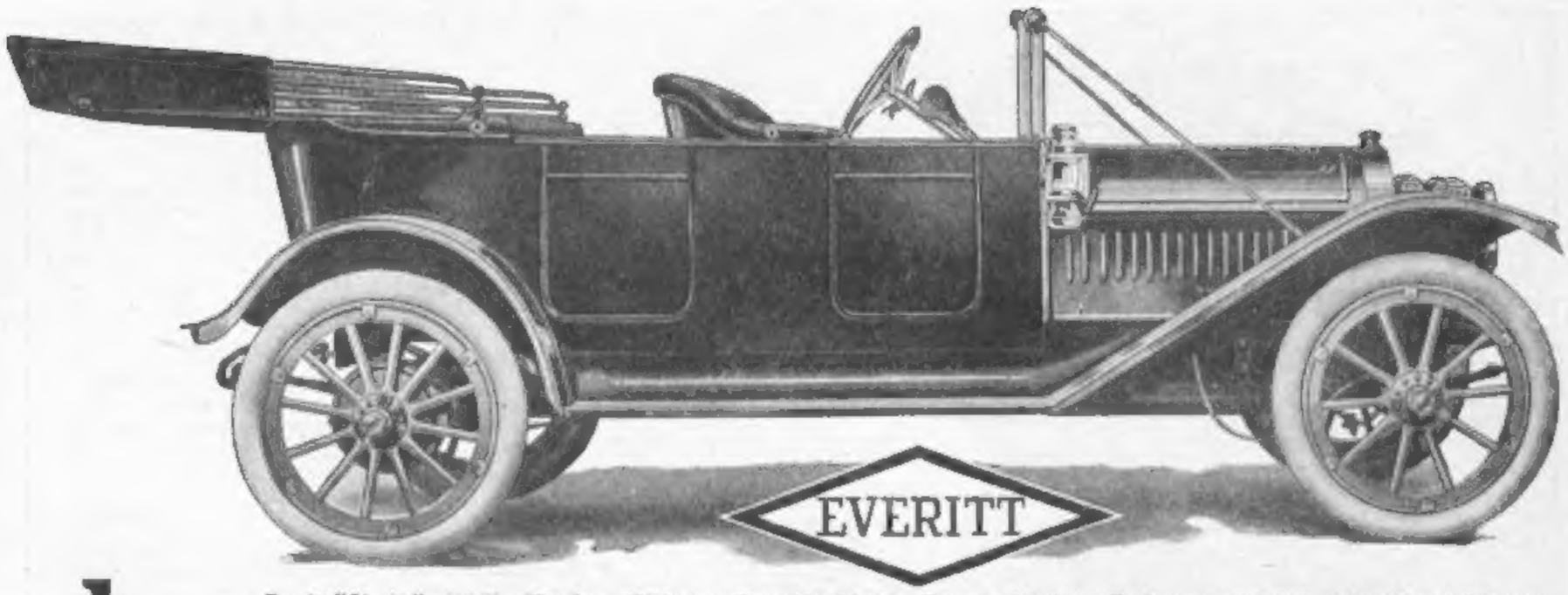
In closing, let me repeat: All honor to the classics and to the type of education for which they stand. They have helped to give the nation its literature, its institutions, its laws. We still need them and there is not the slightest danger they will not persist; but we need something more. We need trained men for all our varied activities. We need every citizen to think in terms of community and social life. The boys in our schools can't all be doctors, lawyers, preachers and teachers. They are crying out for equal opportunities—a thing very different from identical opportunities. If it is true, then, that the public needs a new kind of service from the boys in the high school, and that the boys need the training that will enable them to give that service, it is up to the high school to broaden its course and modernize its methods.

Isn't it True That—

1—The public is paying for the high schools?
2—The public is therefore entitled to the largest possible service to all the people?
3—The high school's largest service is the best possible training for economic efficiency, good citizenship, and full and complete living for all its pupils?



Everitt "Six" Value Revealed:



Everitt "Six-48"—$1850—Wheelbase, 127 inches; Tires, 36 x 4 inches; Demountable Rims; Equipment complete, including Disco Self-Starter, Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, specially-designed tire irons on rear, horn, tools, etc.

Everitt "Four-36"—$1500—Construction throughout of the same high type as the "Six-48." Wheelbase, 115 inches; Tires, 34 x 4 inches; Demountable Rims; Equipment complete, including Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, specially designed tire irons, unusually high-grade tool equipment, and Disco Self-Starter.

Standard "Everitt-30"—$1250—Wheelbase, 110 inches; Tires, 34 x 3½ inches; Quick Detachable Rims; Equipment complete, including Silk Mohair Top, Windshield, Two Gas Lamps, Three Oil Lamps, Generator, Horn, Tools and Repair Kit.

CLASS A
$1850 to $2000

① — Cylinders — 4, cast singly.
② — Horsepower — 32.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — No.
④ — Demountable Rims — On very few.
⑤ — Self-Starter — On very few.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 116 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not complete.

CLASS B
$2000 to $2500

① — Cylinders — 4, cast in pairs.
② — Horsepower — 32 to 34.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — No.
④ — Demountable Rims — On very few.
⑤ — Self-Starter — No.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 122 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not uniformly complete.

CLASS C
$2500 to $2800

① — Cylinders — 4, cast in pairs.
② — Horsepower — 32 to 34.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — No.
④ — Demountable Rims — No.
⑤ — Self-Starter — No.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 120 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not uniformly complete.

CLASS D
$2800 to $3200

① — Cylinders — 4, cast in pairs.
② — Horsepower — 36 to 40.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — No.
④ — Demountable Rims — Not as a rule.
⑤ — Self-Starter — No.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 124 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not uniformly complete.

CLASS E
$3200 to $3500

① — Cylinders — 4 and 6, cast en bloc and in pairs.
② — Horsepower — 43 to 45.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — No.
④ — Demountable Rims — In a majority of cases.
⑤ — Self-Starter — No.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 123 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not uniformly complete.

CLASS F
$3500 Up

① — Cylinders — 4 and 6, cast en bloc and in pairs.
② — Horsepower — 48.
③ — Full Chrome Nickel Steel Construction — In exceptional cases.
④ — Demountable Rims — Yes.
⑤ — Self-Starter — No.
⑥ — Wheelbase — 126 inches.
⑦ — Tires — 36 x 4 inches.
⑧ — Equipment — Not uniformly complete.

Six Startling Comparisons

On the left hand side of the page are six sets of specifications compiled from official figures furnished by manufacturers of forty of the finest cars in the four and six cylinder field. In each and every class—for the purpose of making a direct and positive comparison with the Everitt—the highest average horsepower, the longest average wheelbase and the finest type of construction possessed by these cars have been credited to that particular class.

So you have here, on the one hand, a composite picture of the best and the most that can be bought from $1850 to $4000; and on the other, the opportunity to contrast therewith the concrete value incorporated in the Everitt Six-48. From ① to ⑧ on the right and on the left, take the specification features one at a time.

① —Six cylinders, instead of four—six cylinders possessing power vastly more easily controlled, more easily and smoothly developed, more flexible in its application. Increased efficiency on the level, on the hills, in traffic; more perfect balance; less wear on tires; ability to get under way—to pick up—without delay or preparation.

In its mono-bloc cylinders, the Everitt Six presents the further advantages—almost exclusive to itself among American sixes—of less weight, a shorter motor, perfect alignment of cylinders and exhaust manifolds, facilitating the induction and expulsion of fresh and burned gases.

② —Not until you reach the price of $2500 and higher do you find power so great as that of the Everitt Six—48 horsepower. All the power you can possibly use—all that you will ever need—developed in a continuous flow, without labor or vibration.

③ —You are compelled to turn to cars at $3500 and more to find the full chrome nickel steel construction that individualizes the Everitt Six. Even then, it is encountered only in exceptional cases.

Among metals, chrome nickel steel, more nearly than any other, is impervious to the destructive tendencies of friction, wear and crystallization. That is why the Everitt Six axles, drop forgings, connecting rods, crankshaft, drive shaft—all parts subject to stress and strain—are made of chrome nickel steel.

④ —Demountable rims are regular equipment—almost as a matter of course. They are requisite to a thoroughly equipped car—without extra cost to the buyer—and that is the way they come to the buyer of the Everitt Six.

⑤ —The Everitt Six was one of the first of the new season models to be equipped with a self-starter. The buying public has learned the convenience of the self-starter; the tardy manufacturer is confronted with the alternative of furnishing it or seeing some other car receive preference.

We sensed the public demand; when the Everitt Six was announced, the Everitt self-starter was incorporated as regular equipment.

⑥ —In wheelbase, the Everitt Six is on a par with cars at $3500 and more. The reach from rear wheels to front is 127 inches—long and luxuriously easy riding—a shock absorber of high efficiency and satisfying comfort.

⑦ —This comfort of long wheelbase is accentuated and supplemented by the big 36 x 4-inch tires—a generous, flexible cushion of air between passengers and the roadway. On large tires, too, the wear is less than on smaller.

⑧ —In equipment, the Everitt Six is complete. It comes to the buyer outfitted with Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Self-Starter, Demountable Rims, Lamps, both gas and oil; Prest-O-Lite Tank, Horn, Tools and Repair Kit. Not an extra to buy.

Now cast up the Everitt Six features as against those of the cars listed in the left hand column. Always keep before you the fact that the Everitt Six is an $1850 car. Draw your own conclusions; and pay a visit to the nearest Everitt dealer for the express purpose of seeing and riding in the Everitt Six. We will gladly abide your decision.

Metzger Motor Car Company, 108 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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108 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
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They maintain the reputation which these famous hats enjoy among men from ocean to ocean. The expression of the best in hat designing, they are accepted, season after season, as the leading men's stiff and soft hats of America.

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Price $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

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Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.

Hawes, von Gal INCORPORATED
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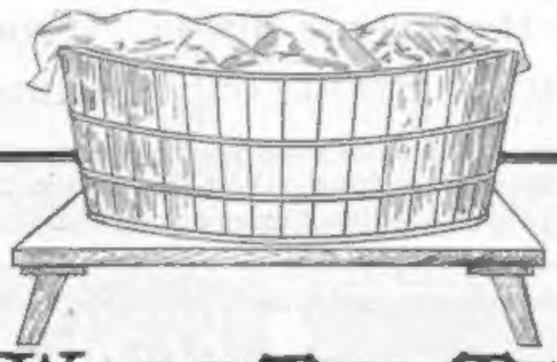

The WASH TUB TEST

The laundry soon tells the tale. A cotton collar only makes a few trips before it shows it. A linen collar makes trip after trip and comes back time after time after the cotton one has been thrown away. The moral is to buy LINEN collars only.

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are made of pure, sun bleached Irish Linen and sell at 2 for 25c. Made in ½, ¾, ⅞ sizes to insure fit. A hundred styles to choose from to insure comfort and style. A guide for your protection is the dog's head trade mark and the stamp "Warranted Linen."

Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars are sold everywhere. Generally by the leading dealer. If you cannot easily procure them send us $1 and we will send you 8 prepaid. Send for our free style book and tell us your collar troubles. We have had 46 years' experience and may be able to help you.

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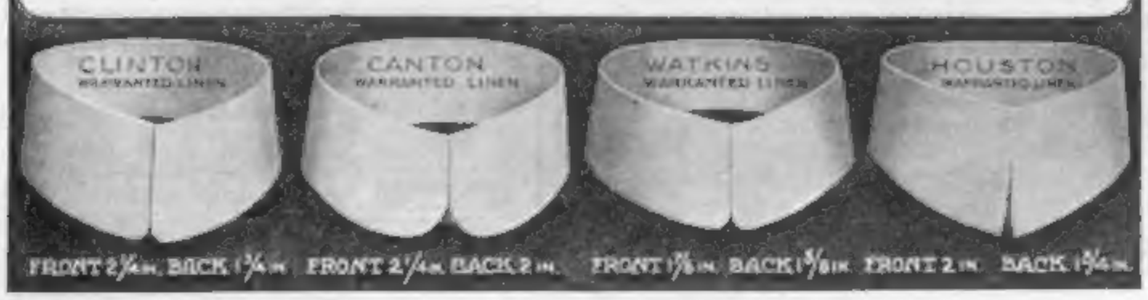

WOMAN'S CROWN AND CROSS

(Concluded from Page 91)

her hair and the roots also were destroyed. A wig was the only thing left for the poor soul. A well-known hairdresser undertook to find her the exact shade that hers had been. The woman went into a sanatorium while he made his hunt. The American markets held no such color. He went to Europe. After hunting for two months, he found a little model in a village patronized by artists. Her hair was the facsimile of Madam Croesus'. She would have sold it for two hundred dollars, but some one told her she could get two thousand for it. That price finally purchased the girl's hair!

This, combined with the man's charges, the cost of the trip and the cost of making the wig brought the price up to four thousand dollars. However, the wearer has the satisfaction of knowing that no one suspects it is not her own hair—not even her husband! And if one can fool a husband money is well spent!

"Of course, in cases like that a person's got to wear false hair; but that's the only excuse, I think. You can't make others believe it though," Milly resumed. "Women went hair-mad a few years ago—just as they can't get the hair plain enough now. Then they supposed they were copying the French style. French! Poof! Nothing to it! They copied the style that some old French fox fixed up for Americans because he knew they'd travel along just as soon as they heard the magic word," she continued knowingly. "And all the time the French were wearing their hair as it pleased them and as it's becoming. No other race in the world, except the half-civilized and the heathen, fix their hair as badly as we Americans!"

Thinking this over, I came to the conclusion that she was right. At the opera, in Paris, where you see all kinds of people, I distinctly remember the becoming headdress of the refined French women. It was, in each case, peculiar to her style of beauty and showed nothing inharmonious or incongruous.

"It takes our own people to show us how dreadful we look!" added my friend. "I never was much for putting on things that didn't come in my satchel; and since I've been in the hair business I've learned enough to make me thankful for the little I've got, and to make me satisfied to leave alone what ain't mine by Nature."

Caught by Contracts

IT OUGHT to be borne in mind always that notes in certain forms, which one gives to a certain person, may pass into the hands of other persons, and that these third persons can collect them without regard to any collateral agreement which the maker may have had with the one to whom he originally gave the note. Men are often astonished at this. It used to be a custom of certain swindlers to go through the country selling some domestic article and to take a note, which they prepared, from the purchaser—at the same time assuring the purchaser that it would not be collected except upon certain conditions and the fulfilling of certain guaranties with respect to the article. Then these swindlers would take the notes, discount them in a bank and disappear. When the notes fell due the maker was compelled to pay them, and was astonished to find that all the collateral agreements and guaranties were of no benefit to him.

The rule to follow is that if one makes a contract in writing he should put into it everything relating to the contract in any manner; there must be no agreements or understandings on the side. If there are any such suggested put them into the written paper with the other things. Another suggestion that has been repeated over and over again is to read carefully every paper that you sign.

There lived in a Southern town an eccentric lawyer who handled a great many estates. He made it a rule never to sign any agreement on the day on which it was drawn. When the terms were finally agreed to and the paper prepared for signatures he got up from the conference, put the copy in his pocket and went home until the next day. Such precaution is perhaps extreme, but no man has ever devised a better rule than to "sleep" on a contract when it is a long, involved paper.

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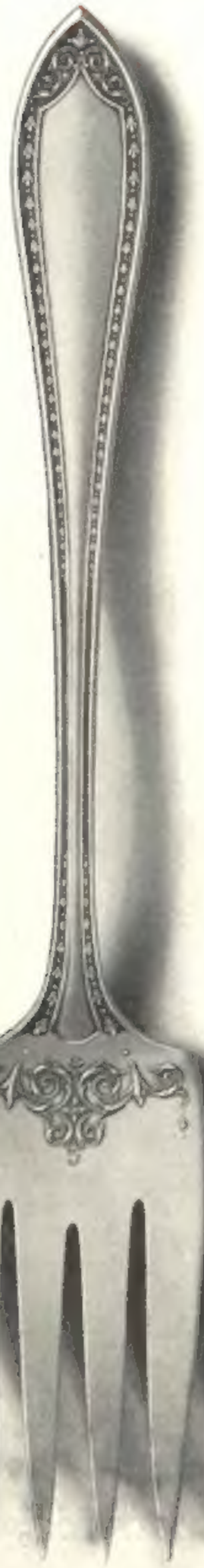

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